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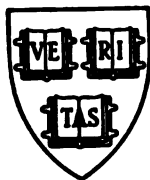
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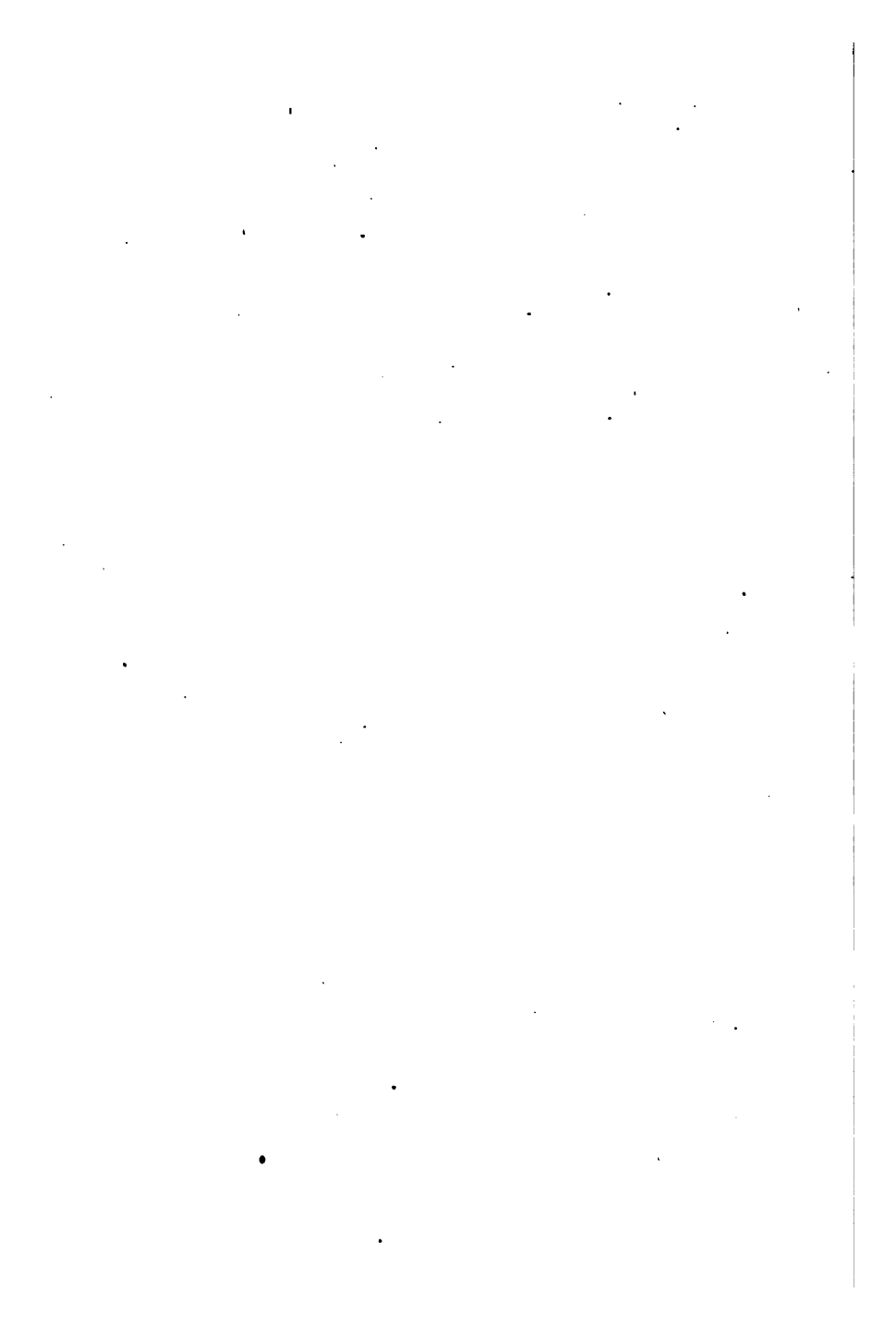


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**PRISON BOOKS**

**AND**

**THEIR AUTHORS.**

27





CERVANTES.

# PRISON BOOKS

AND

## THEIR AUTHORS.

BY

JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD,

AUTHOR OF "SHELLEY, AND OTHER POEMS," "POEMS OF THE  
FIELDS AND THE TOWN," "THE LAMP OF LIFE,"  
ETC., ETC.

"Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage,  
A spotless mind and innocent  
Calls that a hermitage;  
If I have freedom in my love,  
And in my soul am free,—  
Angels alone that soar above  
Enjoy such liberty."—LOVELACE.

LONDON: WILLIAM TEGG.

1861.

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JUN 10 1921

IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF MANY ACTS

OF

NOBLE-HEARTED KINDNESS,

*This Book*

IS INSCRIBED TO

THOMAS LLOYD, ESQ.,

BY

THE AUTHOR.





## PREFACE.



THIS selection of Prison Authors contains but a few names from the long list of the wise and good, whom the world has rewarded and honoured with persecution. Monarchs, statesmen, warriors, martyrs, poets, and philosophers are to be found on the bead-roll of prison history. Their names are almost legion. How to appreciate and treat its wisest children is a lesson the world is long in learning—has scarcely learned even yet. From time immemorial the prophet has been stoned; and from time immemorial gaols, stakes, and gibbets have been the crowns of glory awarded to those who have laboured to improve mankind, to increase knowledge, and to liberate truth. Such treatment has always failed in its object. The dark and lonely

cell has become a holy place, which the song of the poet, the story of the novelist, the truths of the philosopher, the prayers of the martyr, the aspirations of the patriot have glorified. The unconquerable mind has made

“Imprisonment a pleasure :

Ay, such a pleasure as encaged birds  
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,  
At last, by notes of household harmony,  
They quite forget their loss of liberty.”

And many a prison has become to us a shrine of glory, more worthy of a pilgrimage than most of the places to which our pious forefathers directed their steps.

“C’est le crime qui fait la honte et non pas l’échafaud.”

From these glorifiers of the prison I have taken a few, given sketches of their lives, and analyses of their books. There are many more who deserve to be included in such a work ; and I have already made considerable progress with a second series, the completion of which, I trust, the success of the present volume will accelerate. This, however, the critics and the public must determine ; and I have

not a word to say in deprecation of censure, nor in solicitation of praise. Criticism has become of late years so impartial, and shown itself so desirous of doing justice to all candidates for literary honours, that if I fail it will be due to my own want of ability rather than to the ruthlessness of those whose judgments are desired, and whose verdicts bring condemnation or acquittal. Should they praise, I trust to have strength of mind enough not to be too much elated; should they condemn, patience and perseverance enough to labour on in the hope of some day deserving a kinder sentence. In one respect I am already successful: writing this book has been a labour of love, and is its own reward.

J. A. L.

*Birmingham, 1861.*



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# PRISON BOOKS

AND

## THEIR AUTHORS.

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### INTRODUCTION.

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“WHOM the Lord loveth He chasteneth,” said the wise son of Israel, and the experience of all ages confirms the deep truthfulness of his words. The blessed and abiding influences of sorrow and suffering are pure and holy, and strengthen the soul for endurance, and prepare and fit it for final victory. The power of joy is of a light and transient nature compared with the perennial power of sorrow. Laughter compared with tears is as the light ripple on the face of some sweet lake, kissed by the slightest summer breeze, to the glorious rollings of the tempest-tost billows of the sea. Mirth is bright and beautiful, and lovely to look upon is the face radiant with smiles ;

but it has not the serene and ineffable divinity which beams from the countenance of the long and forely-tried child of sorrow. Nay, was not the Saviour the man of sorrow? And He by his life, and still more by his death, has sanctified the benign elements of grief, and made it celestial in its results. The greatest and wisest of men have ever borne willing testimony to this truth—that adversity has killed its thousands, but prosperity its tens of thousands. And this must ever be true while life is a battle, a contest, a mystery, and an awe. When it becomes a miserable commedietta, or a still more miserable farce, then perhaps, but not till then, will sorrow cease its high and holy functions, and give place to “laughter, holding both his sides.”

The passage in the Divine Book has found its echo in the deepest poetry written since. All tragedy is more lasting than comedy; and only that comedy which has an element of the tragic in it (which all true comedy has) lasts beyond its own day and generation. Dante's song stands like a giant above all the other songs of Italy, glorious as is the “Jerusalem Delivered;” and Milton's Epic of “Paradise Lost,” whose very name is a pathos, is the greatest epic the world possesses. A goodly sized volume might be filled of quotations from our most inspired poets, proving how deeply they had



experienced the beneficent influence of grief and suffering. "Blessed," says England's greatest child of poetry—

"Blessed are the uses of adversity."

Shelley tells us that poets "learn in suffering what they teach in song;" and Wordsworth has uttered those melancholy lines:

"We poets in our youth begin in gladness,  
Whereof in the end cometh despondency and madness."

A young living poet has, in two verses, sung exquisitely on this theme:

"The flowers live by the tears that fall  
From the sad face of the skies;  
And life would have no joys at all,  
Were there no watery eyes.

"Love thou thy sorrow; grief shall bring  
Its own relief in after years;  
The rainbow—see how fair a thing  
God hath built up from tears!"\*

And in one verse, itself a text for a thousand discourses, Tennyson has given us the universal feeling on this matter:

"I hold it true whate'er befall;  
I held it when I sorrowed most—  
'Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all."

Striking a deeper chord the great Goethe sings—

"Who never ate his bread with tears,  
Who never through night's gloomy hours

---

\* Poems by Henry Sutton.

Weeping fat upon his bed,—  
He knows you not, ye heavenly powers.”

Such being the blessed influence of sorrow, we need not wonder that some of the world's greatest books have been written in prison. The cell of the poor sufferer has thus been converted into the palace of thought, and rendered more glorious by the halo which suffering but triumphant genius has thrown around it, than is the throne of the most successful conqueror with which the world has been cursed or blessed. Dearer to our memories, and dearer to the memories of all future generations, will the prison-house of Boëthius be, than the palace of Theodoric, great in many respects as the Goth undoubtedly was. Who of us would not prefer seeing the cell in which Tasso was confined to all the splendour of the court of Este? And great and notable as were the life and deeds of Charles the Fifth, who of us would not rather make a pilgrimage to the prison of Cervantes, than to the Emperor's cloister at Valladolid? Silvio Pellico has made the House of Hapsburgh a thing of shame, and his narrow home of iron and stone a more glorious spot than the crime-stained court of Vienna; Bedford gaol is dearer to our memories than Whitehall, and Bunyan has made a damp, miserable, and narrow cage more glorious than the throne upon which sat he of the

Blessed Restoration. So true it is, my brave,  
gallant Richard Lovelace, that

“ Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage ; ”

that a working-man, by trade a shoemaker, shall be imprisoned for Chartist riots, and shall convert his cell into a temple for the Muses, and sing his “ Purgatory of Suicides,” without let or hindrance. Truly a noble record of the power of the mind to make its own kingdom—a perennial teaching of the benign influence of sorrow, and a glorious monument of genius are the world’s Prison Books. To say somewhat of the lives and works of the principal of these chained linnets is the purpose of the present little work. Of course we begin with the victim of Theodoric, the last classic writer, the author of the “ De Consolatione Philosophiæ.”

## BOËTHIUS,

AND HIS DE CONSOLATIONE PHILOSOPHIÆ.



THE grandeur of the Roman Empire was fast passing away, and the Eternal City was at the mercy of the barbarians. Thrice had the Huns swept over the plains of Italy. Twice had Alaric's fierce hordes devastated that beautiful land, since, alas, so often devastated by other powers that would blush to be called barbaric. Rhadagafius had carried terror into every Roman home; and Alaric had, in 408, besieged the city itself. "The heaps of dead bodies, which there wanted space to bury, produced a pestilence. In vain the Senate endeavoured to negotiate an honourable capitulation. Alaric scorned alike their money, their despair, their pride. When they spoke of their immense population, he burst out into laughter,—'The thicker the hay, the easier it is mown;' on his demand of an exorbitant ransom, the Senate humbly inquired, 'What then do you leave us?' 'Your lives!' replied the insulting Goth." \* And

\* Milman's "Latin Christianity," vol. i. p. 98.

the masters of the world had to imitate the example of our own degenerate Britons, and purchase with their gold a peace which their arms were unable to compel. The streets of Rome rang with the terrible cry, "Fix the price for human flesh,"\* so great were the sufferings of the people. The influence and indomitable courage of Pope Leo alone averted a like fate from Rome, when the fiery Atila "declared his resolution of carrying his victorious arms to the gates of Rome."† Again was the city the prey of the barbarians, when, in 455, the Vandals under Genserich sacked its houses, its temples, and its churches of all their possessions. The treasures with which piety, and fear, and superstition had so liberally endowed the holy places were swept away. "The Christian churches, enriched and adorned by the prevailing superstition of the times, afforded more plentiful materials for sacrilege, and the pious liberality of Pope Leo, who melted six silver vases, the gift of Constantine, each of a hundred pounds weight, is an evidence of the damage which he attempted to repair. In the forty-five years that had elapsed since the Gothic invasion, the pomp and luxury of Rome were

\* *Pone pretium carni humanæ.*

† Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," vol. vi. pp. 125-6.

in some measure restored ; and it was difficult either to escape, or to satisfy, the avarice of a conqueror, who possessed leisure to collect, and ships to transport the wealth of the capital. The Imperial ornaments of the palace, the magnificent furniture and wardrobe, the sideboards of massive plate, were accumulated with disorderly rapine ; the gold and silver amounted to several thousand talents ; yet even the brass and copper were laboriously removed.” \* Then came the reign of Odoacer, when Italy saw herself governed by a barbarian king. The rightly named Augustulus had been reduced to implore the clemency of his conqueror. Odoacer had in his turn to give place to the power of the Ostrogoths, and Italy passed from the rule of the powerful Odoacer to that of the still more powerful, able, and truly excellent Theodoric.

Such was the Italy, and such the state of Rome, when the learned Boëthius was called to play his part in the drama of life. He was of noble descent, being one of the once famous Anicii, and was born about 455.† He was sent to Athens in his youth to complete his education, and there he doubtless con-

\* Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," vol. vi. pp. 145-6.

† There is some discrepancy among the best authorities respecting the year in which Boëthius was born ; we have adopted that which appears to us best borne out by the known events of his life.

firmed the philosophic bent of his mind. He was master of all the learning of the times ; and has won for himself the praise of the scholars of his own and all succeeding ages. Cassiodorus, speaking for his master Theodoric, thus speaks of the many-sidedness of his friend's genius : “ Through him Pythagoras, the musician, Ptolemy, the astronomer, Nichomachus, the arithmetician, Euclid, the geometer, Plato, the theologian, Aristotle, the logician, Archimedes, the mechanician, had learned to speak the Roman language.” Inheriting great wealth, he was enabled to pursue his favourite studies without any of the difficulties and impediments which too often assail and retard the student in his search after knowledge. He presents a fine picture of his social position before his banishment. Philosophy, alluding to the sad appearance of the philosopher in his prison, and seeking to inspire him with true fortitude, speaks of his library decked with ivory and glass ;\* and we know from the offices which he filled, and the largesses which, upon the election of his sons to the consularship, he scattered among the people, that he was one of the wealthiest citizens of Rome. Like all other truly great men, Boëthius did not forget the citizen in the student, but gave his country the services of his great learning and his powerful name.

† Nec bibliothecæ potius comtos ebore ac vitro parietes, quam tuæ mentis sedem requiro.—L. 1. pros. v.

He was an active member of the Senate, a personal adviser of his sovereign, a consul, a patrician, and a master of the offices. How he fulfilled his duties, the following speech of his to Philosophy will show. The facts are fully confirmed by the history of the times. He says, "You confirmed this saying from the mouth of Plato, that states would be happy if either philosophers should rule them, or if it should happen that their rulers applied themselves to the study of philosophy. You taught, by the mouth of the same man, that this was a necessary cause for wise men to undertake the management of public affairs, that the government of cities might not be left to wicked and debauched citizens, and good men be brought to destruction. Following, therefore, this authority, I resolved to reduce into action in the public administration, what I had learned from you in my private retirement. You, and God, who hath implanted you in the minds of wise men, are my witnesses, that, when I came into the magistracy, I had no other end in view but the common interest of all good men. Then I had to encounter mighty and irreconcilable differences with wicked men; and, what liberty and clearness of conscience is apt to produce, I always slighted the displeasure of powerful men in the defence of right. How often did I oppose Coniugatus when he was making an attack upon the fortunes of every weak and unsupported



person! How often did I check Triguilla, the chief officer of the palace, in the committing of injurious deeds which he had designed and well nigh executed! How often by my authority, which was exposed to dangers, did I protect unhappy men whom the unpunished avarice of barbarians always harassed by endless calumnies! Never did any one draw me aside from right to wrong. When the fortunes of the provincials were ruined both by private extortions and public exactions, I was no less grieved than the sufferers. When in the time of severe famine, a distressing and inevitable proclamation was made to bring up corn, which threatened the province of Campania with want, I engaged in a contest against the principal officers of the palace. I insisted before the king, as a judge, that the corn to be purchased should not be exacted, and I prevailed. I saved Paulinus, a consular gentleman, whose wealth the dogs about the palace (greedy courtiers) had already, in hope and ambition, devoured, from their very jaws, while they were gaping to swallow him up. I exposed myself to the bitter hatred of Cyprian the informer, that Albinus, a consular gentleman, might not suffer punishment upon a prejudged accusation.”\*

Such was the man who wrote the “*De Consolatione*

\* I here quote from Duncan’s translation; but see the fine passage in the original, beginning, “*Tu mihi,*” &c.

Philosophiæ." His life was one of active usefulness. The duties of a Roman citizen were fully and honourably discharged under painful and peculiar circumstances. How he must have lamented the decadence of his country ! and what anguish his mind must often have experienced to see the noble old Republic, the once mistress of the world, under the dominion of a Goth ! When the mind of the noble\* Theodoric was rapidly decaying with years, and his Arian fears were avowed against the Catholics, and suspicions of plots, of treasons, strata-gems, and crimes were excited, Boëthius was accused by Basilius and Opilio (whom we will not pause to designate here) of a desire to liberate his country from her foreign yoke. When charged with his crime, he replied in the words of Canius, " If I had known of it, you would not have known of

\* Theodoric was a wise and noble monarch, and though he somewhat sullied his early fame by the last acts of his life, his name will ever be remembered with honour and gratitude, by all who value the high virtues of justice and toleration. Though an Arian himself, he never persecuted the Catholics, bitter as these latter were in their assaults upon the Arians, and unscrupulous in their charges against the heretics. Theodoric should never be mentioned without thinking of the wise words which he wrote to Justin. I think of them now, and that others may do so, will transcribe them. " To pretend to a dominion over the conscience, is to usurp the prerogative of God ; by the nature of things, the power of the sovereign is confined to political government ; they have no right of punishment but over those who disturb the public peace ; the most dangerous heresy is that of a sovereign who separates himself from part of his subjects, because they believe not according to his belief."

it.”\* His friend, the senator Albinus, had already been accused and convicted of the crime of *hoping* for the freedom of his country. Boëthius had defended him, and had boldly said, “If Albinus be criminal, the Senate and myself are all guilty of the same crime. If we are innocent, Albinus is equally entitled to the protection of the laws.” The defender of Albinus was soon in the same position as his client, and he also was denied the protection of the laws. He was not allowed to face his accusers, and was deprived of all means of defence. While a prisoner in the town of Pavia, the district Senate pronounced judgment on the philosopher, condemning him to death and confiscating his property. It was during his imprisonment at Pavia that he wrote the “*Consolatio* ;” and thus nobly employed, he calmly awaited the execution of his sentence. His death was cruel in the extreme. The executioners fastened a strong cord round his head, and tightened it until his eyes were almost forced from their sockets; they then beat him with clubs until he died.

/ Thus shamefully perished the last of the great Roman authors. In death as in life, the philosopher was worthy of himself; and his renown was nobly

\* Respondissem Canii verbo: qui cum a Cæsare Germanici filio conscius contra se factæ conjurationis fuisse diceretur; Si ego, inquit, scissem, tu nescisses.—L. 1. pros. iv.

won and richly deserved. Few books have had a "fitter audience" than the prison-book of Boëthius. The curious in such matters will find in the Delphin edition of the "*De Consolatione Philosophiæ*" a long list of eulogies from illustrious pens; but to Englishmen it will be enough to mention that Alfred the Great thought it worthy of a translation into Saxon, and executed it himself; and that this book was the chief companion and solace of Elizabeth in her time of confinement and trouble. Two nobler readers and lovers no author ever yet obtained. ✓

When we consider that Boëthius was a Christian, and that, besides his book on the Trinity, he had composed other religious works, we may be surprised that his prison hours were not employed in writing a *Consolatio Religionis* rather than a *Consolatio Philosophiæ*. The influence of his Christianity is doubtless to be traced in his work, and it possesses a deeply religious character; but it might almost have been written by a pious Greek who had never heard of the Saviour. There is no allusion to Christ throughout the book. All the quotations are from pagan authors. He discourses upon the vanity of all temporal things, discusses questions of Good and Evil, Fate and Providence, Necessity and Free-will, in the Platonic spirit, and the virtue of that greatest of the Greeks, and not the faith of the Christian, is his highest source of happiness—

may, is happiness itself. It is the purest example we have of an author adhering rigidly to his thesis. There are no indications that Boëthius knew of or felt a deeper or a purer source of consolation than philosophy. His placing Providence above Fate is Christian in its thought, but its treatment is simply philosophic. Socrates and his sublime death, and not Christ and His still sublimer life, suffering, and sacrifice, is his example. The martyrdom of the Apostles and the early Christians are passed over, and the Christian philosopher finds his peace in, and gathers his consolation and encouragement from, the heroes of pagan antiquity. This is a curious—perhaps an unexampled—instance of a man who has known the highest, seeking in the hour of his deepest suffering and sorrow, and finding joy and peace and consolation in, a lower element of thought and inquiry. A man, who has known the blessedness of Christianity, voluntarily turns from that pure and holy and never-failing source, and in the hour of adversity and death seeks his peace and places his hopes in the cold region of abstract and abstruse philosophy. The case is unique in the history of letters.

Passing over this peculiarity, the “*Consolatio*” is a noble book. It is worthy of being the closing work of the classic mind. In its pages are enshrined the purest and the noblest thoughts of old philo-

fophy. A finer eulogy of virtue and its benign and universal blessings was never penned. To the lone man in exile and suffering appears the divine vision of Philosophy, and holds high discourse with the favoured prisoner on life, and death, and virtue, and happiness; on good and evil, on "fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute," and all the moot questions of philosophy and metaphysics, in a high and noble tone, which recalls to mind the noblest of the Platonic Dialogues. The work is divided into five books; and in short chapters of alternate prose and verse, somewhat in the manner of strophe and antistrophe, the various subjects are discussed. The verse portions are moral deductions from, or illustrations of, the prose discourse; some of them of much beauty, and possessing a pure vein of poetry. The mind thus thrown entirely upon itself, cut off from the outer world and all its snares and attractions, finds that wealth, and station, and fame, and the things which are usually the prizes for which men struggle, are after all but vanity of vanities. It echoes the cry of Solomon; and exclaims to all these things, "*vanitas vanitatum.*" But, unlike the sceptic of Ecclesiastes, the Roman does not rest here. He seeks for consolation and peace in the great Author of all things, and finds that, although the golden apples of the world are but ashes in the mouth, God and virtue are realities, and in them

happinefs is to be found. Earth is not to him a wild weltering chaos, but a divinely-ordered place in which men are to be tried and tested; and thus prosperity and adversity are but ministers in the hands of the All-wise to lead men to Him the one and only good. Hear how eloquently Boëthius discourses on adversity: "For I deem that adversity is better than prosperity. The one always deceives, even when under the appearance of felicity it seems flattery; the other is always true, even when by changing it proves its mutability. The one deceives, the other instructs. The one, by the lying pretence of good things, fetters the minds of those who enjoy it; the other sets them free by the knowledge of their fragile happiness. Thus thou seest the one fluctuating, careless, and always ignorant of itself; the other sober, active, and prudent, by the exercise of adversity itself. Lastly, prosperity, by its blandishments, draws men away from the true good; while adversity, for the most part, reclaims them, bringing them back to the true good. Dost thou think that it is to be judged the least of its benefits, that this sharp and rigorous fortune has detected the minds of thy faithful, that she showed thee the steady and the doubtful faces of your companions, and departing took away her own and left thee thine? At how great a price wouldst thou have purchased this privilege, when thou

thoughtest thyself fortunate? Cease, then, to regret thy lost wealth; thou hast found friends, which is the most precious kind of riches." \*

I said that Boëthius, though discussing his subject as a philosopher and not as a Christian, could not entirely keep himself free from Christian influences. This is admirably illustrated by his distinction between Providence and Fate, and by his general views of God and His "ways to me." What a contrast the following passage offers to anything found in philosophy before Christianity:† "The generation of all things, and the whole progress of mutable natures, and whatever is altered in any manner, derives its causes, order, and form from the stability of the Divine mind. This Divine mind, composed in the fortress of his own simplicity, appoints a diversified mode for the carrying on of affairs, which mode, when seen in the purity of the Divine intelligence, is named Providence; but, when referred to those things which it moves and disposes, was called by the ancients Fate. That these are different will easily appear, if one consider the import of each. For Providence is that Divine Reason itself constituted in the Great Sovereign of all, which disposeth all things: but Fate is a disposi-

\* Etenim plus hominibus reor adversam quam prosperam prodesse fortunam, &c.—L. II. pros. viii.

† L. IV. pros. ~~iii~~<sup>iv</sup> Duncan's translation.



tion inherent in mutable things, by which Providence connects each of them in their proper orders. For Providence comprehends all things together, however different, however infinite; but Fate puts them severally in motion, distributed in places, forms and times. So that this determination of temporal order, united in the view of the Divine mind, is Providence; but the same assemblage of things arranged, and displayed in time, is called Fate, which, though they be different, yet depend the one upon the other. For the order of Fate proceeds from the simplicity of Providence. For, as an artist forming in his mind the idea of a piece of work, sets about the performance of it; and what he had seen simply, and at one view, he carries on orderly, and in process of time. So God, by His Providence, determines things to be done, particularly and unalterably; but by Fate he carries on those same things which he has determined in various manners and at different times. \* \* \* \* All things which are under the influence of Fate, are also subject to Providence, to which Fate itself too is subordinate. But some things which are placed under Providence transcend the chain of Fate; and these are such as, being firmly fixed near the Supreme Divinity, surpass the rank of moveable Fate." With the ancients, Zeus himself was subordinate to Fate, was bound and fettered by its greater power; and

God, their *το θεον*, was the slave to an inexorable will above his own. To the more modern philosopher, to the philosopher who had drunk from the wells of Christian life, Fate is but the minister of Providence, or God. By this and similar passages, though not by any direct reference on his part, do we discern the influence of Christianity on the philosophy of Boëthius.

God is also with him a creator, a father, a friend, and a judge. His ideas of the "All-sustainer" are clear and well defined to a degree which the wisest pagans never attained. "But I know," he says, "that God the Creator doth preside over his own work."\* He knows also that "the world is governed by God."† That men "are before the eyes of a judge who sees all things."‡ The following verses anticipate Milton's great prayer :

"Da, pater, augustam menti conscendere sedem,  
Da fontem lustrare boni, da luce reperta  
In te conspicuos animi defigere visus.  
Disjice terrenæ nebulas et pondera molis,  
Atque tuo splendore mica : tu namque serenum,  
Tu requies tranquilla piis : te cernere, finis,  
Principium, vector, dux, semita, terminus idem." §

\* L. i. pros. vi.

† Ibid.

‡ L. v. pros. vi.

§ I give Duncan's translation of this passage, which, though not a very poetic one, will convey the meaning of Boëthius to those who do not read Latin.

"Raise me, O Father ! to th' august abode  
Of mind ; give me to view the Source of Good ;

Our author's discussion on Good and Evil is a fine specimen of his dialectic skill ; but like all discussions upon those fruitful topics, it leads to no satisfactory results. Of its origin and purposes in the world, we get no new light from Boëthius. In fact, he dwells but little upon this part of the subject, and treats of good and evil more in the concrete than in the abstract, and ends by proving the non-existence of the latter, in the popular sense of the word. He shows that good is the one proper and natural purpose of man. Goodness is strength ; badness, weakness. The good "are ;" the bad "are not." Goodness is positive, actual ; badness or evil is negative, unreal ; in fact, "is not" at all, but simply appears to be. Boëthius upon so knotty a point, as is but fair, shall speak for himself. He says, " And this indeed may seem wonderful to some, that we say of the wicked, who are the greater number of men, that they are not ; but so it is. For they who are wicked I do not disown, I do not disown that they are wicked ; but that the same men ' are ' purely and simply, I deny. For,

Give me to find the Light, and stedfastly  
To fix my mental eyes intent on Thee.  
Dispel the mists and weight of earthy dregs,  
And in Thy splendour shine ; for Thou art light  
And all serene, affording peaceful rest  
To pious souls ; to see Thee is our end,  
Beginning, guide, conductor, path, and bound."

L. 3, metrum ix.

as you may call a dead man a carcase, but cannot call him simply a man, so I will grant that vicious men are wicked; but that they 'are' absolutely, I cannot allow. For that is which retains its rank, and keeps to nature; but that which deviates from this, forsakes 'being,' which consists in the nature of itself. But you will say the wicked can do something; nor will I deny it. But this power of theirs proceeds not from strength, but from weakness. For they can do evil, which they could not do if they had been able to continue in the doing of good. Which kind of power demonstrates more evidently that they can do nothing. For if, as we have concluded a little before, evil is nothing; since the wicked can only do evil, it is clear that they can do nothing." And so the philosopher runs on proving that wicked men can commit injuries and wrongs, and yet can do nothing; that evil is, and yet is not, through some pages of fine dialectic ratiocination. The assertion that the wicked "are not," calls to mind St. Paul's words on those who "are dead in trespasses and sins." The Apostle and the philosopher mean the same thing. Goodness, holiness, and purity alone being true life, and the wicked having forsaken this true life, may in fact be said not to live at all, but to be "dead in trespasses and sins."

Sentences and passages of great beauty are scattered

in the pages of the "Consolatio" with a liberal hand. Tennyson's words

" This is truth the poet sings,  
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things,"

find their original in "Nam in omni adversitate fortunæ infelicissimum genus est infortunii, fuisse felicem." The verses of a living American poet\* afford a fit translation to those admirable lines of Boëthius:

" Tu quoque si vis  
Lumine claro  
Cernere verum,  
Tramite recto  
Carpere callem;  
Gaudia pelle,  
Pelle timorem,  
Speremque fugato,  
Nec dolor adfit.  
Nubila mens est,  
Vinctaque frænis,  
Hæc ubi regnant."†

" When all error is worked out  
From the heart, and from the life;  
When the sensuous is laid low  
Through the spirit's holy strife;  
\* \* \* \* \*

" From this spirit-land afar,  
All disturbing force shall flee,  
Strife, nor toil, nor hope shall mar  
Its immortal unity."

With such wise and lofty strains, and with such

\* Emerson,

† L. I. Metrum vii.

pure and noble thoughts did this last of the Romans soothe his soul and raise it to the height of such high arguments in its last sad trial-hour. He had known the sweets of prosperity; had enjoyed the blandishments of immense wealth; had tasted of the flattering draught of fame; had experienced the attractions of power: but prosperity, wealth, fame and power, he had found to be but vanities, and that true happiness came alone from virtue, and virtue was the strong and healthy fruit of philosophy. This it is, and its rich style and flowing poetry, that have made his book such a favourite with all great and strong minds in the hour of their adversity and affliction. This it is which still makes it a book precious to us all; and which has endowed it with that immortality, that "life beyond a life," which Milton declared to be the dowry of all good books. This it is which has made men place the "*De Consolatione Philosophiæ*," among the great bequests of antiquity; and enshrined it among those writings which the world "will not willingly let die."

The concluding sentences of the "*Consolatio*" are worthy of the great theme which the author discusses. Solemn and admonitory they ring upon our ears as the solemn knell of a man bravely dying. The voice of one removed above the petty cares, the idle hopes, and the vain temporalities of the

world. The warning of one about to pass to that land “where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest;” and we feel that their writer had indeed laid up for himself treasures in that kingdom—

“Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies  
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns,  
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea;”

and “where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal.” A conclusion which no purely heathen writer could have given to his work. “Nor are,” he exclaims, “nor are our hopes in God, and prayers to him, in vain; which, when they are sincere, cannot be ineffectual. Therefore, O men! abhor vices, practise virtues, raise your minds to good hopes, address your humble prayers to heaven. Great necessity of probity, if ye will not dissemble, is laid upon you, when ye are before the eyes of a judge who sees all things.”\*

The learned and pious author of “Latin Christianity,” says that, “Intellectually, Boëthius was

\* I cannot withhold from the Latin reader the original of this fine passage:—“Nec frustra sunt in Deo positæ spes, precesque; quæ cum rectæ sint, inefficaces esse non possunt. Aversamini igitur vitia, colite virtutes, ad rectas spes animum sublevate, humiles preces in excelsa porrigite. Magna vobis est, si dissimulare non vultis, necessitas indicta probitatis, cum ante oculos agitis iudicis cuncta cernentis.—L. v. pros. vi.

the last of the **Romans**, and Roman letters may be said to have expired with greater dignity in his person, than the empire in that of Augustulus. His own age might justly wonder at the universal accomplishments of Boëthius.\* After-ages have borne willing testimony to the justness of the wonder with which his contemporaries looked upon this last great master of Roman philosophy.

\* "Milman's Latin Christianity," v. i. p. 323.



## THE EARL OF SURREY.



WHAT reader of English History, and what lover of English poetry has not glowed with admiration, and burned with indignation, while perusing the life and poems of the gallant Earl of Surrey! One of the most chivalrous of the sons of song; he was also one of the most unfortunate. Brave, honourable, hot-headed, self-willed child of genius, he has left behind him a name as famous for "daring deeds of high enterprise," as any of the knights-errant of old romance. He might indeed, have been 'a Sir Guyon, and was well worthy a place in the gentle Spenser's "Faërie Queen;" for he was as pure as he was brave; as virtuous as he was heroic; as generous as he was unfortunate; and as faithful as he was courteous. He was the "mirror of courtesy;" and so long as men and women admire and love the highest qualities of our poor human nature, so long will the life and fate of the Earl of Surrey possess a charm surpassing even that which his

poems contain; and his biography will attract and delight even more than his works.

But, although in his case, the life be of greater attraction than the poems, the poems are reward enough for a careful perusal, and their position and influence in English literature will always command the attention of every student, nor will the general reader find himself a loser by devoting a few hours to these once famous verses. Among the very first of our poets to write in easy measures, and a modern style, his writings contain scarcely any archaic difficulties; and are much more than could have been anticipated consonant with modern feeling and sentiment. There is a lyrical flow, and a sensibility to musical effects, which are surprising; and we read through these short pieces with almost as much ease as we should any by Tennyson. Nor is this all. Although most of the poems are written under the influence of a real or imaginary passion for a real or imaginary mistress, they are not monotonous. Only those who have read the poems written in imitation of Petrarch, and in celebration of ideal Lauras, can sympathise properly with this praise. All Surrey's love-pieces can be read with a keen appreciation of the feelings under which they were written; and so true is he to himself and nature, that he wins your active sympathy, and you echo his "praises," or sigh at

his "complaint," while he is singing the triumphs or the failings, the raptures or the pains of love.

One more debt—and this the greatest—we owe to Surrey. And when we consider the priceless treasure of poetry enshrined in blank verse in our language—the wonders of the dramatists with Shakspeare at their head—the epic glories of Milton—the delightful pictures of Cowper—the unrestrained sweep of Thomson's song—the rich music and variety of Tennyson—when we conjure up these, and the thousand others who have made blank verse the national metre of our tongue, how great is our debt to the man who first introduced the instrument on which so many have so gloriously played! To Surrey we owe this. His translation of the Second and Fourth Books of "Virgil's *Æneid*," is the first example of blank verse in English. To us, however, he has one more point of attraction—the one which entitles him to a place here. He was a Prison Poet.

Surrey was among the very noblest of our noble houses. He was of the race of the Howards, and twice had his race formed royal alliances ere he beheld the light. Many noble and heroic ancestors had he to boast; many noble and heroic successors have followed; and the name of the Howards is dear to England; but their greatest honour and their greatest claim to our admiration and praise is,

the one bright and glorifying fact, that to this stock belonged Surrey the Poet.

It is curious that about such a man any obscurity should rest. Yet it is so. His birth-time and place are unknown. Little, if anything certain, can be ascertained about his youth. Romance and legend had gathered around his career. Impossible fictions about him and his lady-love Geraldine have been circulated, and long were scrupulously believed. The labours of Dr. Nott and others have scattered all those idle stories to their proper limbo; and a brief narrative will now tell all that is truly known of the Earl of Surrey. About his birth his latest biographer says, "Neither the date nor place of the poet's birth has been ascertained. The traditions that have come down to us on the subject are scanty and uncertain. It appears probable, however, that he was born in or about the year 1517; but whether the event took place at Framlingham, in Suffolk, as most of his biographers assert, Kenninghall, in Norfolk, which place was generally associated with his title, or Tending-hall, in Suffolk, where his father usually lived, cannot be determined." \*

Of his education we know little, but that it was most probably received at Cambridge. He could not, however, have gone through a regular course of tuition, as his education, such as it was, was

\* Annotated Edition of the British Poets. By Robert Bell.

completed before his fifteenth year ; for in 1526 he was cup-bearer to the king ; in 1532 he, together with his youthful friend the Duke of Richmond, accompanied Henry the Eighth to Boulogne. When the "bluff" monarch married Anne Boleyn, a relative of Surrey's, he was appointed to carry the fourth sword, with the scabbard, upright before the king. He was often at court, and here—but when no one knows, "for it is impossible to fix the exact date with even a distant approach to accuracy,"—he fell in love with his Geraldine. It is on this passion that legend has been so busy, and about which such impossible stories have been told. How he devoted himself, as did the Rinaldos and the Tancreds of the Jerusalem Delivered, to his lady's service. How, commanded by her, he travelled through Italy, proclaiming her beauty and virtue, and challenging all men to combat in her behalf. How, at Tuscany, the native place of Geraldine's forefathers, a grand tournament was held under the auspices of the Duke ; and how the gallant Englishman bore his lady's sleeve unsoiled of them all. This is so poetic, and so in keeping with the nature of Surrey, that one almost wishes it were true ; but it is not. Inexorable fact stands up against it. Fiction, romance, legend, tournament, errant-adventures, challenges to "all the world in arms," must give place to sober truth ; and all "this baseless

fabric of a vision" is dispersed by so common place a thing as a date. Geraldine was born in 1528. When Surrey was about fifteen or sixteen, in 1532, he was contracted in marriage to Lady Frances Vere, daughter of the Earl of Oxford; to this lady he was married in 1535; and the year in which he is said to have been tilting in Florence in honour of his Geraldine, that charming young lady was about seven years old. Except to defend the life of such a child, or to have saved her from some terrible calamity, we cannot conceive, rash and careless of his life as he always was, that Surrey would have exposed himself to the ridicule of imperilling it in such a way for such a mistress. We hear of him at jousts, but not at Florence, nor to prove the charms of his own lady-love, but in England in celebration of Henry's ill-favoured match with Anne of Cleves. Here, as might have been expected, he acquitted himself as a true champion of the fair sex, whose bright eyes, doubtless, rained sweet influence on their champion. There is strong reason for believing that he was never in Italy at all, much less in Italy as a gallant knight-errant and gay troubadour, singing his fair one's graces, and fighting in honour of her name. The lady, however, is not a myth. His own account of her is clear enough, and has been found to be literally true. This is the poet's

“ DESCRIPTION AND PRAISE OF HIS LOVE  
GERALDINE.

“ From Tuscane came my lady's worthy race ;  
Fair Florence was sometime their ancient seat.  
The western isle whose pleasant shore doth face  
Wild Camber's cliffs, did give her lively heat,  
Fostered she was with milk of Irish breast ;  
Her sire an earl : her dame of prince's blood.  
From tender years, in Britain doth she rest,  
With kinges child ; where she tasteth costly food.  
Hunsdon did first present her to mine eyen :  
Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight.  
Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine ,  
And Windsor, alas ! doth chase me from her sight.  
Her beauty of kind ; her virtues from above ;  
Happy is he that can obtain her love ! ”

The commentary on this is : her father was Gerald Fitzgerald; ninth earl of Kildare ; her mother was Margaret, daughter of Thomas Gray, Marquis of Dorset, and was of royal connection. The Geraldts were said to have descended from the Geraldts of Florence, and came to England in the reign of Alfred the Great. The other part of the sonnet is equally borne out by fact ; and is sufficiently explicit in itself.

Henry the Eighth's reign was not a particularly pleasant one for the nobility. This class of the community was watched with an unceasing vigilance of jealousy, which made their course a very precarious one. This day at the height of royal favour ; to-morrow condemned to the block for treason. A word, a look, a gesture, was enough to excite sus-

picion ; and to be suspected was to be destroyed. The Howards were no exception to this capricious feature in the king's character. From their house he selected a wife, the fair Catherine Howard, who perhaps deservedly met the doom, which, deservedly or not, was the ordinary fate of Henry's wives. Curiously enough, the beheading of Catherine did not alienate Henry from the Howards, nor the Howards from Henry. In some two months from that event, Surrey was made a Knight of the Garter, and that at the early age of twenty-five ; and both he and his father were employed in offices of great trust, confidence, and responsibility. Surrey had in 1540, the year of the king's marriage with Anne of Cleves, been commissioned with Lord Russell and the Earl of Southampton, to put the English Pale at Guisnes in a proper state of defence, as a war with France was anticipated. In 1542 he bore a part, under his father's command, in the Scottish war, and was present at the burning of Kelfal. His bravery was not the rashness of simply blood and physical courage ; for he was as skilful as he was brave, and was most proficient in military knowledge, the guidance of which he did not neglect.

In 1543 he volunteered in the army sent out under Sir John Wollop, to increase the forces of the Emperor Charles V., who was then at war with France. Landrecy, near Boulogne, was besieged, but



not taken, for in November the siege was raised ; but during this short time Surrey had sufficiently proved himself a true soldier, and won the warmest encomiums from his commander. In the next year, 1544, the war was resumed under the command of his father, the Duke of Norfolk, and Surrey was appointed marshal ; and despite his brilliant conduct during this year's campaign, it was the epoch from which his ruin is to be dated. The English forces laid siege to Montreuil in order to conceal their designs on Boulogne ; the strategy was completely successful, but Surrey was ruined. The king in person invested Boulogne, and all the provisions, stores, and munitions, found their way to the king's camp ; and through the basest treachery, the Montreuil forces were left without food. Complaint was unavailing. The Earl of Hertford had determined their ruin, and there is every reason for believing that this neglect was intentional, and that the army was sacrificed with the intention of making its loss a cause for the future sacrifice of its commanders. Want was of course followed by sickness ; and those who remember the state of our army at Balaklava, may imagine the condition of Norfolk's forces at Montreuil. During the siege, our poet performed many acts of signal bravery ; and once nearly lost his life, which was only saved by the heroism of his attendant Clere, who did not scruple

to sacrifice himself in order to save his loving master.  
Surrey honoured his memory with the following

“ EPITAPH.

“ Norfolk sprung-thee ; Lambeth holds thee dead ;  
Clere, of the Count of Cleremont, thou hight  
Within the womb of Ormond's race thou bred,  
And saw'st thy cousin crowned in thy fight.  
Shelton for love, Surrey for lord thou chase ;  
(Aye me ! whilst life did last that league was tender)  
Tracing whose steps thou sawest Kelfal blaze,  
Landrecy burnt, and battered Boulogne render.  
At Montreuil gates, hopeless of all cure,  
Thine earl, half dead, gave in thy hand his will ;  
Which cause did thee this pining death procure,  
Ere summers four times seven thou could'st fulfill.  
Ah ! Clere ! if love had bootéd, care, or cost,  
Heaven had not won, nor earth so timely lost.”

We scarcely know which to admire most, the fidelity of the attendant which could deserve, or the love of the master which could inspire such an eulogy.

Surrey was now rapidly approaching his fate. He had twice been in prison for youthful faults, he was now to enter one which he only quitted for the block. In 1542 he was sent to the Fleet for challenging a certain John à Leigh to fight. After a few weeks' durance he was liberated upon entering into his own recognizance of 10,000 marks not to molest the said John à Leigh in the future. In 1543, like an ancient Marquis of Waterford, he, with Wyatt and Pickering in a drunken freak, rushed about the town, battering the doors and

smashing the windows of sundry citizens. He was also charged with having eaten flesh in Lent. He pleaded guilty to both indictments ; but for the first offence produced a licence ; for the second he was again sent to the Fleet. During his incarceration he is said to have written his first Prison Poem, entitled

“ A SATIRE AGAINST THE CITIZENS OF LONDON.

“ London ! hast thou accused me  
Of breach of laws ? the root of strife !  
Within whose breast did boil to see,  
So fervent hot, thy dissolute life ;  
That even the hate of sins that grow  
Within thy wicked walls so rife,  
For to break forth did convert so,  
That terror could it not repress.  
The which, by words, since preachers know  
What hope is left for to redress,  
By unknown means it liked me,  
My hidden burthen to express.  
Whereby it might appear to thee,  
That secret sin hath secret spite ;  
From justice' rod no fault is free,  
But that all such as work unright  
In most quiet, are next ill rest.  
In secret silence of the night  
This made me with a reckless breast,  
To wake thy sluggards with my bow :  
A figure of the Lord's behest,  
Whose scourge for sin the Scriptures shew.  
That as the fearful thunder's clap  
By sudden flame at hand we know ;  
Of pebble stones the soundless rap,  
The dreadful plague might make thee see  
Of God's wrath that doth thee enwrap.  
That pride might know, from conscience free,  
How lofty works may her defend ;  
And envy find as he hath fought,

How other seek him to offend :  
 And wrath taste of each cruel thought,  
 The just shape higher in the end :  
 And idle sloth, that never wrought,  
 To heaven his spirit lift may begin :  
 And greedy lucre live in dread,  
 To see what hate ill got goods win.  
 The lechers, ye that lusts do feed,  
 Perceive what secrecy is in sin :  
 And gluttons' hearts for sorrow bleed,  
 Awaked, when their fault they find :  
 In loathsome vice each drunken wight,  
 To stir to God, this was my mind.  
 Thy windows had done me no spight ;  
 But proud people that dread no fall,  
 Clothed with falsehood and unright  
 Bred in the closures of thy wall,  
 Wrested to wrath my fervent zeal  
 Thou hast ; to strife my secret call.  
 Indured hearts no warning feel.  
 O ! shameless whore ! is dread then gone ?  
 Be such thy foes, as meant thy weal ?  
 O ! member of false Babylon !  
 The shop of craft ! the den of ire !  
 Thy dreadful doom draws fast upon.  
 Thy martyrs' blood by sword and fire,  
 In heaven and earth for justice call.  
 The Lord shall hear their just desire !  
 The flame of wrath shall on thee fall !  
 With famine, and pest lamentably  
 Stricken shall be thy lechers all.  
 Thy proud towers, and turrets high  
 Enemies to God, beat stone from stone :  
 Thine idols burnt that wrought iniquity :  
 When none thy ruin shall bemoan ;  
 But render unto the righteous Lord,  
 That so hath judged Babylon,  
 Immortal praise with one accord."

This is an extraordinary poem to have been  
 written in 1543. The irony is well sustained ; the

satire is sharp and biting; and the citizens are duly dowered with the vices which they punished in the poet. His next Prison Poem is of a graver kind; a deeper vein; and far more worthy (worthy as the satire is) of the poet's genius.

The machinations of his enemies were gaining strength day by day. Still Surrey pursued his course with his wonted bravery and chivalrous daring. Mr. Robert Bell has given so admirable a summary of the events immediately preceding his arrest, that we cannot do better than quote it. He says, "On Christmas day, Surrey attended a chapter of the garter at Hampton Court, and was present, in the following April, on a similar occasion at Greenwich. During this period, he was actively employed in raising and equipping men for a new expedition for the defence of Boulogne, and having been appointed to the command of the vanguard of five thousand men, he crossed over to Calais in August. He was shortly afterwards placed in the command of Guisnes, from whence he was removed, at his own solicitation, to Boulogne. This was the post of honour and danger, and his appointment to it evinces the confidence reposed in his capacity. He applied himself with energy to the task of putting the place into a proper state of defence, and was incessantly occupied in skirmishes and forties. By one of these sudden movements which characterised his operations, he

compelled the French to relinquish an important position at Outreau, and at another time dispersed their fleet, the English admiral taking seven sail of their line, laden with wine and provisions. But a reverse awaited him that cast a shadow over these brilliant successes. In an attempt to intercept the enemy with inferior numbers, near St. Etienne, in January, 1545-6, a portion of his force was seized with panic, and fled in disorder; and, although the loss on the side of the French was greater than that of the English, the issue could not be otherwise regarded than as a disastrous defeat. It has been supposed that this misfortune led to his recal; yet it is certain that he remained three months longer in his command, and that he had so little to imagine that he had fallen under the king's censure, that he forwarded a request to his majesty that his countess might be permitted to join him at Boulogne, which was not acceded to, on account of the apprehensions that were entertained of an approaching siege. The first intimation he received of having incurred the royal displeasure, was the appointment of Lord Hertford as the king's lieutenant-general within the English Pale in France; and Paget, the king's private secretary, who communicated the news, strongly advised him, as a means of avoiding worse consequences, to solicit some command under Hertford, rather than remain suspended and inactive. Surrey's pride revolted from

this suggestion; and, early in April, 1547, Lord Gray was placed in the local command at Boulogne, and Surrey summoned to England, ostensibly for the purpose of affording information on the subject of the fortifications. Disguised by a little official courtesy, this summons was, in effect, a recall.\*

It was not the method of Henry to be laggard in his persecutions. He was often long before he struck, but when he did it was at once and effectively. There was no hope for any one who had fallen under his displeasure. His was not the throne at which to look for mercy. The noble victim of royal, and of Hertford's jealousy, was not fawning enough, nor careful enough, not to afford his enemies a speedy opportunity of attack. He was loud and bitter in his assaults on his supplanter. He uttered his complaints, where they soon reached the king, and as these complaints reflected on the royal doings, Surrey was soon imprisoned in Windsor Castle. Here, according to the best authorities, supported by the intrinsic evidence of the poem itself, he wrote

“PRISONED IN WINDSOR, HE RECOUNTETH HIS  
PLEASURE THERE PASSED.

“So cruel prison how could betide, alas,  
As proud Windsor, where I in lust and joy,  
With a Kinges son, my childish years did pass,  
In greater feasts than Priam's sons of Troy.

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\* Annotated Edition of the Poets.—Surrey.

Where each sweet place returns a taste full four ;  
 The large green courts where we were wont to hove,  
 With eyes cast up into the maiden's tower,  
 And easy sighs, such as folk draw in love.  
 The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue,  
 The dances short, long tales of great delight ;  
 With words and looks that tigers could but rue ;  
 Where each of us did plead the other's right.  
 The palme-play, where, despoiled for the game,  
 With dazed eyes oft we by gleams of love  
 Have missed the ball, and got sight of our dame.  
 To bait her eyes, which kept the leads above.  
 The gravelled ground, with sleeves tied on the helm,  
 On foaming horse, with swords and friendly hearts ;  
 With chere, as though one should anotherwhelm,  
 Where we have fought, and chafed oft with darts,  
 With silver drops the mead yet spread for ruth,  
 In active games of nimbleness and strength,  
 Where we did strain, trained with swarms of youth,  
 Our tender limbs, that yet shot up in length.  
 The secret groves, which oft we made resound  
 Of pleasant plaint, and of our ladies' praise ;  
 Recording oft what grace each one had found,  
 What hope of speed, what dread of long delays.  
 The wild forest, the clothed holts with green ;  
 With reins availed, and swiftly-breathed horse,  
 With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between ;  
 Where we did chase the fearful hart of force.  
 The void walls eke, that harboured us each night :  
 Wherewith, alas ! reviveth in my breast  
 The sweet accord, such sleeps as yet delight ;  
 The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest ;  
 The secret thoughts, imparted with such trust ;  
 The wanton talk, the divers change of play ;  
 The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,  
 Wherewith we passed the winter night away.  
 And with this thought the blood forsakes the face ;  
 The tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue ;  
 The which, as soon as sobbing sighs, alas !  
 Up-sopped have, thus I my plaint renew :  
 ' O ! place of bliss ! renewer of my woes !  
 Give me account where is my noble fere ?



Whom in thy walls thou dost each night enclose ;  
To other lief ; but unto me most dear !'  
Echo, alas ! that doth my sorrow rue,  
Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint.  
Thus I, alone, where all my freedom grew,  
In prison pine, with bondage and restraint.  
And with remembrance of the greater grief,  
To banish the less, I find my chief relief."\*

He was for some reason or other released from Windfor, and in August of the same year was at Hampton Court on the reception of the French Ambassador. In December he was again arrested ; and this time sent to the Tower, whence he escaped only by the usual method—the block. The trial was like most of the state trials of the period, a mere mockery. He was charged with having spoken ill of the new nobility, of having dissuaded persons from reading too far in the Scriptures, and of having quartered the royal arms on his escutcheon. This was his chief crime, although Surrey in doing so was only asserting a right which was his, and had been his ancestors' since the time of Richard the Second. All right was, however, set aside ; all questions of justice were of no avail. Before his arrest, his fate was determined, and he was only one more added to the long list of state victims which make Henry's reign such a bloody one in our annals. The noble victim bore himself nobly before the

\* Where the greater malady is fixed,  
The lesser is scarce felt.—LEAR.

Privy Council. He denied the charges, and demanded a public trial, or, in the spirit of a true knight-errant, asked to be allowed to decide the cause by single combat; had this been permitted, he was willing to lay aside the protection of his armour, and fight his accuser in his shirt. Of course, both appeals were refused. On the 13th of January, 1547, he was condemned to death, and on the 21st, in the thirtieth year of his age, he was beheaded on Tower Hill. Mr. Froude endeavours to exculpate the king; but after a careful examination of his facts, we must still adhere to the popular verdict on this subject. Mr. Bell thus describes his trial:—"One witness detailed a pretended conversation, in which he boasted of an insolent answer he had made to Surrey. The only notice Surrey took of this statement was to turn to the jury, observing, 'I leave it to yourselves, gentlemen, to judge whether it were probable that this man should speak thus to the Earl of Surrey, and he not strike him.' His courage in these desperate circumstances was as unavailing as his innocence. The jury, composed of Norfolk men, amongst whom it is painful to find the names of two near relations of the devoted Clere, found him guilty. At that moment Henry the VIII., to use Hollinshed's expression, which faintly depicts the last agonies of that bloated mass of corruption, was lying in the

extremities of death. It is matter of history that for some time he had been incapable of affixing his signature to the instruments of state, and that the stamp which represented his autograph had, at least in one instance, been surreptitiously employed. How far Hertford may be responsible for hastening the execution of Surrey's sentence, by the aid of the facility thus afforded him, or whether the warrant was expedited to gratify the last sanguinary lust of the English Nero, must be left to conjecture. The execution took place within eight days after the sentence. Surrey was condemned to death on the 13th of January, 1547, in the thirtieth year of his age, and beheaded on the 21st, on Tower Hill. The king expired within a week, and the Duke of Norfolk, whom the world could better have spared, was saved.

“All the circumstances connected with the last hours of Surrey were carefully suppressed, and the execution was conducted with as much secrecy as possible; but there can be no doubt that he met his death with fortitude. His remains were buried in the church of All Hallows-Barking, Tower-street, and were afterwards removed to Framlingham, in Suffolk, by his second son, the Earl of Northampton, who erected a monument, with an inscription to his memory.”\*

\* Annotated Edition of the Poets.

We turn with pleasure from this sad recital, to the poet's works. As has already been said, they form an epoch in our literary history. Warton says that "Surrey, for his justness of thought, correctness of style, and purity of expression, may justly be pronounced the first English classical poet." Our extracts will fully prove the truth of this praise. He has many claims to our admiration. He had a love for Nature, which often peeps out, rather than is ostentatiously obtruded in his poems. His "Description of the Restless state of the Lover when absent from the Mistress of his heart," is a beautiful instance of his love for Nature, and the grace and flow of his versification. It is too long to quote entire; but the following passage will amply bear out our remarks : —

" The sun, when he hath spread his rays,  
And shewed his face ten thousand ways ;  
Ten thousand things do then begin  
To shew the life that they are in.  
The heaven shews lively art and hue,  
On sundry shapes and colours new,  
And laughs upon the earth ; anon,  
The earth as cold as any stone,  
Wet in the tears of her own kind,  
'Gins then to take a joyful mind.  
For well she feels, that out and out,  
The sun doth warm her round about,  
And dries her children tenderly ;  
And shews them forth all orderly.  
The mountains high, and how they stand,  
The valleys, and the great main land !

The trees, the herbs, the towers strong,  
The castles, and the rivers long !  
And even for joy, thus of this heat,  
She sheweth forth her pleasures great,  
And sleeps no more ; but sendeth forth  
Her clergions, her own dear worth,  
To mount and fly up to the air ;  
Where then they sing in order fair,  
And tell in song full merrily.  
How they have slept full quietly  
That night, about their mother's sides.  
And when they have sung more besides,  
Then fall they to their mother's breast,  
Whereas they feed, or take their rest.  
The hunter then sounds out his horn,  
And rangeth straight through wood and corn.  
On hills, then shew the ewe and lamb,  
And every young one with his dam.  
The lovers walk, and tell their tale,  
Both of their bliss and of their bale ;  
And how they serve, and how they do,  
And how their lady loves them too.  
Then tune the birds their harmony ;  
Then flock the fowl in company ;  
Then everything doth pleasure find  
In that, that comforts all their kind.  
No dreams do drench them of the night  
Of foes that would them slay or bite,  
As hounds, to hunt them at the tail ;  
Or men force them through hill and dale.  
The sheep then dreams not of the wolf ;  
The shipman forces not the gulf ;  
The lamb thinks not the butcher's knife  
Should then bereave him of his life.  
For when the sun doth once run in,  
Then all their gladness doth begin ;  
And then their skips and then their play,  
So falls their sadness then away."

This; every one will confess, is an admirable specimen of Surrey's mastery of versification, and one

that will bear comparison with the works of greater poets. Milton has been a little indebted to this piece, and other fingers have not scrupled to borrow from the earlier bard. His love of Nature is finely shown in the sonnet called

“ DESCRIPTION OF SPRING.

“WHEREIN EVERYTHING RENEWS, SAVE ONLY THE LOVER.

“ The soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings,  
 With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale.  
 The nightingale, with feathers new, she sings ;  
 The turtle to her mate hath told her tale.  
 Summer is come, for every spray now springs,  
 The hart hath hung his old head on the pale ;  
 The buck in brake his winter coat he slings ;  
 The fishes flete with new repaired scale ;  
 The adder all her slough away she slings ;  
 The swift swallow purfueth the flies smale  
 The busy bee her honey now she mings ;  
 Winter is worn that was the flowers' bale ;  
 And thus I see, among these pleasant things,  
 Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs ! ”

To illustrate the musical flow of Surrey's style we select another poem, in which

“ THE LOVER EXCUSETH HIMSELF OF SUSPECTED  
 CHANGE.

“ Though I regarded not  
 The promise made by me ;  
 Or passed not to spot  
 My faith and honesty :  
 Yet were my fancy strange,  
 And wilful will to wite,

If I fought now to change  
A falcon for a kite.

All men might well despraise  
My wit and enterprise,  
If I esteemed a pease  
Above a pearl in price ;  
Or judged the owl in fight  
The sparrowhawk to excel ;  
Which flieth but in the night,  
As all men know right well.

Or if I fought to fail  
Into the brittle port,  
When anchor hold doth fail  
To such as do resort ;  
And leave the haven sure,  
Where blows no blustering wind ;  
Nor fickleness in ure  
So far north as I find.

No ! think me not so light,  
Nor of so churlish kind,  
Though it lay in my might  
My bondage to unbind ;  
That I would leave the hind  
To hunt the gander's foe ;  
No ! no ! I have no mind  
To make exchanges so.

Nor yet to change at all ;  
For think, it may not be  
That I should seek to fall  
From my felicity.  
Desirous for to win,  
And loth for to forego ;  
Or new change to begin ;  
How may all this be so ?

The fire it cannot freeze,  
For it is not his kind ;  
Nor true love cannot lese  
The constance of the mind ;

Yet as soon shall the fire  
Want heat to blaze and burn ;  
As I in such desire  
Have once a thought to turn.

Surrey was the bosom friend of Sir Thomas Wyatt ; and to this friendship we are indebted for three noble poems. These elegies on the death of his friend are among our poet's happiest efforts. Noble, manly, generous, and poetically beautiful, they are alike honourable to the man whose memory inspired, and to him whose love produced them. Of the one which we shall quote, Mr. Robert Bell truly says, "The character drawn in this most affecting elegy is one of the noblest and purest human nature can either attain or conceive. It combines the highest moral virtues with great intellectual vigour, taste, and learning ; knowledge of mankind, with consummate skill in the practical affairs of life ; and all the graces and accomplishments of the time, with a person equally distinguished by strength and beauty. If we cannot quite agree with Dr. Nott, that Surrey could not have fixed upon Wyatt's virtues as a theme of panegyric, unless he had reflected them in his own character, we recognise in his selection of topics, and the earnestness with which he dwells upon them, those fine qualities of the judgment and the heart which united the poets in a bond of sympathy and



affection.”\* We now give the elegy thus admirably described.

“OF THE DEATH OF SIR THOMAS WYATT.

“Wyatt resteth here, that quick could never rest;  
Whose heavenly gifts increased by disdain;  
And virtue sank the deeper in his breast:  
Such profit he by envy could obtain.

A head, whose wisdom mysteries did frame;  
Whose hammers beat still in that lively brain,  
As on a sithie, where that sure work of fame  
Was daily wrought, to turn to Britain's gain.

A visage stern and mild; where both doth grow,  
Vice to condemn, in virtue to rejoice:  
Amid great forms, whom grace assured so,  
To live upright and smile at fortune's choice.

A hand that taught what might be said in rhyme;  
There rest Chaucer the glory of his wit;  
A mark, the which (unperfected in time),  
Some may approach, but never none shall hit:

A tongue that served in foreign realms his king,  
Whose courteous talk to virtue did inflame  
Each noble heart; a worthy guide to bring  
Our English youth by travail unto fame.

An eye, whose judgment none affect could blind,  
Friends to allure, and foes to reconcile;  
Whose piercing look did represent a mind  
With virtue fraught, reposed void of guile.

A heart, where dread was never so impress  
To hide the thought that might the truth advance!  
In neither fortune lost, nor yet repress,  
To swell in wealth, or yield unto mischance.

A valiant corpse, where force and beauty met:  
Happy, alas! too happy, but for foes,

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\* Annotated Edition of the Poets.—Surrey, p. 89. Note.

Lived and ran the race that nature set ;  
Of manhood's shape, where she the mould did lose.

But to the heavens that simple soul is fled,  
Which left, with such as covet Christ to know,  
Witness of faith that never shall be dead ;  
Sent for our health, but not received so.

Thus for our guilt this jewel have we lost ;  
The earth his bones, the heavens possess his ghost.

Besides his claims as an original poet, Surrey is among the very first who introduced the classical literature of Rome to his unlettered countrymen. The father of English blank verse, in which measure he translated the second and fourth books of the *Æneid*, must for ever hold a venerable place in the hearts of all lovers of poetry. Of this first work, in the most potent of all our versifications, we shall give two specimens. Before doing which, however, we must quote his translation from Martial, according to Mr. Bell, "one of the earliest specimens in our language;" and we direct the reader's attention to the selection which Surrey has made. The poems which a man loves are as good a criterion of his own tastes, nature, and character, as are the original productions of his muse. When Surrey translates or adapts, it is from the *Psalms*, *Ecclesiastes*, the *Æneid*, or from Martial.

"THE MEANS TO ATTAIN A HAPPY LIFE.

"Martial, the things that do attain  
The happy life, be these, I find :

The riches left, not got with pain ;  
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind :

The equal friend, no grudge, no strife ;  
No change of rule, nor governance ;  
Without disease, the healthful life ;  
The household of continuance :

The mean diet, no delicate fare ;  
True wisdom joined with simpleness ;  
The night discharged of all care,  
Where wine the wit may not oppress :

The faithful wife, without debate ;  
Such sleeps as may beguile the night.  
Contented with thine own estate ;  
Ne wish for Death, ne fear his might."

The following extract is from the *Æneid* ; it is the opening of the second book, where the hero is about to narrate to Dido the fall of Troy :—

" They whistled all, with fixed face attent,  
When prince *Æneas* from the royal seat  
Thus gan to speak : ' O Queen ! it is thy will  
I should renew a woe cannot be told :  
How that the Greeks did spoil, and overthrow  
The Phrygian wealth, and wailful realm of Troy :  
Those ruthful things that I myself beheld ;  
And whereof no small part fell to my share.  
Which to express, who could refrain from tears ?  
What *Myrmidon* ? or yet what *Dolopes* ?  
What stern *Ulysses'* waged soldier ?  
And lo ! moift night now from the welkin falls ;  
And stars declining counsel us to rest.  
But since so great is thy delight to hear  
Of our mishaps, and *Troyè's* last decay ;  
Though to record the same my mind abhors,  
And plaint eschews, yet thus will I begin.' "

The next extract is the account of the death of

the deserted and unhappy queen, and is towards the end of the fourth book :—

“ But trembling Dido eagerly now bent  
Upon her stern determination ;  
Her bloodshot eyes rolling within her head ;  
Her quivering cheeks flecked with deadly stain,  
Both pale and wan to think on death to come ;  
Into the inward wards of her palace  
She rusheth in, and clamb up, as diftraught,  
The burial stack, and drew the Trojan sword,  
Her gift sometime, but meant to no such use,  
Where when she saw his weed, and well knownen bed,  
Weeping awhile in study ’gan she stay,  
Fell on the bed, and these last words she said :

‘ Sweet spoils, whiles God and destinies it would,  
Receive this sprite, and rid me of these cares :  
I lived and ran the course fortune did grant ;  
And under earth my great ghost now shall wend :  
A goodly town I built, and saw my walls ;  
Happy, alas, too happy if these coasts  
The Trojan ships had never touched aye.’

This said, she laid her mouth close to the bed.  
‘ Why then,’ quoth she, ‘ unwroken shall we die ?  
But let us die : for this ! and in this sort  
It liketh us to seek the shadows dark !  
And from the seas the cruel Trojan’s eyes  
Shall well discern this flame : and take with him  
Eke these unlucky tokens of my death !’

As she had said, her damsels might perceive  
Her with these words fall pierced on a sword,  
The blade embrued, and hands besprent with gore.  
The clamour rang unto the palace top ;  
The bruit ran throughout all the astonied town :  
With wailing great, and women’s shrill yelling,  
The roofs ’gan roar ; the air resound with plaint :  
As though Carthage, or the ancient town of Tyre  
With pres of entered enemies swarmed full :  
Or when the rage of furious flame doth take  
The temples’ tops, and mansions eke of men.”

We cannot conclude our notice of this noble example of Prison Poets more pleasantly than by quoting the beautiful poem of Mary Howitt's, entitled

"SURREY IN CAPTIVITY.

I.

" 'Twas a May morning, and the joyous sun  
Rose o'er the city, in its proud array,  
As though he knew the month of flowers begun,  
And came bright-vested for a holiday;  
On the wide river barge and vessel lay,  
Each with its pennon floating on the gale;  
And garlands hung in honour of the May,  
Wreathed round the masts, or o'er the furled sail,  
Or scattered on the deck, as fancy might prevail.

II.

" And quick on every side were busy feet,  
Eagerly thronging, passing to and fro;  
Bands of young dancers gathering in the street;  
And, ever and anon, apart and low,  
Was heard of melody the quiet flow,  
As some musician tuned his instrument,  
And practised o'er his part for mask, or show;  
And dames, and maidens o'er their thresholds bent,  
And scattered flowers about that a sweet perfume lent.

III.

" From every church, the merry bells rung out;  
The gay parades were thronging every square,  
With flaunting banner, revelry and shout;  
And, like a tide, the gale did music bear;  
Now loud, then softened; and in that low air,  
Came on the listener's ear the regular tread  
Of the gay multitude. The brave, the fair  
Passed on; the high-born, and the lowly bred;  
All, for one little day, a round of pleasure led.

IV.

" Who saw that city on that joyous morn,  
Might deem a people held a truce with care;

What looked there then to mind of those forlorn,  
 Who in its pastimes might not have a share ?  
 Of her best nobles many were not there ;  
 The heart of valour and the arm of might.  
 The sun shone on the tower, in prison where,  
 Wailing his hard hap, lay the worthiest knight,  
 The proudest and the best, at banquet or in fight.

## V.

" There lay he, the young Surrey—that brave heart,  
 That knighthood might not peer—he chid the day  
 That, with its sunny light, could not impart  
 To him the freedom of its pleasant ray.  
 Oh, doom unmerited !—There as he lay,  
 Came to his ear the jocund sounds without ;  
 He thought how once unnoted was the May,  
 Unless the merry people bailed with shout  
 The gallant Surrey there, in revel, and in rout.

## VI.

" He thought how he had been the one of all,  
 The knight in contest never yet unhorsed ;  
 The courtliest gallant in the proudest hall ;  
 His sword and name by no dishonour crossed ;  
 Alone, and captive now, from joy divorced,  
 He thought of Geraldine ; by true love sent,  
 How he in foreign courts made chivalrous boast ;  
 Holding her beauty all pre-eminent ;  
 And by his own good arm maintained where'er he went.

## VII.

" He thought of her, and of the magic glass,  
 Wherein, by skill of secret science raised,  
 He saw her pale, and faithful as she was,  
 His own dear lady worthy to be praised.  
 He thought of times in memory undefaced ;  
 The pleasures of the woods, the royal sport ;  
 The cry of hounds ; the hart each morning chased ;  
 The tennis-ground ; the race ; the tilting court ;  
 And all the love-known glades where ladies made resort.

## VIII.

" His looks were such as ladies love to see ;  
 For, as his spirit, was his bearing bold.

His speech, 'the mirror of all courtesy ;'—  
Of such as he romance hath often told.  
And in his hand a tablet he did hold,  
Whereon he noted down, from time to time,  
The heavy thoughts that through his spirit rolled ;  
Grief seemed to prey on him, and blight his prime ;  
His name without a blot, his heart without a crime.

## IX.

" From the dim window of his cell, his eye  
Gazed on the revel scene that lay below ;  
Then glanced upon the beautiful blue sky ;  
The gale blew fresh—'twas free—he was not so :—  
He wept awhile the captive's bitter woe ;  
He sang the captive's bitter fate. Ere long,  
Through street and square moved a procession slow ;  
A confined noble, and a mourning throng,  
With murmuring lament for gallant Surrey's wrong."

## CERVANTES.



WE will now pass to the prison of Seville ; from the cell in which Boëthius wrote his Consolation ; from Windsor and the Tower, where Surrey wooed and won the Muse ; to that in which Cervantes planned his immortal DON QUIXOTE.

Spain was at the height of her glory and power. The magnificent reign of Charles the Fifth, and the acquisition of her American possessions, had made her the envy and the fear of Europe. There were splendour, pomp, and apparently exhaustless wealth at her command ; and, reasoning from the appearance of things, a long lease of power and greatness seemed in store for her. Looking at the Spain of to-day, we have some difficulty in picturing to ourselves the Spain to whose throne the gloomy Philip the Second succeeded. Only the philosopher or the statesman, accustomed to penetrate beneath the surface of things, could have seen through the hollowness of all this pomp, the weakness of all this power. The England of that time, and the Spain of that time, what a contrast ! And yet the wise



man would see in the small, sea-surrounded, and poor island, more hope of a great and glorious future, than in the wealthy, wide-spread, and dazzling splendours of the Spanish power. In England there was strength of character, love of industry, daring adventure, genuine honesty, a liberated religion, and a liberty-loving people. In Spain gold, procured without commensurate labour, had sapped the old genuine Spanish character; honest, pains-taking industry was scorned; the gloomy fanaticism of a Philip the Second had found in the sword of an Alva, and in the secret and ubiquitous horrors of the Inquisition, proper instruments for the suppression of all freedom of thought, all nobleness of soul, and all liberty of faith. To the eye thus looking "before and after," all the magnificence of the court, the gorgeousness of the religious ceremonial, the ostentatious pride of the nobility, the arrogance of the people, united with the sad licentiousness which then marked Spanish manners, were but indications of the sure and inevitable decay of the whole. Like Sodom apples, the outside was glowing and tempting, but within there was a taste of rottenness and of death.

To the majority of people, however, then living, Spain was a wonderful and a wonder-working place. At this period of her history it was that her genius more fully developed itself than at any other. Then

lived and did their work the men who are now her greatest glory, her chiefest honour. As it had been in the history of so many other nations, so it was in Spain; she culminated in all things at the same time, and the same moment which witnessed her material, also beheld her intellectual glory. From the defeat of the Armada she began to decline—visibly, rapidly to decline. In that undertaking she had gathered all her forces, and they were shattered at a blow. When she went “forth the little Isle to smite,” she had proved her utmost strength; and that strength had passed away into very weakness before the calm, undaunted courage of the freemen of England. All that the poet advises, when calling her to prepare for a combat which ended in her ruin, she had done; his words are—

“ Nor arm in haste, nor sitful fury breathe;  
 Thy long wrought, slowly sharpened sword unsheathe!  
 The toil of seven long years expend  
 This marvel of the main to raise,  
 Each beam of thy wide brightness blend  
 Into a world-confounding blaze—  
 No strain on thy vast strength withhold,  
 Nor spare each vassal realm, nor stint thy Western gold!  
 Call forth thy men of might  
 Ablaze with glory from Lepanto’s fight  
 To dim that lustre in the mightier fame  
 Of England’s fallen throne and quenched name.”\*

Spain never recovered from the exhaustion which such a contest for dominion caused. Ere the Armada

\* “The Anniversaries,”—Thomas H. Gill.

failed she was at her acme of power ; when it was defeated by English valour, shattered by the rocks which rise now as then to preserve her shores inviolable from the foreign foe, Spain's doom-hour was tolled for ever. Tolled, too, at a time when she was honoured by her greatest children ; for the age of the Armada was the age of Calderon, Lope de Vega, and Cervantes ; so strangely do the good and evil of this world blend ; and so mysteriously does God combine the greatest blessings and the deepest curses of a nation !

We can give but a brief sketch of the life of Cervantes here. Like the lives of most of earth's great ones, it was hard and severe. He was none of fortune's darlings, in the usual acceptance of that word. He was a brave and genuine man ; and though often sorely tried, never was less than a brave and genuine man. The noblest, boldest, truest, and most thorough hero of his own heroic time do we count him. One

“ That ever with a frolic welcome took  
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed  
Free heart, free forehead.”\*

As soldier, as prisoner, as author, he was the same ; a wife, noble, joyous-hearted, truthful man ; an object worthy of reverence and of love. Nearly three centuries have passed since he was gathered

\* Tennyson's “Ulysses.”

to his fathers; but he still lives, and will ever live, the type of the highest and the purest of his race. The greatness of his nation has passed away; her influence has ceased; her name is a bye-word and a mockery among the peoples; her court is an abomination; her rule a disgrace; her religion a hollow mummery and an empty show; but the great Cervantes still lives to tell us what she once was, and what a great, large-hearted, universal genius she once possessed. The Spain of the Cid is no more; the Spain of the old ballads belongs to the past; no more do they sing

“ Free were we born,—’tis thus they cry—though to our king we owe  
The homage and the fealty behind his crest to go;  
By God’s behest our aid he shares, but God did ne’er command  
That we should leave our children heirs of an enslaved land.”\*

No more do they hold their own in Europe; degraded, enslaved, corrupted, her glory has departed; but the genius of Cervantes can never die; and Don Quixote will cheer, delight, edify, and instruct as long as people can read, and hearts are of the same material as they are now. “The great man of Spain sat obscure at the time, all dark and poor, a maimed soldier; writing his ‘Don Quixote’ in prison;”† but the great man of Spain is now enshrined in every heart, and has had

\* Lockhart’s *Spanish Ballads*, “The March of Bernardo del Carpio.”

† Carlyle’s *Essays*, “Sir Walter Scott.”

laurels twined for his brow by every nation in the world.

Cervantes, or to give his full name, Saavedra Miguel de Cervantes, was born at Alcalà de Henares, a short distance from Madrid, on Oct. 9, 1547. He received a good education, and was for two years of his life a student at the famous University of Salamanca. We know but little of his early life; but in the year 1570 we find him at Rome, in the capacity of chamberlain in the household of Monsignor Aquaviva. This employment could not have been a genial one to such a man; and accordingly, in the next year, 1571, at the age of twenty-three, he joined the forces under Don John of Austria, which the "Holy League," formed by the Pope, Venice, and Spain, were sending against the Turks. He was at the terrible battle of Lepanto, fought on the 7th of October, 1571; and there he proved the truth of his own words, "that none make better soldiers than those who are transplanted from the region of letters to the fields of war, and that never scholar became soldier that was not a good and a brave one." For our hero, though suffering from severe illness, insisted upon bearing his part in the contest, which he did like a true soldier. He was wounded in the engagement, and thenceforward lost the use of his left arm. He continued in the service until the year 1575, when

he was discharged. Don John gave him letters, commending him earnestly to the favour of the king; but he was not destined to use them, or to reach his beloved Spain. On the 26th. of September the vessel was attacked, and our hero was captured, and sent a prisoner to Algiers. Five weary years were spent in this captivity; but Cervantes "bated not one jot of heart or hope." His magnanimity and heroism were never more conspicuous than during the years he suffered in Algiers. No terrors could daunt him, no threats of impalement intimidate him; the rope was placed round his neck, and he was ordered for immediate execution, but in vain. The brave man was too brave to fear death; he only feared dishonour. Plan after plan was arranged by him for his own escape, and for that of his fellow-christian prisoners. Treachery defeated these; but Cervantes took all the peril of these plots upon himself, and nothing could force from his lips the name of any one of his assistants. Well might the Dey exclaim that "if he could but keep that lame Spaniard well guarded, he should consider his capital, his slaves, and his galleys safe." He could not keep him so well guarded, but that the dauntless man would find means to liberate himself and his wretched fellow-sufferers. Cervantes was not the man to rest quietly in the power of the infidel.

Thus in scheming, and in suffering, and with death dogging his heels in every form, did the author of "Don Quixote" spend five years of life in sad captivity. His hour of deliverance was however coming. His elder brother, who was taken prisoner with him, had been ransomed three years since, and he was doing everything he could in Spain to get the money required for his gifted brother. After great exertion, and a sacrifice of the little remaining property of the family, and the contributions of charity, the sum was raised, and on the 19th of September, 1580, the desired freedom was purchased, and Cervantes set out for Spain. Without means, without resources, the ransomed captive returned home; and now the question was, how to live. He had a mother and a sister depending upon him, and he had nothing. His destiny was a stern one; and adversity was sorely trying him. Was he good sterling gold, or mere dross? That was the problem which was being solved. How it was answered we all know. He again entered the army, and went to Portugal, under the Marquis of Santa Cruz, in the year 1581. It was on his return from this expedition that he published his Pastoral "Galatea," by which, it is said, he won his bride. However this may be, he married the lady of his love on the 12th of December, 1584; and he took to

writing for the stage. His early plays were very popular, and his "El Trato de Argel," and his "Numancia," produced a great effect upon the stage. The works of Lope de Vega, however, were now becoming the rage in Spain, and there was little hope and small returns for the labours of Cervantes. In 1588 he for many years forsook the theatre, and sought a more certain means of subsistence, which, also, he seems not to have found.

The materials for the next few years of Cervantes' life are very few and obscure. We know that in 1588 he was at Seville in the capacity of an agent of Antonio de Guevara, who was a royal commissary for the American fleets; he also collected money due to the government and to private persons. This employment afforded him many opportunities of getting familiar with the life of the people, of which he richly availed himself. For ten years he was thus working, travelling about Andalusia and Granada, storing up his observations and experience in his fertile mind, for after use. Even this humble work did not go smoothly; and our poet-collector became indebted to the government, and in 1597 was thrown into prison at Seville, as a defaulter. A prison henceforth glorious in the annals of literature; for therein was planned the "Don Quixote," one of the great Prison Books—nay, one of the



few great books of the world. Side by side with the Tower of Pavia, with Bedford Jail, with the Fortrefs of Spielberg, will stand the Prison of Seville through immemorial time.

At the end of three months Cervantes was released from jail, but not from his troubles. We next hear of him collecting rents in La Mancha (name for ever famous), for the Grand Prior of the Order of Saint John. Here he was again thrown into prison, and here he began to write "Don Quixote." After his release he went with his family to reside at Valladolid; and again was rewarded with a prison,—this time as a witness. A murder having been committed in a night brawl, close to his house, the wise Spanish law of the time imprisoned Cervantes and his wife and sister, because it might want them as witnesses.

Madrid was to have the honour of being the place at which "Don Quixote" was published; for here in 1605, in his fifty-eighth year, did Cervantes give to the world the First Part of his great romance. It proved to be one of those very few books which are at once and for ever popular.\* It was in every one's hands, and became the talk of all circles. It must have been a

\* Writing of Cervantes and "Don Quixote," Lord Byron says:—

"Of all tales, 'tis the saddest—and more sad,  
Because it makes us smile: his hero's right,

cheering fact to the old man, that after all his struggles, sufferings and disappointments, the child of his love and of his deepest meditation should thus be favoured by all. Such satisfaction, however, appears to have been all he got by his book. He was still as poor as ever ; and his sister had to eke out his small earnings by sewing. It was the old, old story. The wealthy and titled relished his book, laughed at his jokes, enjoyed its wisdom and humour, but left its author to starve or not as fate might determine. In 1606 the court moved from

And still pursues the right ;—to curb the bad  
His only object, and 'gainst odds to fight  
His guerdon : 'tis his virtue makes him mad !  
But his adventures form a sorry sight.—  
A sorrier still is the great moral taught  
By that real epic unto all who have thought.

“ Redressing injury, revenging wrong,  
To aid the damsel and destroy the caitiff !  
Opposing singly the united strong,  
From foreign yoke to free the helpless native ;—  
Alas ! must noblest views, like an old song,  
Be for mere fancy's sport a theme creative ?  
A jest, a riddle, fame through thick and thin sought !  
And Socrates himself but Wisdom's Quixote ?

“ Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away ;  
A single laugh demolished the right arm  
Of his own country ;—seldom since that day  
Has Spain had heroes. While romance could charm,  
The world gave ground before her bright array ;  
And therefore have his volumes done such harm,  
That all their glory as a composition  
Was dearly purchased by his land's perdition.”

DON JUAN, Canto xiii. st. 9, 10, 11.

Valladolid to Madrid, and Cervantes followed ; but the court of Philip was not the court to reward or honour the genius of Spain's greatest son. It was too busy in Inquisition work to attend to learning ; too much employed in deeds of darkness to mingle with the children of light. The remaining years of our poet's life were years of toil and struggling. Seven times in ten years had he to change his residence. He again wrote for the stage, but with little or no success ; he worked hard at the Second Part of " Don Quixote," which he published in 1615. This was not all ; for in 1613 he gave to the world his excellent " *Novelas Exemplares*," and in 1614 his " *Journey to Parnassus*," and wrote his romance of " *Perfiles and Sigismunda*," which was published after his death.

" But the life of Cervantes, with all its troubles and sufferings, was now fast drawing to a close. In October of the same year, 1615, he published the Second Part of his *Don Quixote* ; and in its dedication to the Count de Lemos, who had for some time favoured him, he alludes to his failing health, and intimates that he hardly looked for the continuance of life beyond a few months. His spirits, however, which had survived his sufferings in the Levant, at Algiers, and in prisons at home, and which, as he approached his seventieth year, had been sufficient to produce a work like the Second

Part of Don Quixote, did not forsake him now that his strength was waisting away under the influence of disease and old age. On the contrary, with unabated vivacity, he urged forward his romance, 'Perfiles and Sigismunda,' anxious only that life enough should be allowed him to finish it, as the last offering of his gratitude to his generous patron. In the spring he went to Esquivias, which was the little estate he had received with his wife; and, after his return, wrote a Preface to his unpublished romance, full of delightful and simple humour, in which he tells a pleasant story of being overtaken, in his ride back to Madrid, by a medical student, who gave him much good advice about the dropsy under which he was suffering, to which he replied, that his pulse had already warned him that he was not to live beyond the next Sunday. 'And so,' says he, at the conclusion of this remarkable Preface, 'farewell to jesting, farewell to merry humours, farewell my gay friends, for I feel that I am dying, and have no desire but soon to see you happy in the other life.'

"In this temper he prepared to meet death, as many Catholics of strong religious impressions were accustomed to do at that time; and, on the 2nd of April, entered the order of Franciscan friars, whose habit he had assumed three years before at Alcalà. Still, however, his feelings as an author, his vivacity,

and his personal fortitude did not desert him. On the 18th of April he received the extreme unction, and the next day wrote a Dedication of his '*Perfiles y Sigismunda*' to the Count de Lemos, marked, to an extraordinary degree, with his natural humour and with the solemn thoughts that became his situation. The last known act of his life, therefore, shows that he still possessed his faculties in perfect serenity; and four days afterwards, on the 23rd of April, 1616, he died, at the age of sixty-eight. He was buried, as he probably had desired, in the convent of the Nuns of the Trinity; but a few years afterwards this convent was removed to another part of the city, and what became of the ashes of the greatest genius of his country is from that time wholly unknown.\*

"His funeral," says Mr. Roscoe, "was poorly attended; no stone or inscription marks the spot where his bones repose; nor indeed, in later times, in which letters and the arts have stooped to flatter rank and power, has any person appeared to honour the remains of this illustrious man with a worthy mausoleum, on which the fine arts might be employed to inspire a feeling of veneration which might serve as a stimulus to succeeding generations, and direct them in the paths of virtue and knowledge."†

\* Ticknor's "*History of Spanish Literature*," vol. ii. pp. 91-2-3.

† Roscoe's "*Life and Writings of Cervantes*," p. 270.

It will be seen that the greatest Spanish genius died on the same day as the greatest English genius. Cervantes passed away from among us on the day when Shakspeare's calm soul left its earthly habitation. The 23rd of April, 1616, was the day which saw two of the most richly-endowed children of men yield up that spirit which had been destined, each in its own peculiar sphere, to give the world the two most precious legacies it has ever possessed—the dramas of Shakspeare and the “Don Quixote” of Cervantes.\* Spain erects no monument to the memory of her greatest. Nor has England done much in this way for her darling; but she has done more. It is her boast that she “speaks the tongue which Shakspeare spoke;” and of Cervantes it may be truly said, that no “knight of the pen” has been more thoroughly honoured. The Romance is still the beloved of all readers, and Don Quixote is as famous as he was in Spain; and the author himself tells us that his First Part was so popular that “the very children handle it, boys read it, men understand it, and old people applaud it; in short, it is so thumbed, so read, so well known by every-

\* From a note to Ticknor's “Spanish Literature,” we learn that this is a pleasant delusion. He writes: “Bowles says that Cervantes died on the same day with Shakspeare, but this is a mistake, the calendar not having then been altered in England, and there being, therefore, a difference between that and the Spanish calendar of ten days.”—Ticknor, vol. ii. pp. 92-3, note.

body, that no sooner a meagre horse appears than they say, 'There goes Rozinante.'\* This fame it has now for more than two centuries fully preserved; and, although the place in which the author's bones repose is not known, his labours and his name are the possessions of the whole civilised world. Milton wrote what all the world has echoed on his Shakspeare, and his lines might well be applied to Cervantes:

"What needs my Shakspeare, for his honour'd bones,  
The labour of an age in piled stones?  
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid  
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?  
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,  
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?  
Thou in our wonder and astonishment  
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.  
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,  
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart  
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book  
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took;  
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,  
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;  
And, so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,  
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

Stern and sorrowful and full of suffering as was the life of Cervantes, it is to be doubted if any other would have been so profitable to him as an author. His trials and adventures were material upon which his genial nature fed and grew strong.

\* "Don Quixote," Part II. Book I. c. iii.

His experience as a soldier, as a captive, as a money collector, was all so much capital on which he wisely drew, and which yielded him ample returns, outweighing all those of money which a more thrifty man might have gathered therefrom. This face-to-face communion with the world made him a brave, wise, large-experienced man, and gave him such a rich store of character and adventure that his genius is never at a loss, because it was based upon the actual. He knew men and women as they are, not as they are drawn in books by authors who *create* their own men and women; and thus his pages are vital, his characters have flesh and blood, and, with one or two exceptions, we enter as heartily into the doings of Don Quixote and his renowned squire as do those worthies themselves. These few exceptions are the pastoral love tales which, in accordance with the custom of the age, he now and then introduces into his romance. But even these are not the insipid things which for the most part such tales are. These are sometimes introduced in a perplexing manner, interrupting the course of the adventure; but, for the most part, we always read them with pleasure; and where there is too much of the pastoral sentimentalism about them, there are always touches of Cervantes which redeem them from the ordinary fate of such intrusions—a malediction and a rapid passing on to the next chapter.



But what shall we say of "Don Quixote" itself? Since the day the author prophesied that commentaries would be written upon the history of the worthy knight, many have been, and with the usual felicity of such compositions. What was clear they have made, or endeavoured to make, obscure; what was simple they have, as is their wont, made, or endeavoured to make, difficult. Some have seen one design in the romance, some another; one finds in it a whole scheme of metaphysics, one a system of criticism; one a clear unmistakeable satire on all things noble and lofty; one an earnest and sober defence of those all-important parts of our nature; one thinks it a sceptical and irreligious work, and one a truly pious production, directing its satire only against the abuses of the church. And so the battle wages. Critics prone to look beneath the surface of a book to fish up a theory about it can very readily do it; but simple readers had very much better take the work as it is, read it without care for these profound mysteries, share in the mighty adventures of the knight, and laugh heartily at the humour of the incomparable Sancho, and they will assuredly get the most good out of the book. Let all remember that

"We get no good

By being ungenerous, even to a book,  
And calculating profits . . . so much help

By so much reading. It is rather when  
We gloriously forget ourselves, and plunge  
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,  
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth—  
'Tis then we get the right good from a book."\*

And thus "plunging" into "Don Quixote," what a right royal good we get! Every adventure is a source of joy. From the first to the last; from the setting out full of hope and resolve, to his calm death at home, we follow the knight with pleasure. We laugh at him, but respect him; for the author takes care that, away from knight-errantry, our Don shall never be ridiculous, but shall conduct himself like a brave, learned, courteous, sensible gentleman as he is. His criticisms on poetry, on the stage, on history, and on romances, are full of fine thoughts, and show a large and extensive acquaintance with the literature of his own age. His advice to Sancho before he sets out to govern his island might be read and meditated upon with profit, by not a few governors now living. Whenever the knight speaks on general affairs, his remarks are always wise, thoughtful, and broad, showing a large experience, and deep study. The author is always careful to preserve his hero from any chance of appearing contemptible; and he takes care that we shall fully see

\* Mrs. Browning, "Aurora Leigh," p. 26.

his madness upon the subject of knight-errantry before he mounts him on Rozinante, and sends him out in search of adventures; and throughout the work continually recalls to the reader the fact that upon this subject Don Quixote has lost his senses. This is, in truth, a great stroke of art—nay, a mark of Cervantes' genius, that while every adventure in which the knight engages is absurd in the extreme, he never loses our respect. The earnestness, the sincerity, the total unselfishness of his character are guarantees for this. How gravely he enters into the whole business! Sancho's fly humour falls as harmless upon him, as did the giants' clubs upon the mail of the famous knights whose lives and career Don Quixote emulates. The inn is to him a haunted and enchanted castle; the wind-mills veritable giants; Maritornes a princess; Dulcinea del Toboso an angelic being worthy of the devotion and self-service of such a knight; the sheep are veritable armies; he is haunted by real demons, and the victim of actual enchanters. So, throughout the whole of the glorious romance, everything to him is as he represents it. His heroism is as great; his self-sacrifice as true; his patience, vigilance, night-watchings, purity, and love, are as genuine as if bestowed upon the achievements in which the hero so thoroughly and unquestionably believed. We laugh at his infatuation, but never

at his sufferings nor at the genuine earnestness of the knight. And our author is careful never to raise a laugh at the expense of any feeling which might be injurious to virtue. For this he merits our best thanks; in such a book as "Don Quixote" the temptation was very great.

From this cause we suppose has arisen the charge that "Don Quixote" is not a healthy book, but one which places high resolve and generous deeds in a ridiculous light. Such a charge is utterly without foundation, and shows the folly of attempting to find more in a book than the author intended or ever put there. The primary object of Cervantes was doubtless a satire on an absurd taste and the foolish literature of his day. The subject was one worthy of his pen; and he worthily accomplished it. All the soul of knighthood had departed, and nothing but the husk remained. Its nobleness had passed away, and men who never knew the spirit which produced it, or felt the heroism which gave it beauty and nobleness, aped its language and assumed its garb. The whole thing was a hollow sham, and only required the sharp touch of a genuine irony to banish it for ever. Cervantes gave it that touch, and like the fabulous changes wrought by a magician's wand, the whole delusion was dispelled. Knight-errantry's ghost was laid; and the tedious, dreamy, useless literature which professed to record its history,

was consigned to the rarely consulted shelves of our great libraries as specimens of the megatherian appetites and the stupendous credulity of an earlier time. The design of the author was thoroughly carried out; and the only book of knight-errantry which has since held its place in the public mind and favour, is the one which destroyed all the rest, and is itself a satire upon them.

The character of the Don finds its rare antithesis in that of his squire. Sancho Panza has taken as firm a hold upon us as his master; and he richly merits his position. He is a fitting foil to the Knight of the Rueful Countenance. His humour is exhaustless; his fly hits at the eccentricities of the hero admirably put, and his credulity, though of a different kind, is not the least characteristic of this curious compound of buffoonery, peasant wit, and arch self-deception. His belief in the promised island is marvellous. He shares all the troubles of his leader, and comes in for the larger share of the buffetings; yet he endures them all with a joke, and goes on again with the same faith, and meets his next drubbing with the same good humour. And we are not surprised to read that "The duchess had well nigh died with laughing at this speech of Sancho, who, in her sentiment, was a more diverting madman than his master, and a great many people at that time were of the same way of think-

ing.”\* A hundred tossings in the blanket would not have shaken his faith, nor made him desert the fortunes of one who promised him such a great result. The pompous and grave seriousness of the knight is in fine contrast with the free-and-easy vernacular of the servant. The set discourses of the one are well complemented by the ceaseless flow of common adages and proverbs which the other pours upon the long-suffering Don. The genius of Cervantes is more thoroughly exhibited in the character of Sancho than in that of Quixote. His conduct as a governor is as well sustained as that of the faithful servitor. His renunciation of power is made use of for a fine satire. The poor squire says, “Pennyless I took possession of this government, and pennyless I resign my office; *quite the reverse of what is usually the case with governors of other islands.*”† Our author had doubtless many a governor of his own time in his mind’s eye when he penned this sentence. Poor Sancho is often made to realise the old adage that children and fools speak the truth. O rare Sancho Panza! How few men learn the lesson that he learned, and end by saying as he said, “I have got sense enough to know that I am fit for governing nothing but a flock of sheep, and that the wealth acquired in such government is got at the

\* “Don Quixote,” Part II. Book II. c. xv.

† Ibid. Part II. Book III. c. i.

expense of ease, sleep, and even sustenance.”\* A more thoroughly or better delineated character was never drawn. The fame of the one is as lasting as that of the other ; and both will endure as long as men have a relish for the humorous, which will be as long as they have their present natures. They both live to prove the possibility of that scarcely credible thing, that a second part of a story may be better than the first : a quality which we believe is entirely limited to the History of Don Quixote.

Of the whole book it may be said that it stands alone. Its humour is its own ; its plan is peculiar, and is only possible once. But having taken this plan, let us see that only its own deviser could have carried it out. The continuation “ which was engendered at Tordefillas, and brought forth at Tarragona,” shows that while it required the genius of Cervantes to originate, so it likewise required the genius of Cervantes to complete it. There was no other man in Spain but him to give birth to, to record the exploits, to immortalise the life, and to place upon his dying bed the renowned Knight of La Mancha. It was, and still remains, unique in the literature of the world : one of those few books that are at once and for ever famous ; one of those few books concerning which the judgment of posterity confirms the verdict of its contemporaries ; one

\* “Don Quixote.” Part II. Book III., c. i.

which will for ever take its place side by side with the "Gil Blas" of Le Sage, the "Robinson Crusoe" of De Foe, and the greatest prison-book ever written, the "Pilgrim's Progress" of Bunyan, and the "Vicar of Wakefield" of Oliver Goldsmith. Among the noblest specimens of genius, and in the chiefest place of universal literature, will ever be ranked the great prison-book of Spain, "The History and Adventures of the renowned Don Quixote de La Mancha, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, *alias* the Knight of the Lions, as recorded by the immortal Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra." And sure we are that every reader will echo the words of Don Antonio to Sampson Carrasco, and exclaim, "God forgive you, signor, for the injury you have done the world in seeking to restore to his senses the most agreeable madman that ever lived ! Do you not perceive, signor, that the benefit resulting from the cure of Don Quixote will never counterbalance the pleasure produced by his extravagances?"\* And in bidding farewell to him and his author, we have simply to quote the words of Cervantes, where he says, "For me alone was Don Quixote born, and I produced for him ; he to act and I to record : in a word, we were destined for each other."†

\* "Don Quixote." Part II. Book IV., c. xiv.

† Ibid., c. xxii.







**RALEIGH.**

## SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

### AND HIS HISTORY OF THE WORLD.



AT nearly the same period of time, but under very different influences, were born, lived, wrote and died, the authors of "Don Quixote" and of "The History of the World." There were only five years difference between their ages, the great Spaniard having been born in 1547, the great Englishman in 1552; and the latter survived the former by only a little more than two years, for Cervantes died in comparative poverty and neglect on the 23rd of April, 1616, and Raleigh was executed on the 29th of October, 1618. Thus these two great geniuses were altogether contemporaries. One the greatest child of a nation about to decay; the other a great—but far from being the greatest—child of a nation just about to assert her supremacy and prove herself a match "against the world in arms." What a glorious period that great Elizabethan age was for a man to live in! Great in deed and great in thought. Equal to anything that it is possible for strong men, having a living faith in a living God, to do. The

deeds and works, and men of that epoch are still our boasts and our examples. To them we turn when we want to see how great it is possible for men to be. At home, abroad, in the council chamber, on the battle-field, founding new colonies for English enterprise, making wise laws for English protection and defence; writing immortal books, fighting immortal battles—in everything was our land then great. Equal to any task, and doing all things with energy and might. She could hew a colossus out of a rock, or carve heads upon cherry stones. Equal to all things, and great in all. Her men were warriors, statesmen, adventurers, philosophers, poets; and her women equalled the mothers of the Gracchi. Then had we the world's greatest poet, our own darling Shakspeare; then had we the world's greatest philosopher, our own wise Bacon; then had we the world's purest knight of chivalry, our own spotless Sir Philip Sydney; then had we the world's greatest statesman, our own cautious Burleigh; then had we the world's most terrible admiral, our own "sea-dog" Drake; then had we, at the head of a thousand worthy of the immortal fame which they have won, and at the head of a people worthy of such leaders, the greatest queen that ever ruled a nation, our own "good Queen Bess." What an age in which to have lived! And amongst them all, and the friend of them all, doing

deeds equal to the bravest, the favoured jewel of the queen, the darling of Spenser, lived that "imp of fame" the founder of Virginia, importer of tobacco, soldier, sailor, statesman, poet, and author of that notable prison-book the "History of the World."

Walter Raleigh was born at Hayes, in the parish of Budley, Devonshire, in the year 1552. In his sixteenth year he entered the University of Oxford, where he received his education. Anthony Wood says, "He became commoner of Oriel College in or about the year 1568, when his kinsman C. Champenon studied there, and that his natural parts being strangely advanced by academical learning, under the care of an excellent tutor, he became the ornament of the juniors, and was worthily esteemed a proficient in oratory and philosophy."\* His own works are full of confirmation of this proficiency. He did not remain at college more than three years, but his was a nature to make more of three than ordinary students could of any number. He left the University "worthily esteemed a proficient in oratory and philosophy." Lord Bacon, in his "Apophthegms," relates an anecdote of Sir Walter while a student, which we will repeat here. "While Raleigh was a scholar at Oxford, there was a cowardly fellow who happened to be a very good

\* Quoted by Oldys. See Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*. Bliff's Edition, ii. 235.

archer ; but having been grossly abused by another, he bemoaned himself to Raleigh, and asked his advice, what he should do to repair the wrong that had been offered him ? Raleigh answered, ‘ Why, challenge him—at a match of shooting.’ ” After leaving the University, he entered himself as a student of law in the Middle Temple. From his published writings it is easy to gather what good use he made of his time. It is not certain how long he remained in the Temple ; “ yet,” says Prince, “ sure it is, he was there abiding in April, 1576, at what time his vein for ditty and amorous ode was esteem’d most lofty, insolent, and passionate. By which, it appears, he was a gown-man, by the space of about six years, but longer he must not be ; for fate, it seems, would have him of the sword first ; altho’, through the frequent vicissitudes of his whole life, he challenged a reputation among the most eminent gown-men ; being upon all emergencies of affairs consulted, as one of the best oracles of government and policy in his time.” \*

He, however, threw the gown aside and took to the sword ; and henceforth his life, except the fourteen years spent as a prisoner in the Tower, was one of ceaseless activity. Fighting here, sailing there ; now in France, now in the Netherlands ; now in Virginia ; now battling against the terrible

\* Prince’s “ Worthies of Devonshire,” p. 667.

Armada ; an active, restless, "much-enduring" man ; one

"That ever with a frolic welcome took  
The thunder and the sunshine."

"For," as Oldys hath it, "for as yet the English nobles and gentry had not learnt to live lazily and loosely at home, while their countrymen were fighting abroad for the safety and glory of the nation."\* And so Raleigh, although he was "abiding" in the Temple in "April, 1556," must have forsaken his legal studies before this time, for a period at least. He was in France during the civil war which was then raging, and which was signalised for ever by that horror of horrors, St. Bartholomew's Day. The Protestants there were in a sad and almost desperate state, and Henry Champernon obtained the Queen's permission to raise a company of gentlemen volunteers to aid those strugglers for religious freedom. Raleigh joined this company, and served in Languedoc. In 1572 he was at Paris, and was only saved from the assassin's sword on the terrible Sunday, the 24th of August, St. Bartholomew's Day, of that year, by taking refuge in the house of Walsingham, who was the English ambassador at Paris at that time. He also served in the Netherlands, and was at the battle of Rimevant ; and in

\* Oldys' "Life of Raleigh," p. 236.

1580 he was in Ireland, where he saw some severe service, and won general approval both for his wisdom in council and courage in action. Thus he prepared himself for his future arduous undertakings ; and by being faithful in little things showed his fitness to command in greater.

It was just after his return from Ireland that he was the hero of that little episode which won for him the notice of the queen, and which proves how well he could act the courtier. The queen was walking, and, in the words of Fuller, " Her majesty meeting with a flashy place, made some scruple to go on ; when Raleigh (dressed in the gay and genteel habit of those times) presently cast off, and spread his new plush cloak on the ground, whereon the queen trod gently over, rewarding him afterwards with many visits for his so free and seasonable tender of so fair a footcloth. Thus an advantageous admission into the notice of a prince is more than half a degree to preferment." But neither his progress at court, nor the favour of the queen allowed his great mind to be contented without action. It was the period of great actions ; and the soul of Raleigh thirsted to add his name to the list of those who had distinguished themselves by daring deeds. To oppose the Spaniard, and to discover new lands were the inspiring motives ; and fewer men entered more thoroughly into the



double work than he. On the 11th of June, 1583, he sailed from Plymouth with his kinsman, Sir H. Gilbert, to Newfoundland. It was in this voyage that Virginia was discovered, and as a reward for his labours and success, the queen, in 1584, conferred upon him the then worthy honour of knighthood. A title which it was an honour to receive, for it was given to merit only, and had not been tainted with the mercenary touch of a James. How Elizabeth looked upon the honour we learn from Francis Osborne. She rarely conferred a higher title upon her noblest servants. "For," says Osborne, "in the case of Sir Francis Vere, a man nobly descended, and like Sir Walter Raleigh, exactly qualified, with many others, set apart, in her judgment, for military services, whose titles she never raised above knighthood, saying, when importuned to make Vere a baron, 'that in his proper sphere and her estimation he was above it already.'" She would, doubtless, have given the same reason for refusal had any one importuned her to make a baron of Raleigh. In the next year, 1585, his second expedition to Virginia was fitted out, and sailed on the 9th of April. It was after this expedition that the well-known anecdote of Sir Walter's smoking occurs. Oldys thus tells it, without vouching for its truth, and the old gossip puts it by with a second not less surprising. He

says, " But the tradition of Raleigh's smoking tobacco at first privately in his study, and of the servant, who used to wait on him there, surprising him one time with his tankard of ale, and entering as he was intent upon his book, before he had done his pipe ; and seeing the smoke reeking out of his mouth, threw all the ale in his face ; then, running down stairs, alarmed the family with repeated exclamations that master was on fire, and before they could get up would be burnt to ashes. This, I say, *if true*, has nothing in it more surprising or unparalleled for simplicity, than there was in that poor Norwegian, who upon the first sight of *roses* could not be induced to touch, though he saw them grow, being so amazed to behold trees budding with fire ; or, to come closer, by way of retaliation, than there was in those Virginians themselves, who, the first time they seized upon a quantity of gunpowder which belonged to the English colony, sowed it for grain, as the seed of some strange vegetable, in the earth, with full expectation of reaping a plentiful crop of combustion by the next harvest, ' to scatter their enemies.' " Thus the old chronicler leaves it, and modern inquiry, so jealous of everybody's honour, has doubted whether Sir Walter really introduced tobacco to England, or potatoes to Ireland. Well, if it be necessary, he can let these two pearls pass from his crown of fame, and their

loss will not much diminish the splendour thereof. Other voyages were undertaken, and other expeditions fitted out, by Sir Walter before his last ill-fated one of 1617, of which we shall speak by-and-by.

No man rendered greater service during the terrible struggle with Spain, which ended in the destruction of the Armada in 1587, than did Raleigh. His voice in the council, and his arm in fight, were ever active and bold. The honour of England, and her superiority to the Spaniard and the world were dear to him. Nor did he ever shrink from helping to carry out his own proposals, how bold and daring soever they might appear. It may be truly said that a braver man than he never drew a sword in his country's defence.

Looking at the activity of his life, his wars, his voyages, his parliamentary duties, one is astonished at the amount of work which he did. But this work was not all. Some of the ablest state papers of the time were drawn up by him. In history, politics, philosophy, science, and poetry, his mind was also employed ; and his pen productive of memorable works. His writings are voluminous. He wrote, besides his great history, on the Prerogatives of Parliament ; on Trade ; on Shipping ; on the State of Spain ; on the Life and Death of Mahomet ; on the Life and Death of William the Conqueror ; on Mines and Trials of Minerals ;

on almost every subject interesting to man. His "Cabinet Council," containing the Chief Arts of Empire and Mysteries of State, had the honour of being published by John Milton. On all these subjects he wrote well; and all his works are full of wise thought and just reflection, illustrated by his own large experience which he never suffers to sleep, but was always ready to enforce by example the precept which he is urging. His writings are enough for an ordinary man's life; but his was no ordinary man's life; for though perhaps not to be ranked with the very greatest, he takes his place very little below them, and is a son of whom England may well be proud. His poetry is still read and prized, and is amongst the best produced by the minor poets of the great Elizabethan era. We cannot give extracts from these works, our space being required for his Prison-Book; but we must find room for a short passage from his "Advice to his Son." It is a commentary on that text of Solomon, that he who is surety for a stranger shall smart for it. He tells him, "If thou art bound for a stranger, thou art a fool; if for a merchant, thou puttest thy estate to learn to swim; if for a churchman, he has no inheritance; if for a lawyer, he will find an evasion by a syllable or a word to abuse thee; if for a poor man, thou must pay it thyself; if for a rich one, he needs it not; therefore, from suretyship, as from a

manslayer or enchanter, bleſs thyſelf; for the beſt profit and return will be this, that if thou force him for whom thou art bound to pay it himſelf, he will become thy enemy; if thou ſhalt uſe to pay it thyſelf, thou wilt be a beggar; and believe thy father in this, and print it in thy thoughts, that whatever virtue thou haſt, be it never ſo manifold, if thou be poor withal, thou and thy qualities ſhall be deſpised."

But evil days came upon England and upon Raleigh. The glorious queen Elizabeth died in 1603, and in the ſame year the inglorious James began to reign. The ſword of the woman was exchanged for the diſtaff of the man. The mighty ſtrength of the laſt of the Tudors gave place to the cowardly pedantry of the firſt of the Stuarts. The God-appointed aſſerter of the right divine of the ruler was ſucceeded by the drivelling controversialiſt who wrote about that right. The female Hercules is no more; and a male Omphale reigns in her ſtead. Now let ability, genius, talent, ſkill, courage, and devotion go hide themſelves; for weakneſs, imbecility, mediocrity, pedantry, and grovelling ſervility are going to have a turn, and prove what *they* can do for England. They will begin early; and the firſt-fruits of their dominion will be the loſs to England of one of her beſt and braveſt.

James began to reign in March, 1603, and upon

November the 7th of the same year Sir Walter Raleigh was tried for high treason. He was charged "That he did go about to deprive the king of his government, to raise up sedition within the realm, to alter religion, to bring in the Roman superstition, and to procure foreign enemies to invade the kingdom." The meaning of all which is, that he had been engaged in the recent attempt to raise Arabella Stuart to the throne. His judges were Henry Howard, Earl of Suffolk, Lord Chamberlain; Charles Blount, Earl of Devon; Lord Henry Howard; Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury; Edward Lord Wotton, of Morley; Sir John Stanhope, Vice-Chamberlain; Lord Chief Justice of England, Popham; Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, Anderson; Mr. Justice Gawdie; Mr. Justice Warburton, and Sir William Ward. The Attorney-General was Coke. The trial is amongst the most famous and infamous of our State Trials. The virulence of Coke almost surpasses anything which even *he* ever indulged in. Raleigh is called "viper," "traitor," "wretch," and a variety of similar epithets which the abundant vocabulary of the abusive prosecutor could readily supply. He is "spit upon" by the civilest of lawyers. Yet all is in vain. No indignity can disturb the calm soul of the Elizabethan hero. He had faced the cannon of his country's arch-foes too often to care much for the small squib of

a Jacobæan lawyer. Calmly, gravely, and with dignity he put aside all these escapades of the playful Coke, and met the lawyers on their own ground ; showing that he who in the field had been among the bravest, and in the council among the wisest, was also a match for these gentlemen in their own peculiar province. " It was observ'd," says Prince, " that, before the Lords at his tryal, he was humble, but not prostrate ; dutiful, but not dejected ; to the jury he was affable, but not fawning ; hoping, but not trusting in them ; carefully persuading them with reason, not distemperately importuning them with conjuration, rather showing love of life than fear of death."\* As is too well known, after a protracted trial he was found guilty, and left to the king's *mercy*. He was sent to the Tower.

For fourteen years did the merciful Scotch Solomon keep this bird in a cage. Here he wrote his famous History of the World, which we lay aside at present, in order to follow the writer to the last scene of his eventful story. Although a prisoner, he still took intense interest in all that concerned his country. He wrote several letters to Prince Henry, with whom he was a great favourite, and whose early death he and the nation both sincerely mourned. His great hopes, however, were in still being of service to his native land. His eyes ever turned to

\* Prince's " Worthies of Devonshire," p. 673.

the West, the scene of his early glories. If he had but freedom, he could yet do somewhat to make the world wonder, and his own land to venerate his name. After constant solicitation, he obtained, on August of 1616, the king's commission to settle in Guiana; and on the 26th of March, 1617, this, his last and fatalest expedition, set sail. It was a shameful affair. The king was a traitor to his own servant. The Spanish ambassador, Gondomar, was informed of everything, and all the Spanish places in America were warned of the great Englishman's coming. Those who would follow this voyage through all its varied misfortunes have only to read Raleigh's own Apology for the Voyage to Guiana. In it he had ventured the whole of his fortune, his friend, his son, and his hopes of safety. He lost his fortune, his son was slain, his brave friend, Captain Kemis, shot himself; wretched, ruined, and almost broken-hearted, he returned to his home only to be the victim of a treacherous relative, and to lay his noble head on the block. Three months before his return to England he thus writes to his wife—a more pathetic letter was never written: "I was loth to write," says the brave man, "because I know not how to comfort you, and God knows I never knew what sorrow meant till now. All that I can say to you is this, that you must obey the will and providence of God;



and remember that the queen's majesty bore the loss of Prince Henry with a magnanimous spirit, as the Lady Harrington of her only son. Comfort your heart, dearest Bess, I shall sorrow for us both, and I shall sorrow the less because I have not long to sorrow, because not long to live. I refer you to Mr. Secretary Winwood's letter, who will give you a copy of it, if you send for it; therein you shall know what hath passed. I have written but that letter, for my brains are broken, and it is a torment to me to write, especially of misery. I have desired Mr. Secretary to give my Lord Carew a copy of his letter. I have cleansed my ship of sick men, and sent them home; and hope that God will send us somewhat before we return. Commend me to all at Lothbury. You shall hear from me, if I live, from Newfoundland, where I mean to clean my ship and revictual, for I have tobacco enough will pay for it. The Lord bless and comfort you, that you may bear patiently the death of your most valiant son." Then follows a postscript, sadder even than the letter. He says, "I protest before the majesty of God, that as Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Hawkins died heart-broken when they failed of their enterprise, I could willingly do the like, did I not contend against sorrow for your sake, in hope to provide somewhat for you, to comfort and relieve you. If I live to

return, resolve yourself that it is the care for you that hath strengthened my heart. \* \* \* \* \* It were too long to tell you how we were preserved; if I live, I shall make it known; my brains are broken, and I cannot write much. I live yet, and I told you why. Witney, for whom I sold all my plate at Plymouth, and to whom I gave more credit and countenance than to all the captains of my fleet, ran from me at the Granadoes, and Woolenston with him; so as I have now but five ships, and one of those I have sent home, and in my fly-boat a rabble of idle rascals, which I know will not spare to wound me; but I care not. I am sure there is never a base slave in all the fleet had taken the pains and care that I have done, that hath slept so little, and travelled so much; my friends will not believe them; and for the rest I care not. God in heaven blefs you and strengthen your heart." No, thou brave heart, thy friends will not believe them, neither then nor now; and so we can say with thee, for the rest we care not.

In June, 1618, he returned to England, and was arrested by Sir Lewis Stuckley. The time in which Sir Walter was under the custody of this man seems to us the least worthy of him. He was, as he says, "broken in his brains," and he had an intense desire to live. Thus circumstanced, we need not wonder that he was weak, and was easily wrought to

attempt an escape which appears suggested only to be betrayed. He took physic also to make himself appear white and sick, so as to move compassion and pity. All this was unworthy of the great Raleigh. It is that part in our hero's ever-changing career which we would willingly pass over. Happily it did not last long; and the time thus afforded was made use of by Raleigh to write his famous "Apology." This done, he was himself again, and able to look death in the face without fear. He was brought up to London, and on October 3rd, 1618, the Judges held a conference "Concerning the manner how prisoners who have been attainted of treason and set at liberty should be brought to execution." The Spaniard had succeeded. A ruthless desire for vengeance, and a pusillanimous king only too willing to gratify this desire, had hunted to the death this one remaining foldier who had fought against the Armada, and pursued the foe even to their western seas. It was in vain that every attempt was made to save his life—that had been promised to Gondomar. It was in vain that he wrote to the king; it was in vain that his words were words of earnestness and truth; they went to one to whom words of earnestness and truth were unwelcome. In vain he pleaded, "If I have spent my poor estate, lost my son, suffered by sickness and otherwise a world of miseries; if I have resisted

with the manifest hazard of my life the robberies and spoils with which my companions would have made me rich ; if when I was poor I could have made myself rich ; if when I had gotten my liberty, which all men, and nature herself, do much prize, I voluntarily lost it ; if when I was master of my life I rendered it again ; if I might elsewhere have sold my ships and goods, and put five or six thousand pounds in my purse, and yet brought them into England ; I beseech your majesty to believe that all this I have done, because it should not be said to your majesty that your majesty had given liberty and trust to a man whose end was but the recovery of his liberty, and who had betrayed your majesty's trust.

“ My mutineers told me that if I returned to England I should be undone, but I believed in your majesty's goodness more than in all their arguments. Sure I am that I am the first who, being free and able to enrich myself, have yet embraced poverty and peril. And as sure I am that my example shall make me the last.” The weak king, like all weak people are when bent upon a thing, was inexorable ; and this great man was executed on the 29th of October, 1618, fifteen years after his condemnation. O man, put not thy trust in princes, but only in the power of the living God !

His last moments were worthy of the life which he was about to lay down. A nobler or gallanter

death no hero ever yet died. Then he indeed “had none to fear, none to reverence, but the King of kings;” and fully proved that his words were not mere idle vaunting, when he said that he was “one who in his own respect despiseth death, and all his misshapen and ugly forms.” He walked to the scaffold with a firm foot and a cheerful aspect. His whole demeanour excited the admiration and sympathy of the spectators, and they all listened to his last words with the most intense silence. “And now,” said the dying man, “I entreat you all to join with me in prayer, that the great God of heaven whom I have grievously offended, being a man full of all vanity, and have lived a sinful life in all sinful callings, having been a soldier, a captain, a sea-captain, and a courtier, which are all places of wickedness and vice; that God, I say, would forgive me, and cast away my sins from me, and that he would receive me into everlasting life. So I take my leave of you all, making my peace with God.” “Then proclamation being made that all men should depart the scaffold, he prepared himself for death, giving away his hat and cap and money to some attendants who stood near him. When he took leave of the lords and other gentlemen, he desired the lord Arundel to desire the king that no scandalous writings to defame him might be published after his death; concluding, ‘I have a long journey

to go, and therefore will take my leave.' Then having put off his gown and doublet, he called to the executioner to shew him the axe; which not being presently done, he said, 'I prithee let me see it. Dost thou think that I am afraid of it?' and having it in his hands, he felt along the edge of it, and smiling, said to the sheriff, 'This is a sharp medicine, but it is a physician for all diseases.' Then going to and fro on every side of the scaffold, he desired the company to pray to God to assist him and strengthen him. The executioner kneeling down and asking him forgiveness, Sir Walter, laying his hand upon his shoulder, granted it; and being asked which way he would lay himself on the block, he answered, 'So the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lies.' As he stooped to lay himself along, and reclined his head, his face being towards the east, the executioner spread his own cloak under him. After a little pause he gave the sign that he was ready for the stroke by lifting up his hand, and his head was struck off at two blows, his body never shrinking nor moving. His head was shewn on each side of the scaffold, and then put into a red leather bag, and, with his velvet nightgown thrown over, was afterwards conveyed away in a mourning coach of his lady's. His body was interred in the chancel of St. Margaret's Church in Westminster; but his head was long preserved in

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a case by his widow, who survived him twenty-nine years ; and after her death, by his son Carew, with whom it is said to have been buried at West Horsley in Surrey, which had been a feat of Sir Walter, who was sixty years of age at his death.”\*

“ Thus dy’d that knight who was Spain’s revenge and terror, and Gondomar’s triumph. Whom the whole nation pitied, and several princes interceded for ; Queen Elizabeth’s favourite, and her successor’s sacrifice. One of such incomparable policy, that he was too hard for Essex ; was the envy of Leicester, and Cecil’s rival, who grew jealous of his excellent parts, and was afraid of being supplanted by him. His head was wished on the secretary of state (that then was) his shoulders, and his life valued at an higher rate than the choicest daughter of Spain.”†

In his Bible the following well-known lines were written in his hand-writing ; and they have generally been attributed to him. This is now more than doubtful. If they are the “ fruit of his pen,” they were written some years before the execution, as they are found in a manuscript of an earlier date. As however they were the last lines written by Raleigh, whether as his own or as a quotation, they are now so inseparably associated with his name

\* Birch’s “ Life of Raleigh.”

† Prince’s “ Worthies of Devonshire,” p. 679.

as to render it necessary that we should reproduce them here—

“ Even such is time, that takes on trust  
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,  
And pays us but with age and dust ;  
Who in the dark and silent grave,  
When we have wander'd all our ways,  
Shuts up the story of our days !  
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,  
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust ! ”

We now turn to the “ History of the World,” “ a book,” says one, “ which for the exactness of its chronology, curiousness of its contexture, and learning of all sorts, seems to be the work of an age. An history which never met yet with a detractor, and the envy (as some say) of King James himself, who thought none could out-do him at the pen.”\* We shall perhaps be safe in the conclusion, that but few readers have gone through this great Prison-Book of Raleigh. The five long books are, as Prince says, of a “ curiousness of contexture ;” and they most certainly abound in “ learning of all sorts ;” but the “ curiousness ” and the learning are of a kind now somewhat obsolete. And in spite of the large experience of the writer, the abundance of profitable matter, and the varied excellences of the writing, we confess that it *is* somewhat of a task to read it. He begins with the creation, and every question which has puzzled the schoolmen, and per-

\* Prince's “ Worthies of Devonshire,” p. 673.



plexed the metaphysician, is there discussed. All the Greek and Latin classics, the Fathers, and the Rabbis, are quoted with all the fullness of a complete scholar; but for the most part quoted in support of, or in opposition to, some subtle questions which never can be settled; and which, may be, would not be worth much if they could. It is a marvel of erudition; and is a fine specimen of the laborious scholarship of the times. Almost every page abounds with Latin quotations, marshalled up like a phalanx in defence of the author's position. All the books of that age are more or less characterised by this classical display; and Sir Walter, active as his life had been, proved himself equal in this respect to the most studious writers of his time. His work really bristles with italics, and might, like Burton's "*Anatomy of Melancholy*," serve as a text-book of quotations. The book would be an extraordinary work to have been produced by either of the great pundits of the age; but produced by one who had been "a soldier, a captain, a sea-captain, and a courtier," it is indeed a marvel.

As an indication of some of the subjects discussed by Raleigh, and in proof of the distance to which most of the book is removed from our "businesses and bosoms," take the following heads of Chapters, selected from many more on kindred topics. He discusses such subjects as "That nature is no *prin-*

*cupium per se* ; nor from the giver of being ; ” discourses pleasantly on the topic “ That man is, as it were, a little world ; with a digression touching our mortality ; ” decides “ That the seat of paradise is greatly mistaken ; ” but adds that “ it is no marvel that men should err ; ” in which, on such a question, most persons will agree with him. He gives “ a recital of strange opinions touching paradise ; ” and investigates the opinion of those who “ make paradise as high as the moon ; ” “ of others which make it higher than the middle region of the air ; ” and of those who “ seat paradise under the equinoctial. ” He shows “ That the tree of life was a material tree ; ” and asks, “ touching the story of Adam’s sin, ” “ But what means did the Devil find out, or what instruments did his own subtilty present him, as fittest and aptest to work this mischief by ? ” And answers, “ Even the unquiet vanity of the woman ; ” which is rather hard on the poor woman. Discouraging “ of the last refuges of the Devil to maintain his kingdom, ” he thus writes, “ Now the Devil, because he cannot play upon the open stage of the world (as in those days), and being still as industrious as ever, finds it more for his advantage to creep into the minds of men ; and inhabiting in the temples of their hearts, works them to a more effectual adoration of himself than ever. For whereas he first taught them to sacrifice to

monsters, to dead stones cut into faces of beasts, birds, and other mixed natures; he now sets before them the high and shining idol of glory, the all-commanding image of bright gold. He tells them that truth is the goddess of dangers and oppressions; that charity is the enemy of nature; and lastly, that as all virtue in general is without taste, so pleasure satisfieth and delighteth every sense: for true wisdom, saith he, is exercised in nothing else than in the obtaining of power to oppress, and of riches to maintain plentifully our worldly delights. And if this arch-politician finds in his pupils any remorse, any fear or feeling of God's future judgment, he persuades them that God hath no great need of men's souls, that he will accept them at any time and upon any conditions; interrupting by his vigilant endeavours all offer of timeful return towards God, by laying those great blocks of rugged poverty and despised contempt in the narrow passage leading to his divine presence. But as the mind of man hath two ports, the one always frequented by the entrance of manifold vanities, the other desolate and overgrown with grass, by which enter our charitable thoughts and divine contemplations; so hath that of death a double and twofold opening, worldly misery passing by the one, worldly prosperity by the other: at the entrance of the one we find our sufferings and patience to attend us (all which

have gone before us to prepare our joys), at the other our cruelties, covetousness, licentiousness, injustice, and oppressions (the harbingers of most fearful and terrible sorrow), staying for us. And as the Devil, our most industrious enemy, was ever most diligent, so is he now more laborious than ever; the long day of mankind drawing fast towards an evening, and the world's tragedy and time near at an end."

We have also chapters on "The divers kinds of unlawful magic;" "Of divers ways by which the Devil seemeth to work his wonders;" "That none was ever raised from the dead by the power of the Devil, and that it was not the true Samuel which appeared to Saul." There is "A proposal of reasons or arguments that are brought to prove Abraham was born in the year 292 after the Flood, and not in the year 352;" and the "Answer to another of the objections proposed, showing that it was not unlikely that Terah should beget Abraham in his 130th year;" with divers others of a like kind, to which the curious may refer.

But it would be very far from the truth if any were to suppose that the discussion of such erudite and unproductive matters formed the staple of the History of the World. On all questions of government, on all questions touching the practical everyday interests of men, Raleigh has plenty of wise

thoughts and fruitful suggestions to give. While discussing the polity, the laws, the customs, and the doings of antiquity, he brings in illustration the condition of his own time; parallels the old with examples from the modern, and adds to both the living instances furnished by his own wide experience of men and nations. On liberty, on tyranny, on law, on government, on armies, and especially on navies, his words may be read now with profit and instruction. Hear how admirably he speaks of a people that live under a pleasant yoke:—"The people that live under a pleasant yoke are not only loving to their sovereign lord, but free of courage, and no greater in muster of men than of stout fighters, if need require; whereas, on the contrary, he that ruleth as over slaves shall be attended, in time of necessity, by slavish minds, neither loving his person, nor regarding his or their own honour. Cowards may be furious, and slaves outrageous for a time, but among spirits that have once yielded unto slavery, universally it is found true that Homer saith, 'God bereaveth a man of half his virtue that day when he casteth him into bondage.'"\* Surely such a passage has not yet lost its significancy; nor would some living sovereigns be the worse for considering and seeking to give efficacy to this great truth.

On the old Greek tales, too, he can discourse

\* "History of the World." Vol. vi. B. v. c. ii.

eloquently, for many of them had a kindred spirit to his own. He was an adventurer and an explorer in new countries, preparing them for a future civilisation; and all the noble records of old Greece, which told the story of former navigators and dauntless seamen, who had left their shores, their homes, their wives, and babes,

“To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths  
Of all the western stars,”

had a charm for his bold sailor mind. Ulysses would be his favourite poem. Jason was a sweet tale to him. This is what he says of that glorious and poet-honoured adventure:—“Some there are, that by this journey of Jason understand the mystery of the philosopher’s stone, called the golden fleece, to which also other superfine chymists draw the twelve labours of Hercules. Suidas thinks, that by the golden fleece was meant a book of parchment, which is of sheep’s skin, and therefore called golden, because it was taught therein how other metals might be transmuted. Others would signify by Jason, wisdom and moderation, which overcometh all perils. But that which is most probable is the opinion of Ducilus, that the story of such a passage was true, and that Jason with the rest went to rob Colchos, to which they might arrive by boat. For not far from Caucasus there are certain steep-falling torrents which wash down many grains of gold, as

in many other parts of the world ; and the people there inhabiting use to set many fleeces of wool in those descents of waters, in which the grains of gold remain, and the water passeth through ; which Strabo witnesseth to be true. The many rocks, straits, sands, and currents, in the passage between Greece and the bottom of Pontus, are poetically converted into those fiery bulls, the armed men rising out of the ground, the dragon cast asleep, and the like. The man of brass, the Syrens, Scylla and Charybdis, were other hazards and adventures which they fell into in the Mediterranean sea, disguised as the rest, by Orpheus, under poetical morals, all which Homer afterwards used (the man of brass excepted) in the description of Ulysses' travels on the same inland seas."\* The accounts of the wonderful western voyages, as given by Raleigh and the daring men of that noble and adventurous age, surpass all that had ever before been written of wonders witnessed, and dangers overcome, by the discoverers of new lands. How often must Raleigh have pondered over this story of Jason, as he leant over the bulwarks of his vessel, and watched the ever-changing scenes which were presented to his wondering eyes ! How the glories sung by the Greek poet must have appeared dim to the actual wonders of the western world ! In

\* "History of the World." Vol. iv. B. 2.

Raleigh's age England had many Jafons, who won for her something better, more lasting, more truly poetical, than ever was any golden fleece in this world yet. But it was the same dauntless spirit which sent out the Argonauts of old as inspired the seamen adventurers of Elizabeth's England.

Raleigh was a soldier as well as a sailor, and was as well qualified to speak upon matters pertaining to the field as on those concerning the navy. He could command an army or a fleet; his advice was sought by his queen and her ministers in all times of trouble, and none gave wiser and more practical advice; and none were listened to with greater deference and respect. His estimate, therefore, of the two great fighters of antiquity, Alexander and Cæsar, is worth hearing. He has no very great respect for the Greek, and says, "If we compare this great conqueror with other troublers of the world, who have bought their glory with so great destruction and effusion of blood, I think him very inferior to Cæsar, and many other that lived after him, seeing he never undertook any warlike nation, the naked Scythians excepted; nor was ever encountered with army of which he had not a most mastering advantage, both of weapons and commanders, every one of his father's old captains by far exceeding the best of his enemies. But it seemeth fortune and destinies (if we may use those



terms) had found out and prepared for him, without any care of his own, both heaps of men that willingly offered their necks to the yoke, and kingdoms that invited and called in their own conquerors. In conclusion, we will agree with Seneca, who, speaking of Philip, the father, and Alexander, the son, gives this judgment of them—  
‘*Quod non minores fuere pestes mortalium quam inundatio quâ planum omne perfusum est, quam conflagratio quâ magna pars animantium exaruit.*’  
That they were no less plagues to mankind than an overflow of waters, drowning all the level; or some burning drought, whereby a great part of living creatures is scorched up!”

His answer to the question of Livy, “whether the Romans could have resisted the great Alexander,” is finely patriotic. He fails to say which was bravest, Macedonian or Roman; but he finds a third braver than either. His conclusion will be endorsed by every Englishman, unless we have suffered a decadence of spirit, and a loss of heroism since those days—a supposition which the Crimea and India would utterly destroy. Yes, thou brave heart, we can say with thee, “If, therefore, it be demanded whether the Macedonian or the Roman were the best warrior, I will answer the Englishman. For it will soon appear, to any that shall examine the noble acts of our nation in war, that they were performed

by no advantage of weapons, against no savage or unmanly people, the enemy being far superior unto us in numbers and all needful provisions—yea, as well trained as we; or commonly better, in the exercise of war. \* \* \* \* \* It is usual with men that have pleased themselves, in admiring the matters which they find in ancient histories, to hold it a great injury done to their judgment, if any take upon him, by way of comparison, to extol the things of later ages. But I am well persuaded that as the divided virtue of this our island hath given more noble proofs of itself than under so worthy a leader that Roman army could do, which afterwards could win Rome and all her empire, making Cæsar a monarch; so hereafter, by God's blessing, who hath converted our greatest hindrance into our greatest help, the enemy that shall dare to try our forces will find cause to wish that, avoiding us, he had rather encountered as great a puissance as was that of the Roman empire." \*

Thus does our practical philosopher go through the history of the world from the Creation to the middle of the Roman Empire discussing many things; and all as a thoughtful, speculative, much-experienced man. For those who do not fear hard work so that they get some jewels in return, this book

\* "History of the World." Vol. v. B. iv. c. ii.

will even now repay study. Much that is treated of therein, the science or rather the no-science of the time, lies far behind us now; and except as showing how the best and wisest of our forefathers thought upon such subjects, has not, nor can have the slightest interest to any son of Adam. Witchcraft, philosopher's stone, raising of the devil (as if *this* were a thing needing to be done), the position of Paradise, how old Terah was when he begat Abraham, and whether the latter was born in the year 292, or in the year 352, after the flood; these, and a hundred other kindred subjects, though then considered of great and pressing importance, can never, we should think, trouble human creature more. But there *are* matters treated of in this Prison-Book of Raleigh which are of perennial interest to all. Heroism, liberty, law, honour, life, death, God, religion, the soul, immortality; man and *his* doings and misdoings; these are some of the things on which Raleigh as a man interested in their true settlement writes—writes eloquently, earnestly, and attractively as a man so wise, and so interested, will ever write on such matters. To idle readers, to readers who read to kill time, this book does not belong. To readers who seek for wisdom, who love it enough to dig deeply in heavy soil, and are rewarded for their labours by coming at last to its sweet root, we can commend this “History of the World” as

among the great works of the great Literature of England. And what a book it is to be a Prison-Book !

One thing struck us in reading through the work. We are all more or less dissatisfied with our own times. We are so near them ; so close to their meannesses and sins ; look so microscopically into their little foreshadowings ; are so affected by their troubles, their vexations ; are so annoyed by the " stir and fret unprofitable " which assail us at every point, that we look upon the calm and distant past, with all its sins and littleneesses lying so far behind it, and only its grand and heroic deeds preserved, with a longing which makes us unjust to our own days. From the earliest times of which we have any record men did this. The golden age, the Eden age, was always behind them. The present was always mean and wicked in comparison. " This degenerate age," said Homer ; " this degenerate age," says every moral teacher and parson of the present noble era. So said Raleigh. He living in England's most heroic day ; living with the bravest men, and doing the bravest things ; serving Elizabeth ; fighting the Spaniard and the devil with the same dauntless heroism ; braving all kinds of dangers, and daring all kinds of perils to serve and honour their land—he too talked of " this degenerate time." Alas, when he wrote this he had fallen on degenerate days. The

great Elizabeth was dead, and the little James reigned in her stead; heroism was no more, but wretched pedantry usurped its place. He looked back upon the grand past in which he had lived, and in the making of which he had borne a not insignificant part. And what could he do but speak of the degeneracy of the times? In no measured terms does he speak of this; from particulars that were everywhere around him gathering instances enough to make a general contrast between the ancient and the modern. His words on this point are worth quoting, and worth reading now. He says, "But besides the old age of the world, how far doth our education and simplicity of living differ from that old time? The tender bringing up of children, first fed and nourished with the milk of a strange dug; an unnatural curiosity having taught all women (but the beggars) to find out nurses, which necessity only ought to commend unto them: the hasty marriages in tender years, wherein nature being but yet green and growing, we rent from her, and replant her branches while herself hath not yet any root sufficient to maintain her own top; and such half-ripe seed, for the most part, in their growing up wither in the bud, and wax old even in their infancy. But above all things the exceeding luxuriousness of this gluttonous age, wherein we press nature with overweighty burdens; and finding her strength defective, we

take the work out of her hands, and commit it to the artificial help of strong waters, hot spices, and provoking fauces."

How better can we conclude this short analysis of the noble victim's Prison-Book than in his own solemn, eloquent, and sublime words? The work was never completed, and there is a story told that "some few days before he suffered, Sir Walter sent for Mr. Walter Bur, who formerly printed his first volume of the 'History of the World,' whom taking by the hand, after some other discourse, he asked him how it had sold? Mr. Bur return'd this answer, 'It sold so slowly, it had undone him.' At which words of his Sir Walter, stepping to his desk, reaches his other unprinted part of his history which he had brought down to the times he lived in, and, clapping his hand upon his breast, said with a sigh, 'Ah! my friend, hath my first part undone thee? The second part shall undo no more; this ungrateful country is unworthy of it:' and immediately going to the fire-side, threw it in, and set his foot on it until it was consumed. As great a loss to learning as Christendom could have sustained; the greater, because it could be repaired by no other hand but his."\* Of this piece of rashness and folly we entirely acquit Sir Walter; the work, as we now have it,

\* Prince's "Worthies of Devon," p. 673.

being published in the year 1614, and in 1617, only three years\* afterwards, Raleigh set out on his fatal expedition to Guinea. What we have of it thus concludes : " By this which we have already set down, is seen the beginning and the end of the three first monarchies of the world, whereof the founders and erectors thought that they could never have ended. That of Rome, which made the fourth, was also at this time almost at the highest. We have left it flourishing in the middle of the field, having rooted up or cut down all that kept it from the eyes and admiration of the world ; but after some continuance, it shall begin to lose the beauty it had ; the storms of ambition shall beat her great boughs and branches one against another, her leaves shall fall off, her limbs wither, and a rabble of barbarous nations enter the field and cut her down. \* \* \* \* O eloquent, just, and mighty death ! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded ; what none

\* " Besides the first edition in 1614, printed by W. Stanbey for W. Burre, I have seen copies by the same printer bearing date 1617. This edition, I think, has the picture of our author, graved by S. Pals, and the frontispiece by Ren. Elfrack. Another is dated 1628, and perhaps there is one between them. Another in 1634 ; another in 1652 ; another in 1656, printed by Robert White, &c. ; another in 1661, printed for Robert White, &c. Anthony Wood mentions one in 1666, in which edition, or perhaps in one or two before it, it was first printed in double columns. Another (now before me) printed for George Dawes, 1671 ; another in 1678 and another in 1687. After which there was none, I think, till this last, 1735." —*Oldys' Life*, note to p. 449.

had dared, thou hast done ; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised ; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet !*”\*

We quote as a note Fuller’s short but characteristic account of Raleigh:—“ ‘ The sons of Heth said unto Abraham, thou art a great prince amongst us ; in the choice of sepulchres bury thy dead, none shall withhold them from thee.’ So may we say to the *memory* of this worthy knight, ‘ Repose yourself in this our catalogue under what topick you please,—of Statesman, Seaman, Souldier, Learned Writer, and what not?’ His worth *unlocks* our *closest cabinets*, and provides both *room* and *wellcome* to entertain him.

“ He was born at Budely, in this county [Devon], of an ancient family, but decayed in estate, and he the youngest brother thereof. He was bred in Oriel Colledg in Oxford ; and thence comming to Court found some hopes of the Queen’s favours reflecting upon him. This made him write in a glasse window, obvious to the Queen’s eye,

‘ Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall.’

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\* “ History of the World.”



Her Majesty, either espying or being shewn it, did under-write,

‘ If thy heart fails thee, climb not at all.’

However, he at last *climbed* up by the *stairs* of his own desert. But his introduction into the Court bore an elder date ; from this occasion. This Captain Raleigh coming out of Ireland to the English Court in good habit (his cloaths being then a considerable part of his estate) found the Queen walking, till, meeting with a *plashy place*, she seemed to scruple going thereon. Presently Raleigh cast and spread his new plush cloak on the ground ; whereon the Queen trod gently, rewarding him afterwards with many *suits*, for his so free and seasonable tender of so fair a *foot-cloath*. Thus an advantageous admission into the first notice of a prince is more than half a degree to preferment.

“ It is reported of the women in the Balear Islands that, to make their sons expert Archers, they will not, when children, give them their breakfast before they had *hit the mark*. Such the dealing of the Queen with this knight, making him to *earn his honour*, and, by pain and peril, to purchase what places of credit or profit were bestowed upon him. Indeed it was true of him what was said of Cato Uticensis, ‘ that he seemed to be born to that onely which he went about ;’ so dexterous was he in all his undertakings, in *Court*, in *Camp*, by *Sea*, by *Land*,

with *Sword*, with *Pen*; witnesse in the last his 'History of the World,' wherein the onely *default* (or *defect* rather) that it wanteth one half thereof. Yet had he many enemies (which worth never wanteth) at Court, his cowardly detractors, of whom Sir Walter was wont to say, 'If any man accuseth me to my face, I will answer him with my mouth; but my tail is good enough to return an answer to such as traduceth me behind my back.'"

Sir John Eliot, the victim of the tyranny of Charles the First, as Sir Walter Raleigh had been of his father James the First, found consolation in similar studies, and employed his prison hours in like labours. In his immortal Prison-Book, "The Monarchie of Man," he thus eloquently and nobly writes of his great predecessor:—"Shall I not add, as parallel to this, a wonder and example of our own? Such as if that old philosopher [Ramus] were yet living, without dishonour he might acknowledge, as the equal of his virtue. Take it in that—else unmatched—fortitude of our Raleigh! the magnanimity of his sufferings, that large chronicle of fortitude! All the preparations that are terrible presented to his eye—guards and officers about him—fettters and chains upon him—and then the axe, and more cruel expectation of his enemies! And what did all this work on the resolution of this worthy? Made it an impression of weak fear? or

*a distraction of his reason?* Nothing so little did that great soul suffer ! but gathered more strength and advantage upon either. His mind became the clearer, as if already it had been freed from the cloud and oppression of the body ; and the trial gave an illustration to his courage, so that it changed the affection of his enemies, and turned their joy to sorrow, and all men else it filled with admiration, leaving no doubt but this, whether death were more acceptable to him, or he more inclined to death ! ”

# ROBERT SOUTHWELL,

## THE MARTYR.



OF all the unfortunate sons of the Muses, perhaps the most unfortunate was Robert Southwell. His lot was cast in one of those troublesome periods of history when principles are held at the risk of life; and he who cannot yield obeisance, and accept those in favour with "the powers that be," must either consent to hide "his light under a bushel," or to bear the penalty of his proscribed and prohibited opinions. He was a Catholic when England, recently persecuted and still smarting from the wounds inflicted by Catholics, was becoming Protestant and held in abhorrence the creed under whose domination she had suffered so severely. He was a Jesuit when the very name of Jesuit stunk in his country's nostrils, and they were in her sight more to be dreaded than the wolves of her primeval forests. Persecution had begotten persecution, and the Catholic horrors of Mary's reign almost found their parallel in the terrible doings of Elizabeth's rule. Both were periods of storm and change; and the



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dominant party was ever ready to quench in blood the hopes of the aspiring but down-trodden remnant of the conquered party. The spirit and the will to persecute were pretty equally divided; and perhaps, in justice, neither Catholic nor Protestant is entitled to throw stones; for in their various struggles both have displayed the same indifference to the lives and sufferings of their opponents, and both have in turns been persecutors and victims. The martyrology of both faiths is a terrible record of religious bigotry, hatred, and blood-thirsty persecutions. The rack, the gibbet, and the stake have been the instruments of persuasion used by both, and neither has been peculiarly scrupulous in their application. And although, in looking over the past history of our country, we cannot but rejoice that the principles of Protestantism triumphed in their death struggle with the principles of Roman Catholicism, we think the time is come when men should treat of those fearful times without bitterness, and with a freedom from that spirit which, indulged in too much, would inevitably lead to the persecution which we deprecate. In Elizabeth's age, to succeed was entirely to destroy the Catholic hopes and the Catholic resources in this kingdom; to fail, was to have entailed upon England a persecution which the imagination can only realise in reading the pages which record the reign of a Diocletian, or the

horrors of the Bartholomew massacre—a horror contemporary with the Prison Poet, whose sad history we are about to narrate. We, and we trust every Englishman, cannot but rejoice that the great Queen succeeded, and by her sharp and indomitable will made the England of the nineteenth century possible. We who live in the enjoyment of that glorious freedom, the basis of which was established in her reign, will not be mean enough to complain of the tools she was compelled to use; nor charge her with savageness and a love of blood, on account of the harshness of the laws, which the necessity of the times, if they do not altogether excuse, yet afford a not unreasonable justification. As Shakespeare truly says in his *ex post facto* prophecy:—

“She shall be loved and feared; her own shall bless her:  
 Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,  
 And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows with her;  
 In her days every man shall eat in safety,  
 Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing  
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:  
 God shall be truly known; and those about her  
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,  
 And by these claim their greatness, not by blood.”

To have reached such a state of things was worth passing through the valley and shadow of death, which England had passed to reach it.

Robert Southwell was of a respectable Catholic family of Norfolk. He was the third son of



Richard Southwell, Esq., and was born at his father's seat, Horsham, St. Faith's, about the year 1562. One of those events so often used in romances actually occurred to young Robert, and while he was quite an infant a gipsy stole him from the cradle, and left her own offspring in his stead. The theft, however, was known soon enough to apprehend the woman and obtain the stolen boy; and the woman confessed that she had committed the crime with the hope of gain. This event afterwards made a strong impression on his mind, and he ever spoke of his rescue from the vagrant life with warm thanks to God for the deliverance. He was educated for a Catholic priest, and the piety of his own nature led him on to dare anything for the sake of his faith. At Douay, at Paris, and finally at Rome, he was instructed in all the principles of the Romish faith; and before he had attained his seventeenth year he was received into the Order of the Society of Jesus. This occurred in the year 1584. On the 25th of February, 1585, he applied to the General for permission to visit his native country as a Catholic missionary. His wish was acceded to, and Father Southwell came to England at a perilous time, and afterwards added his name to the list of martyrs who glorify his church.

When Southwell came to England, the rage against the Catholics was at its height. The

Queen of Scots' conspiracy had drawn the attention of all Englishmen to the machinations against their Queen, and all the passions of the Protestants were roused to the utmost. Noble and lowly victims suffered for that vain attempt, and the laws against the Catholics, already severe enough, were increased in severity, and even more rigidly enforced than before. Against priests, and especially against Jesuits, both the laws and the popular feeling were intensely bitter, and Father Southwell was both. The statute 27 Elizabeth, c. 2, enacted, "That any Popish priest, born in the dominions of the crown of England, who should come over thither from beyond the sea (unless driven by stress of weather and tarrying only a reasonable time), or should be in England three days without conforming and taking the oath, should be guilty of high treason." Southwell had braved the penalties of this harsh law; not only did he not "conform and take the oath," but he was zealously employed in performing all the functions of a Catholic priest, making converts, and performing the forbidden rites. He was the Father Confessor of the Countess of Arundel; and, protected by that noble lady, he pursued his sacred duties for a period of six years undisturbed, wrote his passionately Catholic poems, and was at last betrayed to the Government by the treachery of a money-seeking woman. Before we

treat of this event, we will say a few words upon the most note-worthy of his prose writings; and one which gives us a perfect key to the nature and character of the martyr poet.

Southwell's father was a courtier, and, according to his son's views of religion, an outcast and a "brand for the burning." While attempting to save and rescue others from the pit, it was not to be expected that one so loving and filial would not look upon the condition of his sire with profound grief, and use his utmost endeavours to reclaim him. This he did in a letter of earnest eloquence and fervid faith. It is addressed, "To the worshipful his very good father, Mr. R. S., his dutiful son, R. S., wisheth all happiness," and in a passionate exhortation to his father to consider the peril in which his everlasting happiness is placed by his worldly course, he speaks of his own conduct in seeking to save him from such danger in the following manner;—"Who hath more interest in the grape than he who planted the vine? who more right to the crop than he who sowed the corn? or where can the child owe so great service as to him to whom he is indebted for his very life and being? With young Tobias, I have travelled far, and brought home a freight of spiritual substance to enrich you, and medicinable receipts against your ghostly maladies. I have, with Esau, after a long

toil in pursuing a long and painful chace, returned with the full prey you were wont to love, desiring thereby to insure your blessing. I have, in this general famine of all true and Christian food, with Joseph, prepared abundance of the bread of angels for the repast of your soul. And now my desire is that my drugs may cure you, my prey delight you, and my provision feed you, by whom I have been cured, enlightened, and fed myself; that your courtesies may, in part, be countervailed, and my duty, in some sort, performed. Despise not, good sire, the youth of your son, neither deem your God measureth his endowments by number of years. Hoary senses are often couched under youthful locks, and some are riper in the spring than others in the autumn of their age. God chose not Esau himself, nor his eldest son, but young David to conquer Goliath, and to rule his people; not the most aged person, but Daniel, the most innocent youth, delivered Susannah from the iniquity of the judges. Christ at twelve years of age was found in the temple, questioning with the greatest doctors. A true Elias can conceive that a little cloud may cast a large and abundant shower; and the Scripture teacheth us that God unveileth to little ones that which he concealeth from the wisest sages. His truth is not abashed by the minority of the speaker: for out of the mouths of infants and sucklings He

can perfect His praises. Timothy was young, and yet a principal pastor : St. John, a youth, and yet an apostle : yea, the angels, by appearing in youthful semblance, gave us a proof that many glorious gifts may be shrouded under tender shapes. All this I say, not to claim any privileges surmounting the rate of usual abilities, but to avoid all touch of presumption in advising my elders ; seeing that it hath the warrant of Scripture, the testimony of example, and sufficient grounds both in grace and nature."

After this prelude he breaks out into this vivid portrayal of the horrors which are in store for the worldly-minded, the heretic, and those who die in their sins : " If you," says this earnest zealot, " if you were stretched on your departing bed, burthened with the heavy load of your former trespasses, and gored with the sting of a festered conscience ; if you felt the hand of death grasping your heart-strings, and ready to make the rueful divorce between body and soul ; if you lay panting for breath and bathed in a cold and fatal sweat, wearied with struggling against the pangs of death, oh, how much would you give for one hour for repentance, at what rate would you value one day's contrition ? Worlds would then be worthless in respect of a little respite ; a short time would seem more precious than the treasures of empires. Nothing would be so much esteemed as a moment of time,

which is now by months and years so lavishly mispent. Oh ! how deeply would it wound your heart, when, looking back into yourself, you consider many faults committed and not confessed, many good works omitted or not recovered, your service to God promised but never performed. How intolerable will be your case ! Your friends are fled, your servants frightened, your thoughts amazed, your memory distracted, your whole mind aghast, and unable to perform what it would, only your guilty conscience will continually upbraid you with most bitter accusations. What will be your thoughts, when, stripped of your mortal body, and turned both out of the service and house-room of this world, you are forced to enter into uncouth and strange paths, and with unknown and ugly company to be carried before a most severe judge, carrying in your own conscience your judgment written, and a perfect register of all your misdeeds ; when you shall see *Him* prepared to pass sentence upon you, against whom you have transgressed ; He is to be the umpire whom by so many offences you have made your enemy ; when not only the devils, but even the angels will plead against you, and yourself, in spite of your will, be your own sharpest impeacher ? What would you do in these dreadful exigencies, when you saw the ghastly dungeon and huge gulf of hell breaking out with most fearful

flames : when you heard the weeping and gnashing of teeth, the rage of those hellish monsters, the horror of the place, the rigour of the pain, the terror of the company, and the eternity of the punishment? Would you then think them wise that would delay in such weighty matters, and idly play away a time allotted to prevent such intolerable calamities? Would you then account it secure to nurse in your bosom a brood of serpents, or suffer your soul to entertain so many accusers? Would not you, then, think a whole life too little to do penance for so many iniquities? Why, then, do you not at least devote the small remnant and surplus of these your latter days in seeking to make an atonement with God, and in freeing your conscience from the corruption that, by your treason and fall, has crept into it; whose very eyes that read this discourse, and very understanding that conceiveth it, shall be cited as certain witnesses of what I describe? Your soul will then experience the most terrible fears, if you do not recover yourself into the fold and family of God's Church." In such language we detect the true martyr spirit which would dare all things for the sake of truth, and with Robert Southwell the truth was with the Catholic Church, his adherence to which he was foon to seal with his blood.

In the year 1592 the six years of uninterrupted

labour, combining priestly duties with poetic compositions, were disastrously brought to an end, and the poet was arrested and cast into prison. His latest biographer, Mr. W. B. Turnbull, thus records this "foul betrayal." "There was resident at Uxendon, near Harrow-on-the-Hill, in Middlesex, a Catholic family of the name of Bellamy, whom Southwell was in the habit of visiting and providing with religious instruction when he exchanged his ordinary close confinement for a purer atmosphere. One of the daughters, Ann, had in her early youth exhibited marks of the most vivid and unmistakeable piety; but, having been committed to the Gatehouse of Westminster, her faith gradually departed, and along with it her virtue. For, having formed an intrigue with the keeper of the prison, she subsequently married him, and by that step forfeited all claim which she had by law or favour upon her father. In order, therefore, to obtain some fortune, she resolved to take advantage of the Act of 27 Elizabeth, which made the harbouring of a priest treason, with confiscation of the offender's goods. Accordingly she sent a messenger to Southwell, urging him to meet her on a certain day and hour at her father's house, whither he, either in ignorance of what had happened, or under the impression that she sought his spiritual assistance through motives of penitence, went at the appointed



time. In the meanwhile, having apprised her husband of this, as also of the place of concealment in her father's house, and the mode of access, he conveyed the information to Topcliffe, an implacable persecutor and denouncer of the Catholics, who, with a band of his satellites, surrounded the premises, broke open the house, arrested his reverence, and carried him off in open day, exposed to the gaze of the populace. He was taken in the first instance to Topcliffe's house, where during a few weeks he was put to the torture ten times, with such dreadful severity, that Southwell, complaining of it to his judges, declared in the name of God that death would have been more preferable. The manner in which he was agonised may be seen in Tanner's '*Societas Jesu Martyr.*' But all was to no purpose; the sufferer maintained an inflexible silence; nothing could shake his constancy; and the tormenters affirmed that he resembled a post rather than a man. He was then transferred to the same Gatehouse which was kept by the husband of the wretch who had betrayed him, and after being confined there for two months, was removed to the Tower, and thrown into a dungeon so filthy and noisome, that, when brought forth at the end of a month to be examined, his clothes were covered with vermin. Whereupon his father presented a petition to Elizabeth, humbly entreating that if his son had committed

anything for which by the laws he had deserved it, he might suffer death ; if not, as he was a gentleman, he hoped her Majesty would be pleased to order that he should be treated as such, and not be confined in that filthy hole. The Queen, in consequence, ordered that he should be better lodged, and gave his father permission to supply him with clothing, necessaries, and books ; of which latter, the only ones which he asked for were the Bible and the works of St. Bernard. During all his protracted confinement, although his sister Mary, who was married to a gentleman of the name of Bannister, had occasional access to him, he never discoursed of anything but religion.”\*

Southwell was kept in prison for three years, and then, upon his own petition, was brought to trial. We read in Challmer’s “Memoirs of Missionary Priests,” that Lord Treasurer Cecil’s reply to this request was, “That if he was in so much haste to be hanged, he should quickly have his desire ;” but it wants confirmation, and is not in keeping with the character of Cecil. However, the poet was removed from the Tower to Newgate ; and on the 21st of February, 1594-5, he was taken to Westminster, and tried before the Lord Chief Justice

\* “Memoir of Robert Southwell.” By W. B. Turnbull. Prefixed to the edition of Southwell’s Poems, published by Mr. J. Russell Smith.

Popham, Justice Owen, Baron Evans, and Serjeant Daniel ; Sir Edward Coke, Solicitor-General, conducted the case for the Crown. His conduct at his trial was in keeping with his whole life ; manly, but without presumption. He denied any treasonable intentions towards the Queen or the State ; confessed that he was a Catholic priest, and that his purpose in England was to administer the rites of his Church to her faithful children. He was found guilty, condemned, and on the morning of the 22nd was executed at Tyburn. He died as martyrs of every faith have ever died ; with firmness, hope, and a deeper conviction of the truth of the cause for which they suffer. Through the clumsiness of the executioner his death was prolonged, and he “several times made the sign of the cross while he was hanging.” The usual and disgusting proceedings which then accompanied executions for treason were gone through ; but we are glad to say, through the kindness and interference of the bystanders, the martyr was allowed to die before the indignities and mutilations were allowed. “So perished Father Southwell, at thirty-three years of age, and so, unhappily, have perished many of the wise and virtuous of the earth. Conscious of suffering in the supposed best of causes, he seems to have met death without terror—to have received the crown of martyrdom not only with resignation

but with joy. Indeed, persecution and martyrdom, torture and death, must have been frequent subjects of his contemplation. His brethren of the priesthood were falling around him, and he himself assumed the character of a comforter and encourager to those who remained. Life's uncertainty and the world's vanity, the crimes and follies of humanity, and the consolations and glories of religion, are the constant themes of his writings, both in prose and verse; and the kindness and benignity of his nature, and the moral excellence of his character, are diffused alike over both."\*

Before we leave the life and turn to the works of Southwell, we are compelled to say a word or two in deprecation of the manner in which Mr. Turnbull has written his biography of the poet. We utterly abhor the spirit which led to the persecution of such a man; but we abhor it alike, whether the object of such persecution be a Catholic or a Protestant. Mr. Turnbull's ire seems to be excited only when the former is the victim. From his work no one could gather that any one but Catholics had ever been persecuted in England. The causes which led to their persecution under Elizabeth are not even hinted at; the horrors of the preceding reign are carefully kept aloof; the causes of

the statute 27 Elizabeth are judiciously, but not fairly nor frankly, withheld. No one will gather from his Life that Elizabeth had been excommunicated by the Pope; that a price was offered for her assassination; that the glory of sainthood and the bliss of Paradise were ensured to the faithful child of the Church whose knife should cut off this arch heretic. It may be said that, to heighten our sympathy and to increase our indignation, the picture of the martyr's sufferings is kept free of any of these alleviating, if not justifying, adjuncts; but this is not being faithful to the office of a teacher in the high functions of history. To call Topcliffe a "wretch," a "bloodhound," a "persecutor," and other hard names, is an easy thing, and sure to meet with the agreement of the reader, but affords no information upon the nature of the times in which the poet's lot was cast. We question if, in Mary's reign, any petition to that Queen in behalf of any Protestant sufferer would have met with the response which Elizabeth gave to that of Southwell's father. When "Good Queen Bess" received it she answered by granting its prayer, and the poet was "better lodged," allowed "clothing, necessaries, and books," and the consoling visits of friends. Every religion, every sect, has had its martyrs; and of all could be appropriately said what Mr. Turnbull says of Southwell; and of every Church what he says of the

Catholic. "In blood the Church was planted; with blood it has been watered; and its fecundity has ever been the greater in proportion to the efforts made to eradicate it." Few, however, will agree with his special application of the principle when he says "The seed sown by persecution in the three last centuries, begins in the present to bring forth an hundred fold." What the wise, although at times harsh, government of Elizabeth saved us from is well known, and Mr. Turnbull affords us a notable example when he, admiringly and approvingly quoting Tanner, says, "After Southwell's death, one of his sisters, a Catholic in heart, but timidly and blameably simulating heresy, wrought with some reliques of the martyr several cures on persons afflicted with desperate and deadly diseases, which had baffled the skill of all physicians. Thus God, in his usual manner, honours his saints." This was published in the year 1856!\*

To Mr. Turnbull, and to all who think with him, we commend the words of Mr. Buckle, whose great work on the History of Civilisation in England is a good antidote to the mediævalism of the recent writers of the Roman Church. "To punish," says Mr. Buckle, "even a single man for his religious tenets is assuredly a crime of the deepest

\* These strictures were written before the controversy which has led to Mr. Turnbull's resignation of his labours at the Record-Office.

dye ; but to punish a large body of men, to persecute an entire sect, to attempt to extirpate opinions which, growing out of the state of society in which they arise, are themselves a manifestation of the marvellous and luxurious fertility of the human mind,—to do this is not only one of the most pernicious, but one of the most foolish acts that can possibly be conceived. Nevertheless, it is an undoubted fact that an overwhelming majority of religious persecutors have been men of the purest intentions, of the most admirable morals. It is impossible that this should be otherwise, for they are not bad-intentioned men who seek to enforce opinions which they believe to be good. Still less are they bad men who are so regardless of temporal considerations as to employ all the resources of their power, not for their own benefit, but for the purpose of propagating a religion which they think necessary to the future happiness of mankind. Such men as those are not bad, they are only ignorant—ignorant of the nature of truth, ignorant of the consequences of their own acts ; but in a moral point of view their motives are unimpeachable. Indeed, it is the very ardour of their sincerity which warms them into persecution ; it is the holy zeal by which they are fired that quickens their fanaticism into a deadly activity. If you can impress any man with absorbing convictions of the supreme importance of

some moral or religious doctrine ; if you can make him believe that those who reject that doctrine are doomed to eternal perdition ; if you can give that man power, and by means of his ignorance blind him to the ultimate consequences of his own act, he will infallibly persecute those who deny his doctrine, and the extent of his persecution will be regulated by the extent of his sincerity. Diminish the sincerity, and you will diminish his persecution ; in other words, by weakening the virtue you may check the evil." There is not a doubt but that, with his sincerity, his courage, his deep and intense faith, Father Southwell the persecuted, in Elizabeth's reign, would have been Father Southwell the persecutor, in Mary's reign. His letter to his father contains all the elements necessary to form such a character.

Properly to estimate the poetry of Southwell, his faith and his circumstances must be considered. It is intensely Roman Catholic. His longest poem is "Saint Peter's Complaint," and is strongly religious, though often its strength is at the expense of its verse. It is generally harsh in its construction, and lacks the sweet flow and the noble ring which frequently marks the efforts of contemporary poets. It is direct ; full of a fierce energy which is out of keeping with the character of the Apostle whose complaint it professes to be. It is finely exaggerated, and deals in hyperbole to an extraordinary extent.



Perhaps the occasion justifies this. St. Peter meditating upon his denial of his Lord, and giving vent to his feelings in words, would not perhaps be nice in his phrases or mincing in his similes. A little out Heroding of Herod may not be out of place in such a poem; but in some hundred and forty six-line stanzas, there is no cessation of this stormy outburst; no sweet and gentle remembrances of the heavenly sweetness and gentleness of his Divine Master. We have "blazing comets and lightning flames of love," in abundance; but very little of the "balm, the myrrh, and frankincense," which even to St. Peter should have soothed and allayed the bitterness of remorse and sin. As an illustration we quote the first four stanzas:—

"Launch forth, my soul, into a main of tears,  
Full fraught with grief, the traffic of thy mind;  
Torn sails will serve thoughts rent with guilty fears,  
Give care the stern, use sighs instead of wind:  
Remorse thy pilot, thy misdeed thy card,  
Torment thy haven, shipwreck thy best reward.

"Shun not the shelf of most deserved shame,  
Stick in the sands of agonising dread;  
Content thee to be storms' and billows' game,  
Divorced from grace, thy soul to penance wed:  
Fly not from foreign ills, fly from the heart,  
Worse than the worst of ills is that thou art.

"Give vent unto the vapours of thy breast,  
That thicken in the brims of cloudy eyes;  
Where sin was hatch'd, let tears now wash the nest,  
Where life was lost, recover life with cries;  
Thy trespasses foul, let not thy tear be few,  
Baptize thy spotted soul in weeping dew.

“ Fly mournful plaints, the echoes of my ruth,  
 When screeches in my frighted conscience ring,  
 Sob out my sorrows, fruits of mine untruth,  
 Report the smart of sin’s infernal sting;  
 Tell hearts that languish in the forriest plight,  
 There is on earth a far more sorry wight.”

All this is forcible enough, but such elaborate fancies are scarcely natural to the hero on the occasion. Again he says :

“ Christ, as my God, was tempted in my thought,  
 As man, He lent mine eyes their dearest light;  
 But sin His temple hath to ruin brought,  
 And now He lighteneth terror from His sight.  
 Now, of my late unconsecrate desires,  
 Profanèd wretch ! I taste the earnèd hires.

“ Ah ! sin, the nothing that doth all things file,  
 Outcast from heaven, earth’s curse, the curse of hell;  
 Parent of death, author of our exile,  
 The wreck of souls, the wares the fiends do sell;  
 That men to monsters, angels turn to devils,  
 Wrong of all rights, self-ruin, root of evils.

“ A thing most done, yet more than God can do;  
 Daily new done, yet ever done amiss;  
 Friendèd of all, yet unto all a foe;  
 Seeming an heaven, yet banishing from bliss;  
 Servèd with toil, yet paying nought but pain,  
 Man’s deepest loss, though false-esteemèd gain.

“ Shot without noise; wound without present smart;  
 First seeming light, proving in fine a load;  
 Entering with ease, not easily won to part,  
 Far in effects from that the shows abode;  
 Indorsed with hope, subscribed with despair,  
 Ugly in death, though life did fain it fair.”

This may be good metaphysical verse, but it is not the utterance of a passionate heart, torn by

remorse, and rent with the agony of a supposed unpardonable sin. Saint Peter is, of course, in our author's poem a good Catholic, and the Virgin Mother holds her proper place in his Complaint :

“ When, traitor to the Son, in Mother's eyes,  
I shall present my humble suit for grace,  
What blush can paint the shame that will arise,  
Or write my inward feelings on my face ?  
Might she the sorrow with the sinner see,  
Though I'm despised, my grief might pitied be.

“ But ah ! how can her ears my speech endure,  
Or scent my breath still reeking hellish steam ?  
Can Mother like what did the Son abjure,  
Or heart deflower'd a virgin's love redeem ?  
The Mother nothing loves that Son doth loathe ;  
Ah ! loathsome wretch, detested of them both ! ”

This is very finely expressed ; and there is a pathos in these stanzas not often reached in the poem. With the next quotation we take our leave of St. Peter's Complaint ; they are, to our mind, among the sweetest of the poem :

“ O beams of mercy ! beat on sorrow's cloud,  
Pour suppling showers upon my parch'd ground ;  
Bring forth the fruit to your due service vow'd,  
Let good desires with like deserts be crown'd :  
Water young blooming virtue's tender flow'r,  
Sin did all grace of riper growth devour.

“ Weep balm and myrrh, you sweet Arabian trees,  
With purest gums perfume and pearl your rine ;  
Shed on your honey-drops, you busy bees,  
I, barren plant, must weep unpleasant brine :  
Hornets I hive, salt drops their labour plies,  
Suck'd out of sin, and shed by showering eyes.”

In his moral poems our author is a much more pleasant companion. His Muse is then freer from restraint; and he sings more at his ease. Many writers of a more modern date have borrowed of his stores without acknowledgment. He is but a dull reader who will not be pleased with, and he is but a harsh critic who will not admire and praise the spirit with which our author sang

“CONTENT AND RICH.

“ I dwell in Grace’s court,  
Enrich’d with Virtue’s rights;  
Faith guides my wit, Love leads my will,  
Hope all my mind delights.

“ In lowly vales I mount  
To pleasure’s highest pitch;  
My filly shroud true honour brings,  
My poor estate to rich.

“ My conscience is my crown,  
Contented thoughts my rest;  
My heart is happy in itself,  
My bliss is in my breast.

“ Enough I reckon wealth;  
A mean the surest lot,  
That lies too high for base contempt,  
Too low for envy’s shot.

“ My wishes are but few,  
All easy to fulfil;  
I make the limits of my power,  
The bounds unto my will.

“ I have no hope but one,  
Which is of heavenly reign;  
Effects attend, or not desire,  
All lower hopes refrain.

- “ I feel no care of coin,  
Well-doing is my wealth ;  
My mind to me an empire is,  
While grace affordeth health.
- “ I clip high-climbing thoughts,  
The wings of swelling pride ;  
Their fall is worst, that from the height  
Of greatest honours slide.
- “ Sith sails of largeft size  
The storm doth soonest tear,  
I bear fo low and small a fail,  
As fræeth me from fear.
- “ I wrestle not with rage,  
While fury’s flame doth burn ;  
It is in vain to stop the streams  
Until the tide doth turn.
- “ But when the flame is out,  
And ebbing wrath doth end,  
I turn a late enlargèd foe  
Into a quiet friend.
- “ And taught with often proof,  
A temper’d calm I find  
To be most solace to itself,  
Best cure for angry mind.
- “ Spare diet is my fare,  
My clothes more fit than fine ;  
I know I feed and clothe a foe,  
That pamper’d would repine.
- “ I envy not their hap,  
Whom favour doth advance ;  
I take no pleasure in their pain,  
That have less happy chance.
- “ To rise by others’ fall,  
I deem a losing gain ;  
All states with others’ ruin built,  
To ruin run amain.

" No chance of Fortune's calms  
Can cast my comforts down ;  
When Fortune smiles, I smile to think  
How quickly she will frown.

" And when in froward mood  
She proves an angry foe,  
Small gain I found to let her come,  
Less loss to let her go."

Will it not be proper to hand back some of Dr. Cotton's honour, such as it is, to the elder poet ?

Every reader of English poetry has read and praised Nicolls' poem " I may not scorn the meanest thing ;" Southwell's piece to the same text is much more beautiful and much more poetical. It is short, and we give it entire ;—

" SCORN NOT THE LEAST.

" Where words are weak and foes encount'ring strong,  
Where mightier do assault than do defend,  
The feebler part puts up enforced wrong,  
And silent sees that speech could not amend.  
Yet higher powers must think though they repine,  
When sun is set, the little stars will shine.

" While pike doth range the silly tench doth fly,  
And crouch in privy creeks with smaller fish ;  
Yet pikes are caught when little fish go by,  
These fleet afloat while those do fill the dish :  
There is a time even for the worms to creep,  
And suck the dew while all their foes do sleep.

" The martin cannot ever soar on high,  
Nor greedy greyhound still pursue the chase ;  
The tender lark will find a time to fly,  
And fearful hare to run a quiet race :  
He that the growth on cedars did bestow,  
Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

" In Aman's pomp poor Mardocheus wept,  
Yet God did turn his fate upon his foe ;  
The Lazar pined while Dives' feast was kept,  
Yet he to heaven, to hell did Dives go :  
We trample grafs and prize the flowers of May,  
Yet grafs is green when flowers do fade away."

Southwell's views of poetry were such as sadly to fetter and restrain his genius. He enters the realm of the Muses as Ulysses passed the Sirens, bound, and with his ears filled with wax. He fears their blandishments, and shrinks from entering their gardens, lest the temptations which almost overcame Rinaldo, should prevail against him. Verse seems to fetter him ; and the spirit which in plain prose often soars to a height you little anticipate, appears bowed down and takes but a timid flight when it links, or seeks to link itself with a measured utterance. He is too serious, too earnest, too sectarianly religious to allow of any dalliance with the fair ladies who dwell on Parnassus. Poetry which sings not immediately and directly in praise of God, of Christ, of the Virgin Mary, of the Saints, or of the Church, or is not purposely hooked to some useful end, is with him a serving of the devil. Tennyson's "Sleeping Beauty" would be as useless and idle a fancy as a vain ditty in honour of Venus ; or as a Bacchanalian roysterer's catch. "If you are merry, sing psalms," would have been his answer to any question on this

head. Psalms are good, and songs are good, each in their place; but Southwell would always have the psalms, and never the songs. He only knew of one way of praising God, and that was in and through the Catholic Church. Into that glorious region of flowers and fancy, of fragrance and beauty, in which so many other truly religious poets have sunned themselves, his soul never entered. His strains have no touch of the fields and flowers about them; the thrush, the linnet, the nightingale, and the "glorious bird of dawning," lent him not a note. His poems have always a smack of the Vatican, and all is worse than idleness which does not administer to the honour and glory of the Church. Of true love, the love of woman, he seems to know nothing. His position as a priest cut him off from all the joys and delights which spring from the noblest, purest, and holiest part of life. The feeling which in so calm and self-conscious a poet as Wordsworth inspired lines of the most exquisite beauty, was an alien to Southwell. Of pure and devoted love the poet of our day sings thus:—

" He beheld  
A vision, and adored the thing he saw :  
Arabian fiction never filled the world  
With half the wonders that were wrought for him.  
Earth breathed in one great presence of the spring ;  
Life turned the meanest of her implements,  
Before his eyes, to price above all gold ;  
The home she dwelt in was a faintest shrine ;



Her chamber windows did surpass in glory  
The portals of the dawn ; all paradise  
Could, by the simple opening of a door,  
Let itself in upon him ; pathways, walks,  
Swarmed with enchantment till his spirit sank  
Surcharged within him,—overblest to move  
Beneath a sun that wakes a weary world  
To its dull round of ordinary cares ;  
A man too happy for mortality.”\*

Of the same power, and of the condition of those  
under its influence, the Martyr Poet thus sings in  
his poem called

“ LOVE’S SERVILE LOT.

“ Love mistress is of many minds,  
Yet few know whom they serve ;  
They reckon least how little love  
Their service doth deserve.

“ The will she robbeth from the wit,  
The sense from reason’s lore ;  
She is delightful in the mind,  
Corrupted in the core.

“ She shroudeth vice in virtue’s veil,  
Pretending good in ill ;  
She offereth joy, affordeth grief,  
A kiss, where she doth kill.

“ A honey-shower rains from her lips,  
Sweet lights shine in her face ;  
She hath the blush of virgin’s mind,  
The mind of viper’s race.

“ She makes thee seek, yet fear to find ;  
To find but not enjoy ;  
In many frowns some gliding smiles  
She yields, to more annoy.

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\* Wordsworth.

" She woos thee to come near her fire,  
Yet doth draw it from thee ;  
Far off she makes thy heart to fry,  
And yet to freeze in thee.

" She letteth fall some living baits  
For fools to gather up ;  
To sweet, to sour, to every taste,  
She tempereth her cup.

" Soft souls she binds in tender twist,  
Small flies in spinner's web ;  
She sets afloat some luring streams,  
But makes them soon to ebb.

" Her watery eyes have burning force,  
Her floods and flames conspire ;  
Tears kindle sparks, sobs fuel are,  
And sighs do blow her fire.

" May never was the month of love,  
For May is full of flowers ;  
But rather April, wet by kind,  
For love is full of showers.

" Like tyrant, cruel wounds she gives,  
Like surgeon, salves she lends ;  
But salve and sore have equal force,  
For death is both their ends.

" But soothed words enthralled souls  
She chains in servile bands ;  
Her eye in silence hath a speech,  
Which eye best understands.

" Her little sweet hath many fours ;  
Short hap immortal harms ;  
Her loving looks are murdering darts,  
Her songs, bewitching charms.

" Like winter rose and summer ice,  
Her joys are still untimely ;  
Before her hope, behind remorse,  
Fair first, in fine unseemly.

“ Moods, passions, fancies, jealous fits,  
Attend upon her train ;  
She yieldeth rest without repose,  
A heaven in hellish pain.

“ Her house is sloth, her door deceit,  
And slippery hopes her stairs ;  
Unbashful boldness bids her guests,  
And every vice repairs.

“ Her diet is of such delights  
As please, till they be past ;  
But then, the poison kills the heart  
That did entice the taste.

“ Her sleep in sin doth end in wrath,  
Remorse rings her awake ;  
Death calls her up, shame drives her out,  
Despairs her upshot make.

“ Plough not the seas, sow not the sands,  
Leave off your idle pain ;  
Seek other mistress for your minds,  
Love's service is in vain.”

In this strain does the Father vituperate that love of which a living poet thus speaks :—“ Love is the great gravitating power in the social system, cementing heart to heart, sex to sex, family to family, hamlet to hamlet, village to village, town to town, city to city, nation to nation, earth to heaven, and man to his Maker. Love is the burden to the seraph's song. Love is the only angel which went from Paradise with tearless eyes, and has been the faithful companion of man throughout his chequered history. It is the bird that sings by our own domestic hearth ; it is the sunshine we

carry with us into the deepest gloom. It is, indeed, impossible for the world to go on without it: there is no domestic peace, no national prosperity, where love is wanting."\*

An old critic, Edward Bolton, says: "Never must be forgotten St. Peter's Complaint, and those other serious poems, said to be Father Southwell's; the English whereof, as it is very proper, so the sharpness and light of wit is most rare in them."† And as we have no desire to part with the poet on other than the most friendly terms, we will conclude by quoting a poem which we can heartily praise. It is a devotional poem; and is a really good one. The subject is in itself beautiful, and the author writes with all his heart, and with more than his wonted fires. Numerous as are the poems which have been written to the Child Jesus, we know of no one which in all respects equals Southwell's.

"A CHILD MY CHOICE.

"Let folly praise that fancy loves,  
I praise and love that child  
Whose heart no thought, whose tongue no word,  
Whose head no deed defiled;

"I praise him most, I love him best,  
All praise and love is his;  
While him I love, in him I live,  
And cannot live amiss.

---

\* Edward Capern.

† Quoted in Warton's "History of English Poetry," vol. iii. p. 227.

- " Love's sweetest mark, land's highest theme,  
Man's most desired light,  
To love him life, to leave him death,  
To live in him delight.
- " He mine by gift, I his by debt,  
Thus each to other due,  
First friend he was, best friend he is,  
All times will try him true.
- " Though young, yet wise ; though small, yet strong ;  
Though man, yet God he is ;  
As wise he knows, as strong he can,  
As God he loves to bless.
- " His knowledge rules, his strength defends,  
His love doth cherish all ;  
His birth our joy, his life our light,  
His death our end of thrall.
- " Alas ! he weeps, he sighs, he pants,  
Yet doth his angels sing ;  
Out of his tears, his sighs and throbs,  
Doth bud a joyful spring.
- " Almighty babe, whose tender arms  
Can force all foes to fly,  
Correct my faults, protect my life,  
Direct me when I die."

And so with a tear for his fate ; with admiration for his courage ; with love for his gentleness of mind and kindness of heart ; and with a moderate estimation of his genius, and a not extravagant admiration of his poetry, we bid farewell to the Catholic Martyr Poet, Robert Southwell !

## GEORGE WITHER.



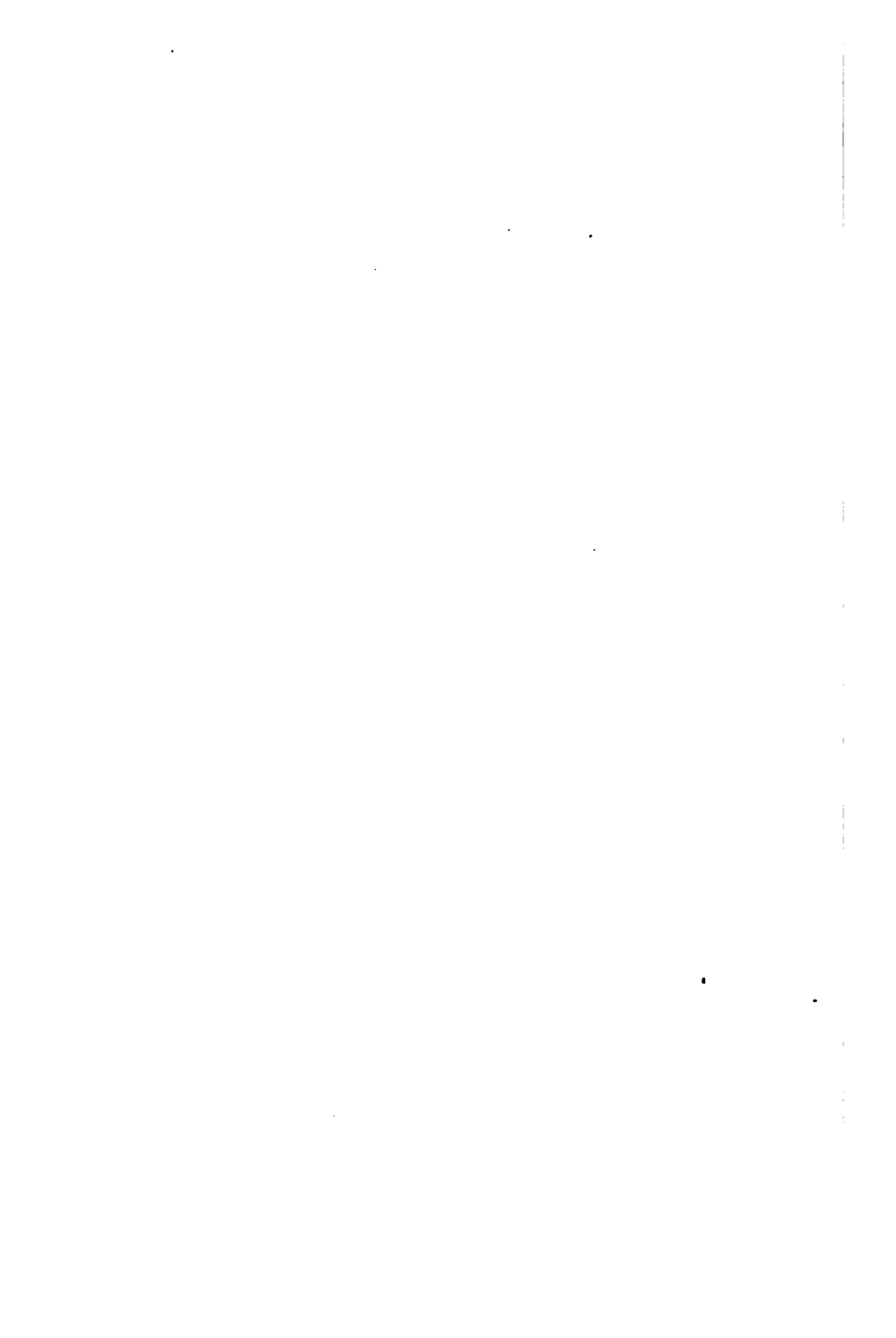
GEORGE WITHER was born at Bentworth, in Hampshire, in the year 1588. Little is known respecting either his early life, or the condition of his parents. If we are literally to interpret his own words, they must have been wealthy, and his youth must have been spent in almost luxurious affluence. In his poem written on the plague, and entitled “ Britain’s Remembrancer,” he says:—

“ When daily I on change of dainties fed,  
Lodged night by night upon an easy bed,  
In lordly chambers, and had wherewithal  
Attendants forwarder than I to call,  
Who brought me all things needful ; when at hand,  
Hounds, hawks, and horses, were at my command,  
Then choose I did my walks on hills or valleys,  
In groves, near springs, or in sweet garden alleys,  
Reposing either in a natural shade  
Or in neat arbours which by hands were made,  
Where I might have required, without denial,  
The lute, the organ, or deep sounding viol,  
To cheer my spirits ; with what else beside  
Was pleasant, when my friends did thus provide  
Without my cost or labour.”

He “received his early education in the village of Colemore, under one John Greaves, a school-



WITHER.





master of some celebrity." He was afterwards sent to Magdalen College, Oxford, but from a change in the circumstances of his father, was unable to complete his education, and had to leave the classic Oxford to "follow the plough." This employment little suited the hopes and aspirations of Wither; and at eighteen he went to London "to seek his fortune," and found, what so many besides have found in that redoubtable search, a prison. Like so many gifted youths in similar circumstances, he first thought of the law as a profession, and entered himself at Lincoln's Inn; but poetry was mightier than the statutes, and he soon gave himself up to the delights and blandishments of the Muses. They at first smiled upon him and brought him into favour; but their smiles and favours led to no worldly results. Poor Wither found that living by his pen was not an easy thing, and he had to eat the bread of bitterness and disappointment. In 1613, he published his satire, "Abuses Stript and Whipt," which sharp and fierce philippic against the prevailing sins of the time won for him the crown of persecution, and he was committed to the Marshalsea prison. Here he remained some years; and here he wrote his "Shepherd's Hunting," and other poems, which are among the best of his productions. As our extracts will afterwards prove, in the "Shepherd's

Hunting," amid much that is dull and prosaic, there are passages of great beauty; and one remarkable burst on the joy and consolation that poetry had afforded him has rarely, if ever, been surpassed. Judging by his own words, his imprisonment seems to have been most disgracefully harsh and severe. In his "Scholar's Purgatory," he thus refers to it: "All my apparent good intentions were so mistaken by the aggravation of some ill-affected towards my endeavours, that I was shut up from the society of mankind, and as one unworthy the compassion vouchsafed to thieves and murderers, was neither permitted the use of my pen, the access or right of acquaintance, the allowances usually afforded other close prisoners, nor means to send for necessaries befitting my present condition, by which means I was for many days compelled to feed on nothing but the coarsest bread, and sometimes locked up four-and-twenty hours together, without so much as a drop of water to cool my tongue; and being at the same time in one of the grossest extremities of dullness that ever was inflicted upon my body, the help both of physician and apothecary was uncivilly denied me; so that if God had not, by resolutions of the mind which he infused into me, extraordinarily enabled me to wrestle with these, and such other afflictions, as I was then exercised withal, I had been dangerously and lastingly

overcome. But of these usages I complain not ; he that made me, made me strong enough to despise them." This is in sad contrast with the poetic description of his youthful pleasures which we have before quoted.

Wither addressed a satire to the king, and soon after obtained his release. But it is doubtful whether he owed this favour to James or to the Earl of Pembroke. One favour, however, he did owe to Royalty, and that was a patent granted him for his "*Hymns and Songs of the Church*," a work deserving such a patent ; but the Royal grant was injurious to the author. The booksellers of the day were offended ; their "vested rights" were supposed to be interfered with ; their interests were threatened ; and their ire aroused. So they combined, and would not sell the patented *Hymns and Songs*. They brought all sorts of charges against them ; called them by evil names ; and damned them with opprobrious epithets. Our author says in his "*Scholar's Purgatory* :"—

"Some give out that my Book contains nothing but a few needless Songs, which I composed, and got privilege by Patent, merely for my private benefit, to the oppression of the Commonwealth.

"Some discourage those that come to buy the Book, otherwiles denying that it is to be had, and otherwiles peremptorily protesting against the selling

of it ; or disgracefully telling such as enquire after the same, that the book is ridiculous ; and that it better befitted me to meddle with my Poetry than to be tampering with Divinity ; with such like other words of contempt.

“ Other some there be, who dare aver that my Lord’s Grace of Canterbury, with many of the Bishops and best Divines, do much dislike and oppose the said HYMNS.

“ Others again buzz in the people’s ears, that the Hymns for the observable times are Popish, and tending to the maintenance of superstition.

“ And some there be among them, who in such terms of ribaldry, as no Stews can go beyond them, blasphemingly affirm, that the CANTICLES are obscene, and not fit to be divulged in song or verse.

“ Yea, many other objections they make, and cast out diverse aspersions, as well upon the Author as on his Book, to bring both into contempt.”

Such were a few of the difficulties which met an author publishing for himself in the year 1623 ; I wonder if they exist under like circumstances in the year 1861 !

In 1625 London was visited by the plague. Wither was a witness of its horrors, and nobly performed his part as a Christian during this terrible visitation. In a poem of more than 600 pages, called “ Britain’s Remembrancer,” he has

given us an account of this scourge; and a more curious record was perhaps never written. Wither was a true poet; but he has written a frightful load of rubbish, and his poem on the plague is one of the most incongruous collection of verses ever published; such a curious compound of slipshod verse, far-fetched conceits, wild prophecy, fanatical sentiments, satire, tragic incidents, and sometimes a direct and heart-rending pathos in true accord with the sad scenes which he depicts. We have selected the following extracts from this poem from an article which appeared in the seventh volume of the *Retrospective Review*. The first extract affords a rather amusing picture of the Londoners of the seventeenth century. This is how they left the city at the coming of the plague:—

“ Those who, in all their life-time, never went  
So far as is the nearest part of Kent;  
Those who did never travel, till of late,  
Half way to Pancras from the city gate;  
Those who might think the sun did rise at Bow,  
And set at Afton, for aught they did know;  
And dream young partridge suck not, but are fed  
As lambs and rabbits, which of eggs are bred:  
Ev’n some of those have journeys ventur’d on  
Five miles by land (as far as Edmonton).  
Some hazarded themselves from Lion-key  
Almost as far as Erith down by sea;  
Some row’d against the stream, and straggled out  
As far as Hounslow heath, or thereabout:  
Some climb’d Highgate-hill, and there they see  
The world so large that they amaz’d be;  
Yea, some have gone so far that they do know  
Ere this, how wheat is made, and malt doth grow.

" Oh, how they trudg'd and buſſed up and down,  
 To get themſelves a furlong out of town.  
 And how they were becumbered to provide,  
 That had about a mile or two to ride,  
 But when whole houſholds further off were ſent,  
 You would have thought the maſter of it meant  
 To furniſh forth ſome navy, and that he  
 Had got his neighbours venturers to be.  
 For all the near acquaintance thereabout,  
 By lending ſomewhat help to ſet them out.  
 What hiring was there of our hackney jades ?  
 What ſcouring up of old and ruſty blades ?  
 What running to and fro was there to borrow  
 A ſafeguard, or a cloak, until the morrow ?  
 What ſhift made Jack for girths ! what ſhift made Gillian,  
 To get her neighbour's footſtool to her pillion,  
 Which are not yet returned ? How great the pothor  
 To furniſh or unfurniſh one another,  
 In this great voyage did there then appear ;  
 And what a time was that for bankrupts here ?  
 Thoſe who had thought (by night) to ſteal away,  
 Did unſuſpected ſhut up ſhop by day ;  
 And (if good luck it in concluſion prove)  
 Two dangers were eſcap'd at one remove :  
 Some hired palfreys for a day or twaine,  
 But rode ſo far they came not back againe.  
 Some dealed by their neighbours as the Jews  
 At their departure did th' Ægyptians uſe :  
 And ſome (with what was of their own content)  
 Took up their baggage, and away they went.

" And had you heard how loud the coaches rumbled  
 Beheld how cars and carts together jumbled ;  
 Seen how the ways with people thronged were ;  
 The bands of foot and troops of horſemen there ;  
 What multitudes away by land were ſent ;  
 How many thouſands forth by water went ;  
 And how the wealth of London thence was borne ;  
 You would have wonder'd ; and (almoſt) have ſworn  
 The city had been leaving her foundation,  
 And ſeeking out another ſituation ;  
 Or, that ſome enemy, with dreadful power,  
 Was coming to beſiege, and to devour."

Our next passage is one in a very different vein; and contains in every line the evidence of an eye-witness, and that that eye-witness was a true poet. The picture is a terribly gloomy and painful one; but let us remember, who only read these things, that our poet beheld them. There is much poetry in this extract; the plague is at its awful work, and death in every form is in the midst of the doomed city.

“ To others, Death, no doubt, himself convey’d  
In other forms, and other pageants played.  
Whilst in her arms the mother thought she kept  
Her infant safe, Death stole him when she slept.  
Sometimes he took the mother’s life away,  
And left the little babe to lye and play  
With her cold breast, and childish game to make  
About those eyes that never more shall wake.

“ Sometimes when friends were talking, he did force  
The one to leave unfinished his discourse.  
Sometimes their marriage meetings he hath thwarted,  
Who thought not they for ever had been parted  
The night before. And many a lovely bride  
He hath deflowered by the bridegroom’s side.  
At ev’ry hand lay one or other dying,  
On ev’ry part were men and women crying;  
One for a husband; for a friend another;  
One for a sister, wife, or only brother:  
Some children for their parents moan were making;  
Some for the loss of servants care were taking;  
Some parents for a child; and some again  
For loss of all their children did complain.  
The mother dared not to close her eyes,  
Through fear, that while she sleeps, her baby dies.  
Wives trusted not their husbands out of door,  
Left they might back again return no more.  
And, in their absence, if they did but hear  
One knock or call in haste, they quak’d through fear,

That some unlucky messenger had brought  
 The news of those mischances they forethought.  
 And if, with care and grief o'er-tired they slept,  
 They dream'd of ghosts and graves, and shriekt and wept."

What a street-scene is this !

" Here one man stagger'd by, with visage pale ;  
 There, lean'd another, grunting on a stall.  
 A third, half dead, lay gasping for his grave ;  
 A fourth did out at window call and rave ;  
 Yon came the bearers sweating from the pit,  
 To fetch more bodies to replenish it.  
 A little further off, one sits and shows  
 The spots, which he Death's tokens doth suppose,  
 (Ere such they be) and makes them so indeed."

We conclude these quotations from Wither's  
 " Britain's Remembrancer," with his own thanks-  
 giving for his safety and preservation.

" Oh ! God, how great a blessing, then, didst thou  
 Confer upon me ! And what grace allow ?  
 Oh ! what am I, and what my parentage ?  
 That thou, of all the children of this age,  
 Didst choose out me, so highly to prefer,  
 As of thy acts to be a register ?  
 And give me fortitude and resolution  
 To stay and view thy judgment's execution ;  
 That I should live to see thy angel here,  
 Ev'n in his greatest dreadfulness appear ?  
 That when a thousand fell before my face,  
 And at my right hand, in as little space  
 Ten thousand more, I should be still protected  
 From that contagious blast, which them infected !  
 That, when of arrows thou didst shoot a flight  
 So thick by day, and such a storm by night  
 Of poison'd shafts ; I, then, should walk among  
 The sharpest of them ; and yet pass along  
 Unharm'd ? And that I should behold the path  
 Which thou didst pace in thy hot burning wrath,  
 Yet not consume to ashes."



In 1641 Wither published his "Halleluiah, or Britain's Second Remembrancer," containing some very fine hymns, a specimen or two of which we shall give before concluding this paper. About this time a great change came over the poet, and the Royalist became a hot and zealous Puritan. Much abuse has been heaped upon Wither for this; but it should be remembered that this was a time of sudden changes. In all periods of revolution men are rapidly influenced; and passion often rules where judgment has little power. The old land-marks are suddenly displaced, and men conscientiously leave a cause or change principles for which a few hours past they would willingly, nay, eagerly, have given up their properties, their persons, and their lives. The changes of such times must not be judged by the colder and more gradual changes which occur in ordinary times. We should hesitate to say, with Mr. Farr, that "This change in the sentiments of Wither is evidently the fruit of disappointment." Wither, it is true, up to this date, speaks warmly of the Church and the Throne; but his religious views always inclined towards Puritanism. The Plague was in 1625, and soon after its occurrence "The Britain's Remembrancer" was published. This poem is full of evidence of the Puritan feelings of its author; and we all know how easily the mind is influenced in its changes

when so predisposed to sympathise with the thinkings of a party. The step is not very far then to sympathising with and joining in their acts. In 1646, says Mr. Farr, "he had become as fiery a Puritan as any in England." The truth is, that he was always more or less one of that body; and in the above year openly advocated their cause, and proclaimed himself of their party. There is little reason to doubt the sincerity of the change.

Whether sincere or not, Wither suffered for his conduct at the Restoration. "His property was confiscated; and all his MSS. and books were seized under a warrant from Secretary Nicholas, while he himself was sent to Newgate. He was subsequently removed to the Tower, where he appears to have remained for more than a year. Campbell says that he died in the Tower; but this is a mistake, for he was released on the 27th of July, 1663, after having given bond for his good behaviour."\*

Wither's life was henceforth one of sorrow. To quote from the author to whom we have been chiefly indebted for the incidents of the poet's life, "The pestilence and the fire so thinned and separated the poet's friends, that he contemplated retirement 'to a solitary habitation in the place of his nativity,' but this intention was abandoned on

\* Edward Farr. Introduction prefixed to Wither's Hymns and Songs, in Mr. Russell Smith's admirable "Library of Old Authors."

the advice of some of his few remaining friends. But his end was drawing nigh. His 'path had gradually been growing rougher and more painful, as he wound deeper into the vale of years,' but it is pleasing to observe, from some of the last words traced by the poet's pen, that, after all the storms, roughnesses of life, his faith remained unshaken, and that he awaited his final summons with the calm fortitude of a genuine Christian. He died on the 2nd of May, 1667, and was buried in the church belonging to the Savoy Hospital in the Strand.

"According to Aubrey, Wither married Elizabeth Emerson, of South Lambeth, who was a great wit, and could also write verse. How tenderly he was attached to his consort many touching passages in his poetry testify. No mention is made of her death, but it seems probable that she preceded him to the tomb. His wife had borne him six children, but one only, a daughter, survived her parents.

"The private character of Wither was one of almost patriarchal simplicity. It was a reflex of his poetry. As a son, a friend, a parent, and a husband, never did character shine more brightly. Austerely simple and unostentatious, he loathed the fawning adulation of the age in which he lived. To use his own language,

" 'When any bow'd to me with congees trim,  
All I could do was stand and laugh at him :

Bless me! I thought, what will this coxcomb do?  
When I perceived one reaching at my shoe.'

"In his habits he was very temperate. His chief indulgence was in the luxury of smoking. In Newgate his pipe was a solace to him, and he gratefully acknowledged God's mercy in wrapping up 'a blessing in a weed.' "

Wither was a very prolific author. His verses are numbered by their thousands, and none of them are very dull reading. Others, on the contrary, are most delightful and refreshing. Much of his poetry beautifully illustrates and proves the truth of Mr. Farr's character of the man. Simple, natural, unostentatious, it comes from the heart of a genuine poet and a genuine Christian. Not altogether free from the sins of the age, he yet escapes them to a wonderful extent. He had in his own mind a true standard of, and in his own heart a true feeling for, poetry. The age in many things was a curious one, full of affectations, quaintnesses, artificialities, recondite fancies, and pedantic conceits. And all these characteristics abounded in its poetry. It was the age of figure-hunting and conceit-chasing, not only to the verge of the ridiculous, but often into the very midst of the region of filliness. Wither does not altogether escape, but compared with many of his contemporaries, his poetry is a clear mountain stream bright and sparkling,

while theirs is a dull, leaden, and muddy stagnation of waters. When he errs, it is against his better judgment, and in violation of his better taste. In his Preface to his "Emblems" he speaks on this matter, and curious and recondite as most of the Emblems are, he justifies their simplicity, and the absence of the peculiarities which the age it seems required, in the following noticeable words: "I take little pleasure in rhymes, fictions, or conceited compositions for their own sakes; neither could I ever take so much pains, as to spend time to put my meanings into other words than such as flowed forth without study: partly because I delight more in matter than in wordy flourishes; but chiefly because these wordy conceits, which by some are accounted most elegant, are not only for the greater part empty sounds and impertinent clinches in themselves, but such inventions as do sometime also obscure the sense to common readers; and serve to little other purpose but for witty men to shew tricks to one another; for the ignorant understand them not, and the wise need them not. So much of them, as without darkening the matters to them that most need instruction, may be made use of to stir up the affections, win attention, or help the memory, I approve, and make use of to those good purposes, according as my leisure and the measure of my faculties will permit." He certainly did

this a little more than was necessary for the purposes mentioned ; but that he could write free from any of the entanglements he thus deprecates, that he could sing as naturally and as sweetly as the lark in the "blinding sky," the following beautiful passage from the "Shepherd's Hunting," will sufficiently testify. It has won, and must win, the admiration of all who have a true appreciation and love of natural poetry. This was written in the Marshalsea :—

" See'st thou not in clearest days,  
Oft thick fogs cloud heaven's rays ;  
And that vapours which do breathe  
From the earth's gross womb beneath,  
Seem not to us with black steams,  
To pollute the sun's bright beams,  
And yet vanish into air,  
Leaving it unblemish'd fair ?  
So, my Willy, shall it be,  
With Detraction's breath in thee :  
It shall never rise so high,  
As to stain thy poetry.  
As that sun doth oft exhale  
Vapours from each rotten vale ;  
Poetry so sometimes drains  
Gross conceits from muddy brains ;  
Mists of envy, fogs of spite,  
'Twixt men's judgments and her light ;  
But so much her power may do,  
That she can dissolve them too.  
If thy verse do bravely tower,  
As she makes wing she gets power ;  
Yet the higher she doth soar,  
She's affronted still the more ;  
Till she to the high'st hath past,  
Then she rests with fame at last :

Let nought therefore thee affright,  
But make forward in thy flight;  
For if I could match thy rhyme,  
To the very stars I'd climb;  
There begin again and fly  
Till I reach'd eternity.  
But, alas! my muse is slow;  
For thy place she flags too low;  
Yea, the more's her hapless fate,  
Her short wings were clipt too late:  
And poor I, her fortune rueing,  
Am myself put up a mewling:  
But if I my cage can rid,  
I'll fly where I never did:  
And though for her sake I am crost,  
Though my best hopes I have lost,  
And knew she would make my trouble  
Ten times more than ten times double;  
I should love and keep her too,  
Spite of all the world can do.  
For, though banish'd from my flocks,  
And confin'd within these rocks,  
Here I waste away the light,  
And consume the fullen night,  
She doth for my comfort stay,  
And keeps many cares away.  
Though I miss the flowery fields,  
With those sweets the spring-tide yields,  
Though I may not see those groves,  
Where the shepherds chant their loves,  
And the lasses more excel  
Than the sweet-voiced Philomel.  
Though of all these pleasures past,  
Nothing now remains at last,  
But Remembrance, poor relief,  
That more makes than mends my grief;\*  
She's my mind's companion still,  
Maugre Envy's evil will.

---

\* This is truth the poet sings,  
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is rememb'ring happier things."  
TENNYSON.

(Whence she would be driven, too,  
 Were 't in mortal's power to do.)  
 She doth tell me where to borrow,  
 Comfort in the midst of sorrow :  
 Makes the desolatest place  
 In her presence be a grace ;  
 And the blackest discontents,  
 To be pleasing ornaments.  
 In my former days of bliss,  
 Her divine skill taught me this,  
 That from everything I saw,  
 I could some invention draw :  
 And raise pleasure to her height,  
 Through the meanest object's sight,  
 By the murmur of a spring,  
 Or the least bough's rustling.  
 By a daisy whose leaves spread,  
 Shut when Titan goes to bed ;  
 Or a shady bush or tree,  
 She could more infuse in me,  
 Than all Nature's beauties can  
 In some other wiser man.  
 By her help I also now  
 Make this churlish place allow  
 Some things that may sweeten gladness,  
 In the very gall of sadness.  
 The dull loneliness, the black shade,  
 That these hanging vaults have made :  
 The strange music of the waves,  
 Beating on these hollow caves :  
 This black den which rocks imbos,  
 Overgrown with eldest moss ;  
 The rude portals that give light,  
 More to Terror than Delight :  
 This my chamber of Neglect,  
 Wall'd about with Disrespect,  
 From all these and this dull air,  
 A fit object for despair,  
 She hath taught me by her might,  
 To draw comfort and delight.  
 Therefore, thou best earthly bliss,  
 I will cherish thee for this.



Poefy, thou sweet'ft content,  
That e'er heaven to mortals lent :  
Though they as a trifle leave thee,  
Whofe dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,  
Though thou be to them a fcorn,  
That to nought but earth are born,  
Let my life no longer be  
Than I am in love with thee.  
Though our wife ones call thee madnefs,  
Let me never tafte of gladnefs,  
If I love not thy madd'ft fits  
More than all their greateft wits.  
And though fome, too, feeming holy,  
Do account thy raptures folly,  
Thou doft teach me to contemn  
What makes knaves and fools of them."

Wither's "Hymns and Songs of the Church" are admirable fpecimens of devotional poetry. It is a difficult task to put into Englifh metre the magnificent fongs and pfalms of the Old Testament; and we know of no verfion which can compare for fimplicity and grandeur with our own profe verfion as given in the Bible. Our minds have from childhood been affociated with its beautiful and homely drefs, and the addition of rhyme feems more like an impertinence than an ornament. It almoft feems to us rash beyond meafure to put the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, the Apoftles' Creed, and other equally well known religious formularies, into eights and fixes. Yet this Wither has done; and we wifh he had not. The fame objection does not apply to other parts of the work, and the Song of Mofes, the Song of Deborah and Barak, the

Canticles, the Songs for the various Apostles' days, and so on, are not subject to the same objection ; still the reading of them, even in Wither's verse, can only serve to increase our love for the source whence he derived his inspiration, and make us turn with renewed pleasure to the originals. In such compositions the only praise which can be accorded is, that their author has been faithful to his text ; that he has employed no meretricious ornaments ; and that his language is simple and nervous ; and his verse musical. These requirements our poet has fulfilled ; and his fame in no wise suffers from his "Hymns and Songs." We select two examples, one from the Old and the other from the New Testament portions of his work. The first has a sweet lyrical flow which is in rare accordance with the subject :—

“ THE FIRST CANTICLE.

I

“ Come, kiss me with those lips of thine ;  
For better are thy loves than wine ;  
And as the powered ointments be,  
Such is the favour of thy name.  
And for the sweetness of the same,  
The virgins are in love with thee.

2

“ Begin but thou to draw me on,  
And then we after thee will run ?  
Oh, King, thy chambers bring me to ;  
So we in thee delight shall find,  
And more than wine thy love will find,  
And love thee as the righteous do,

## 3

“ And daughters of Jerufalem,  
I pray you do not me contemn,  
Because that black I now appear;  
For I as lovely am (I know)  
As Kedar tents (appear in show)  
Of Solomon his curtains are.

## 4

“ Though black I am, regard it not  
It is but fun-beam I have got,  
Whereof my mother's fons were caufe;  
Their vineyard keeper me they made,  
(Through envy which to me they had)  
So my own vine neglected was.

## 5

“ Thou whom my foul doth beft affect,  
Unto thy pastures me direct,  
Where thou at noon art stretched along;  
For why should I be straggling spied,  
Like her that loves to turn aside,  
Thy fellow-shepherd's flocks among?

## 6

“ Oh, faireft of all womankind!  
(If him thou know not where to find)  
Go where the paths of cattle are;  
Their tracks of footsteps stray not from,  
Till to the fhepherds' tents thou come,  
And feed thy tender kidlings there.

## 7

“ My love thou art, of greater force  
Than Pharaoh's troops of chariot horfe;  
Thy cheeks and neck made lovely be,  
With rows of ftones, and many a chain;  
And we gold borders will ordain,  
Beset with filver studs for thee.”

We confefs to a confiderable partiality to our  
author's Hymn on St. Stephen's Day; and there-

fore fondly hope that others may take it in like favour. It has strength and earnestness; and is a grand example of Wither's power:—

“ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.

1

“Lord, with what zeal did thy first martyr breathe  
Thy blessed truth, to such as him withstood!  
With what stout mind embraced he his death!  
A holy witness sealing with his blood!  
The praise is thine, that him so strong didst make,  
And blest is he, that died for thy sake.

2

“Unquenched love in him appear'd to be,  
When for his murd'rous foes he did intreat:  
A piercing eye made bright by faith had he,  
For he beheld Thee in Thy glory set;  
And so unmov'd his patience he did keep,  
He died, as if he had but fallen asleep.

3

“Our lukewarm hearts with his hot zeal inflame,  
So constant, and so loving, let us be;  
So let us living glorify Thy name;  
So let us dying fix our eyes on Thee:  
And when the sleep of Death shall us o'ertake  
With him to life eternal us awake.”

Of Wither's “Emblems” we give the one on Love, which the critic in the “Retrospective Review” calls “lively, ingenious, and delightful.”

“If to his thoughts my comments have assented,  
By whom the following Emblem was invented,  
I'll hereby teach you, ladies, to discover  
A true-bred Cupid from a fancied lover;  
And show, if you have wooers, which be they,  
That worthiest are to bear your hearts away.

“ As is the boy which here you pictured see,  
Let them be young, or let them, rather be,  
Of fuiting years, which is instead of youth,  
And woo you in the nakedness of truth ;  
Not in the common and disguised clothes,  
Of mimic gestures, compliments, and oaths,  
Let them be winged with a swift desire ;  
And not with slow affection, that will tire.  
But look to this as to the principal ;  
That Love do make them truly musical.  
For Love’s a good musician : and will show  
How every faithful lover may be so.

“ Each word he speaks will presently appear,  
To be melodious raptures in your ear ;  
Each gesture of his body, when he moves,  
Will seem to play, or sing a song of loves :  
The very looks and motions of the eyes  
Will touch your heart-strings with sweet harmonies ;  
And if the name of him be but exprest,  
’Twill cause a thousand quaverings in your breast.  
Nay, ev’n those discords, which occasion’d are,  
Will make your music much the sweeter far.  
And such a moving diapason strike,  
As none but Love can ever play the like.”

No specimens of the Puritan Poet’s genius  
would be complete did they not contain his famous  
song : —

“ Shall I, waiving in despair,  
Die because a woman’s fair ?  
Or make pale my cheeks with care,  
’Cause another’s rosy are ?  
Be she fairer than the day,  
Or the flow’ry meads of May ;  
If she be not so to me,  
What care I how fair she be ?

“ Shall my foolish heart be pin’d,  
’Cause I see a woman kind ?

Or a well-disposed nature,  
 Joined with a lovely feature?  
 Be she meeker, kinder, than  
 The turtle-dove or pelican;  
     If she be not so to me,  
 What care I how kind she be?

“ Shall a woman’s virtues move  
 Me to perish for her love?  
 Or, her well-deservings known,  
 Make me quite forget mine own?  
 Be she with that goodness blest,  
 Which may merit name as best;  
     If she be not such to me,  
 What care I how good she be?

“ ‘Cause her fortune seems too high,  
 Shall I play the fool, and die?  
 Those that bear a noble mind,  
 Where they want of riches find,  
 Think what with them they would do,  
 That without them dare to woo;  
     And, unless that mind I see,  
 What care I how great she be?

“ Great or good, or kind or fair,  
 I will ne’er the more despair:  
 If she love me, this believe—  
 I will die ere she shall grieve.  
 If she slight me when I woo,  
 I can scorn, and let her go:  
     If she be not fit for me,  
 What care I for whom she be?”

Above all the works of Wither we confess to a love of his “Halleluiah, or Britain’s Second Remembrancer.” This volume contains hymns for almost every possible condition and circumstance in which a man can be placed during his pilgrimage on earth. Nothing can be finer either in spirit or

execution than many of these devotional pieces. Poetry of the highest order abounds in them. The pure fire of heaven inspires you as you read, even as it inspired the poet when he wrote them. A fine religious fervour and a rich lyrical flow are oftener united than from some of Wither's other works you would anticipate. In some of these hymns he has concentrated his whole genius; and his genius under its best influences. The opening poem is a magnificent outburst of devotional and poetic feeling; and is well entitled

“ A GENERAL INVITATION TO PRAISE GOD.

I

“ Come, oh come in pious lays,  
Sound we God Almighty's praise;  
Hither bring in one consent,  
Heart and voice and instrument.  
Music add of every kind;  
Sound the trump, the cornet wind;  
Strike the viol, touch the lute;  
Let no tongue nor string be mute;  
Nor a creature dumb be found,  
That hath either voice or sound.

2

“ Let those things which do not live,  
In still music praises give:  
Lowly pipe, ye worms that creep  
On the earth, or in the deep:  
Loud aloft your voices strain,  
Beasts and monsters of the main:  
Birds, your warbling treble sing;  
Clouds, your peals of thunder ring:  
Sun and moon, exalted higher,  
And bright stars, augment this choir.

## 3

"Come, ye sons of human race,  
 In this chorus take a place;  
 And amid the mortal throng,  
 Be you masters of the song.  
 Angels and supernal powers,  
 Be the noblest tenor yours;  
 Let in praise of God, the sound  
 Run in never-ending round;  
 That our song of praise may be  
 Everlasting as is He.

## 4

"From earth's vast and hollow womb,  
 Music's deepest basis may come;  
 Seas and floods, from shore to shore,  
 Shall their counter-tenors roar.  
 To this concert, when we sing,  
 Whistling winds, your descants bring;  
 That our song may overclimb  
 All the bounds of place and time,  
 And ascend from sphere to sphere,  
 To the great Almighty's ear.

## 5

"So, from heaven, on earth he shall  
 Let his gracious blessings fall;  
 And this huge wide orb we see,  
 Shall one choir, one temple be;  
 Where, in such a praiseful tone  
 We will sing what he hath done,  
 That the cursed fiends below  
 Shall thereat impatient grow.  
 Then, oh come, in pious lays,  
 Sound we God Almighty's praise."

The tenderness and beauty of the following have  
 not often been surpassed:—

"FOR ANNIVERSARY MARRIAGE DAYS.

## 1

"Lord! living here are we  
 As fast united yet,



As when our hands and hearts by Thee  
Together fast were knit ;  
And in a thankful song  
Now sing we will Thy praise,  
For that Thou do'st as well prolong  
Our loving as our days.

2

“ Together we have now  
Begun another year,  
But how much time Thou wilt allow,  
Thou mak'st it not appear :  
We therefore do implore,  
That live and love we may  
Still so, as if but one day more  
Together we should stay.

3

“ Let each of other's wealth  
Preserve a faithful care,  
And of each other's joy and health,  
As if but one soul were ;  
Such conscience let us make,  
Each other not to grieve,  
As if we daily were to take  
Our everlasting leave.

4

“ The frowardness that springs  
From our corrupted kind,  
Or from those troublous outward things  
Which may distract the mind :  
Permit Thou not, O Lord !  
Our constant love to shake,  
Or to disturb our true accord,  
Or make our hearts to ache.

5

“ But let these frailties prove  
Affection's exercise,  
And that discretion teach our love  
Which wins the noblest prize :

So time which wears away,  
 And ruins all things else,  
 Shall fix our love on Thee for aye,  
 In whom perfection dwells."

"In the midst of life we are in death," and the merry marriage peal is closely followed by the knell of death and the funeral dirge. The above hymn is the one next preceding one

FOR AN ANNIVERSARY FUNERAL DAY,  
 and our author adds, "Sing this in sad and ashy weeds." It is very lyrical.

## 1

"The day is now return'd  
 Which is memorial of my friend,  
 When first for him I mourn'd,  
 To set apart I did intend;  
 'Tis now a year  
 Since for my dear,  
 This yearly rite was done,  
 And I as yet  
 Do not forget  
 My losses to bemoan.

## 2

"I must indeed confess,  
 That though to love still true I am,  
 My passions now are less,  
 And that my grief is not the same;  
 For time assures  
 More perfect cures  
 When sorrow woundeth man,  
 Than all the pow'rs  
 Of herbs and flow'rs,  
 Or human reason can.

## 3

"Thy name, O God! I praise,  
 That Thou by time hast eased me so,

For doubtless length of days  
Without Thy mercy lengthens woe ;  
    When Thou dost please  
    From pain to ease,  
We in a night return ;  
    And when we grieve,  
    Thou must relieve,  
Or we shall ever mourn.

## 4

“ That yearly rite, therefore,  
Which to my friend my passion vow'd,  
    Shall honour him the more,  
If in Thy praise it be bestow'd,  
    And if this day  
    Will pass away  
In thankful thoughts of Thee,  
    Which once I meant  
    To have misspent  
In griefs that fruitless be.

## 5

“ Nor is my friend forgot,  
Though thus I turn from him to Thee ;  
    The less I love him not,  
Though now I sing Thy love to me :  
    Whilst Thee I mind,  
    In Thee I find  
My friend again revived ;  
    When him alone  
    I think upon,  
I for one dead am grieved.

## 6

“ The virtues of this friend  
Within myself let me improve,  
    And to that noble end,  
Cause his memorial me to move ;  
    For if we stray  
    From their just way  
Whom we in life approved,

Those whom we seem'd  
To have esteem'd,  
We never truly loved.

## 7

" Lord ! I am drawing near  
To his estate whom I bemoan ;  
Yea, nearer by a year  
Than when this duty last was done :  
And still I come  
The further from  
The state I did deplore,  
As nearer to  
That state I grow  
Which equals rich and poor.

## 8

" Vouchsafe, O God ! I pray,  
That hence removed when I shall be,  
In Thee behold I may  
All those that were beloved of me ;  
Yea, let none here  
To me be dear,  
But those whom I shall find  
Enjoy that love  
In heaven above,  
Which they on earth should mind."

We have before quoted our author's words on the benign and blessed influences of poetry ; we will close our extracts from his " Halleluiah " with his hymn " For a Poet," in reading which we cannot help but feel how high was his own ideal, and how exalted was his view of the poet's vocation.

## I

" By art a poet is not made,  
For though by art some better'd be,  
Immediately his gift he had  
From Thee, O God ! from none but Thee :

And fitted in the womb he was  
To be, by what Thou didst inspire,  
In extraordinary place,  
A chaplain in this lower choir ;  
Most poets future things declare,  
And prophets, true or false, they are.

2

“ They who with meekness entertain,  
And with an humble soul admit,  
Those raptures which Thy grace doth deign,  
Become for Thy true service fit :  
And though the 'scapes which we condemn,  
In these may otherwise be found,  
Thy secrets Thou reveal'st by them,  
And mak'st their tongues Thy praise to sound :  
Such Moses was, such David proved,  
Men famous, holy, and beloved.

3

“ And such, though lower in degree,  
Are some who live among us yet ;  
And they with truth inspired be,  
By musing on Thy Holy Writ ;  
In ordinary some of those  
Upon Thy service do attend,  
Divulging forth in holy prose,  
Thy messages which Thou dost send ;  
And some of these Thy truths display,  
Not in an ordinary way.

4

“ But where this gift puffs up with pride,  
The devil enters in thereby ;  
And through the same doth means provide  
To raise his own inventions high :  
Blasphemous fancies are infused,  
All holy new things are expell'd ;  
He that hath most profanely mused  
Is famed as having most excell'd ;  
And those are priests and prophets made,  
To Him from whom their strains they had.

## 5

" Such were those poets who of old  
 To heathen gods their hymns did frame,  
 Or have blasphemous fables told,  
 To truth's abuse and virtue's blame ;  
     Such are these poets in these days,  
 Who vent the fumes of lust and wine,  
 Then crown each other's heads with bays,  
 As if their poems were divine ;  
     And such, though they some truths foresee,  
     False-hearted and false prophets be.

## 6

" Therefore since I reputed am,  
 Among those few on whom the times  
 Imposed have a poet's name,  
 Lord ! give me grace to shun their crimes ;  
     My precious gift let me employ,  
 Not as imprudent poets use,  
 That grace and virtue to destroy  
 Which I should strengthen by my muse ;  
     But help to free them of the wrongs  
     Sustain'd by drunkards' rhymes and songs.

## 7

" Yea, whilst Thou shalt prolong my days,  
 Lord ! all the musings of my heart,  
 To be advancements of Thy praise,  
 And to the public weal convert :  
     That when to dust I must return,  
 It may not justly be my thought,  
 That to a blessing I was born,  
 Which by abuse a curse hath brought ;  
     But let my conscience truly say,  
     My soul in peace departs away."

That true lover and appreciator of our old poets,  
 Charles Lamb, has, in his essay on the poetry of  
 George Wither, thus admirably summed up his  
 characteristics and merits. He says, " Whether

encaged, or roaming at liberty, Wither never seems to have abated one jot of that free spirit which sets its mark upon his writings, as much as a predominant feature of independence impresses every page of our late glorious Burns; but the elder poet wraps his proof armour closer about him, the other wears his too much outwards; he is thinking too much of annoying the foe to be quite easy within; the spiritual defences are a perpetual source of inward sunshine; the magnanimity of the modern is not without its alloy of foreness, and a sense of injustice which seems perpetually to gall and irritate. Wither was better skilled in the 'sweet uses of adversity;' he knew how to extract the 'precious jewel' from the head of the 'toad,' without drawing any of the 'ugly venom' along with it. The prison notes of Wither are finer than the wood notes of most of his poetical brethren. The description in the Fourth Eclogue of his *Shepherd's Hunting*\* (which was composed during his imprisonment in the Marshalsea) of the power of the Muse to extract pleasure from common objects, has been oftener quoted, and is more known, than any part of his writings. Indeed, the whole Eclogue is in a strain so much above not only what himself, but what almost any other poet has written, that he himself could not help noticing it; he remarks that his

\* Quoted at page 170.

spirits had been raised higher than they were wont, 'through the love of poesy.' The praises of poetry have been often sung in ancient and in modern times; strange powers have been ascribed to it of influence over animate and inanimate auditors; its force over fascinated crowds has been acknowledged; but before Wither, no one ever celebrated its power *at home*, the wealth and the strength which this divine gift confers upon its possessor. Fame, and that too after death, was all which hitherto the poets had promised themselves from this art. It seems to have been left to Wither to discover that poetry was a present possession, as well as a rich reversion, and that the Muse had a promise of both lives,—of this, and of that which was to come."

What more can, or need be said? We can but say of his works what he has himself so beautifully said of woman's beauty :

" Her true beauty leaves behind  
Apprehensions in my mind  
Of more sweetness than all art  
Or inventions can impart.  
Thoughts too deep to be express'd,  
And too strong to be suppress'd."



## LOVELACE, THE CAVALIER.



PARLIAMENTARIAN, Commonwealth's man as I am upon principle and conviction, I cannot help admiring the Cavaliers. Gallant, gay, loyal, devoted, and unselfish, indifferent to life and fortune in the cause they supported, some of the choicest virtues of our nature were possessed by these "curled darlings of the land." While the Puritans were struggling for truth, and light, and liberty, the very necessities of a brave and noble life, the Cavaliers had that which made life fair and beautiful. All the graces and amenities of life were theirs. They loved music and drawing, poetry, the drama, painting—all things in short that are wisely and truly considered as shedding a grace upon and giving a sweetness to existence. The one sought after and obtained the strong, stern daily bread, the others rejoiced in the flowers and wine of life. Both showed equal devotion, bravery and daring, but with this difference—the Puritans were devoted to a good cause, the Cavaliers to a weak bad man, who used their services, their money, their swords,

but never scrupled to sacrifice them when such sacrifice served or appeared to serve his own ends. Looking back upon that struggle, it is impossible not to love and pity the men who through battle and loss, and ruin, exile, poverty, neglect and death, still adhered to the cause of Charles the First, and wept, and toiled, and bled, and prayed for the restoration of Charles the Second.

It is true that many of them were riotous, roystering, swaggering blades, drunk deeply, swore roundly, gambled madly, and were very loose livers in other respects. A good deal of this reckless, bravado sort of life was however put on, and was not so much the nature of the men, as a sign of their antagonism to the Roundhead. Whatever was most opposed in thought, word and deed to the enemies of the king was sure to be adopted by his friends. The Puritan prayed, therefore the Cavalier swore; the one sang only psalms or hymns, therefore the other chanted loose songs and roared out wild bacchanalian staves, and "roused the night-owl with a catch." To the one, stage-plays were an abomination, a device and invention of the evil one; the others, therefore, were the sworn friends of the actor and the devotees of the theatre. From their intense hatred of "papistry," and the use which the Roman Church had made of that art in forcing what they called the "service of

idolatry," the Puritans abused, and, where they could, too often destroyed works of inestimable value; this only made the Cavaliers more zealous lovers of the fine arts, and more vociferous in publishing the fact. Whatever could distinguish them from their foes, even when it penetrated more deeply than in letting their hair flow in ringlets down their backs, because the Puritans cut theirs short; or in wearing rich and coloured clothes, because the Puritans adopted drab as "their only wear," and affected the morals of themselves and of their party, the Cavaliers did not hesitate to win and keep a distinction based upon dissoluteness of living, and shameless effrontery of sin. The absurd peculiarities and the frequent hypocrisies of the Puritans also tended to keep up the wantonness of the Royalists. To be the very opposite of what he hated, and to appear even more opposite than he truly was, became the actuating feeling of the Cavalier. The short-cut hair, the lengthened, serious face, the downcast eye, the sombre suit, the nasal twang, the "six-mile prayers and three-mile graces" of the Roundhead were sure to provoke long hair, frank open face, staring looks, gay and coloured clothes, loud-ringing voice, and short devotions in the Cavalier. And this would go on until in the desire to make the distinction as broad and marked as possible he would put on a vice,

although he had it not, so that the world might know that he at least was none of the "vile canting crew." This is natural. We all know what a temptation it is, when oppressed by the piety of the "unco gude," to say something extremely wicked which shall make them blush into silence. The feeling that any one is protesting too much is sure to raise an antagonism that will go into the opposite extreme. The "righteous overmuch" are often the cause of much sin besides their own. The assumption of a too rigid piety provokes the assumption of a laxness that is not felt, and men often appear worse than they are from disgust at cant, bigotry, and hypocrisy. So it was, to a very large extent, with the Cavalier. He was not so bad as he seemed. His vices were often of the surface, while his virtues were deep-seated although never or rarely obtruded. As with the true Roman Catholic a firm faith in the infallibility of the Pope and the divine power of the Church covers, or may cover, a multitude of sins; so with the Royalist a devotion to Charles, and a professed belief in the English Church, held the place of and did duty for all the virtues of which the Puritans made such a fuss. He was a good citizen and a true believer who allowed the king to be his conscience in politics, and the Church to be his conscience in religion. The holding of these two articles of faith thoroughly

allowed "ample room and verge enough" for free living, and wild doings in other respects. And when the greatest of all mortal offences was to be or to seem to be a Puritan, the road to the very opposite of all that Puritanism did and required of its professors was easy for such hearty and deadly foes as were the Cavaliers. They, at least, would show the world that they had no fear of being thought wicked in the cause of the church and the king—and too often the king was put before the church; and rather than not be esteemed good royalists they preferred not to be esteemed good men.

Yet where shall we look for many of the noblest traits of our nature, if not to these devoted foldiers of a ruinous cause, and an unworthy leader? Of the men who gathered round Charles, scarcely any counted life or money dear to them so that they might spend and be spent in his service. From them you might select examples of every virtue and nobleness of which man is capable. The most generous self-sacrifice, the purest loyalty, the sublimest devotion, and the most heroic courage, were with them. Many, nay, the most of these men, wild, reckless, and wicked as they appeared to their contemporaries, and too often were in fact, would not have scrupled to lay down their lives to save him whom they called master. This with a smile,

o

a cheerful grace, and a courtlinefs, they too often did. Their fervice was generally unrewarded, their devotion unrecognifed, their worth flighted; but none the lefs were they ready to ferve and be again unrewarded; none the lefs were they at their king's beck and call to do whatfoever he willed, although certain that when that will was done they and their doings would hold no place on the treacherous tablets of the royal brain. Such were the Royalifts of England; and of thofe Royalifts a nobler, a gayer, a gallanter, and one more devoted to the caufe, could not be found than Richard Lovelace, the Cavalier.

Nearly all that we know of the life of Lovelace to be found in Wood's *Athenæ Oxoniens*. From this fource all that has been written of him fince has been borrowed. Something more about his family has been provided by other writers, but none have increafed our knowledge of the poet himfelf. Hafted, in his *History of Kent*, has many fattered notices of the Lovelaces; and a writer, in the fifti-firft and fifti-fecund volumes of "The Gentleman's Magazine," has given feveral papers on the fubject; but ftill Wood is our beft and moft original fource for all that we know, or perhaps are ever likely to know, of him who has immortalifed his prifon life by that glorious fong, of which a ftanza forms the motto to this book. To Wood then we fhall

revert, and from his pages gather our facts for this sketch of the life of Richard Lovelace.

Richard Lovelace was the eldest son of Sir William Lovelace, of Woollidge, in Kent, and was born in that county in the beginning of the year 1618. At the age of sixteen, after having received his first education in Charter-house school, near London, he became a gentleman commoner of Gloucester-hall, Oxford. He was then, says Wood, "accounted the most amiable and beautiful person that ever eye beheld, a person also of innate modesty, virtue and courtly deportment, which made him then, but especially after, when he retired to the great city, much admired and adored by the female sex." \* This attractiveness of person seems to have served him well; for we find that in the year 1636, when the king and queen were entertained at Oxford, young Lovelace, although a student of but two years standing, was, at the request "of a great lady belonging to the queen made to the Archbishop of Canterbury, then Chancellor of the University, actually created, among other persons of quality, Master of Arts." † Such a thing was not likely to lessen the young man's reputation, or to weaken his influence with the fair sex. From the university he passed to the court, and there lived in great

\* Wood's "Athenæ Oxoniensis." Bliss's edition, vol. III., p. 460.

† Ibid, p. 460.

splendour. He was taken into the favour of George Lord Goring, afterwards Earl of Norwich. In his service young Lovelace became a soldier, and as ensign was engaged in the Scottish expedition of 1639. In the second expedition to that country he was commissioned as a captain in the same regiment. About this time he wrote his tragedy called the "Soldier," a play which has not yet been put upon the stage.

His short spell of soldiering over, Captain Lovelace, on the pacification of Berwick, retired to his country-seat, Lovelace Place, in the parish of Bethenden, at Canterbury, Chart, Halden, &c., worth at least 500*l.* per annum. He was, as might be readily anticipated, a thorough-going Royalist; and the county of Kent having drawn up their famous petition to the House of Commons, praying that the king might be restored to his rights, and the government settled, Lovelace was selected to present it. For this presentation his reward was a commitment to prison. The Gatehouse at Westminster was the prison made famous by being the place in which he wrote some of his best poems, including that delightful one to Althea, which will be quoted when we come to speak of his works. His term of "durance vile" was not a very protracted one, but the surety demanded was a very large one. After three or four months' confine-



ment he was liberated on bail of 40,000*l.*, not to stir out of the lines of communication without a pass from the speaker. Still he was most active in the king's cause. Out of his own purse he furnished men with horses and arms, equipped his two brothers, Colonel Francis Lovelace and Captain William Lovelace, who was afterwards killed at Caermarthen. He also maintained his other brother, Dudley Posthumus Lovelace, in Holland, where he was studying tactics and fortification. "After the rendition of Oxford garrison in 1646, he formed a regiment for the service of the French king, was colonel of it, and wounded at Dunkirk; and in 1648, returning into England, he, with Dudley Posthumus before mention'd, then a captain under him, were both committed prisoners to Peterhouse, in London, where he fram'd his poems for the press." \*

The volume thus prepared is the 1649 edition, entitled, "*Lucaſta: Epodes, Odes, Sonnets, Songs, &c.*," and Wood tells us that "The reason why he gave that title was because, some time before, he had made his amours to a gentlewoman of great beauty and fortune, named Lucy Sacheverel, whom he usually called *Lux Caſta*; but she, upon a strong report that Lovelace was dead of his wound

\* Wood's "*Athenæ Oxoniensis*." Bliss's edition, vol. III., p. 462.

received at Dunkirk, soon after married." \* With "Lucaſta," he alſo publiſhed "Amarantha, a Paſtoral," which Henry Lawes ſet to muſic. After the execution of Charles, Lovelace was ſet at liberty; and lived, according to Aubrey and Wood, in great poverty and diſtreſs, in which he died. This melancholy end of an active and noble life is thus recorded by Wood. After telling us of his being ſet at liberty, he continues, "and having by that time conſumed all his eſtate, grew very melancholy (which brought him at length into a conſumption), became very poor in body and purſe, was the object of charity, went in ragged cloaths (whereas when he was in his glory he wore cloth of gold and ſilver), and moſtly lodged in obſcure and dirty places, more befitting the worſt of beggars and pooreſt of ſervants, &c. \* \* \* He died in a very mean lodging in Gunpowder Alley, near Shoe-lane, and was buried at the weſt end of the Church of S. Bride, alias Bridget, in London, near to the body of his kinfman, Will Lovelace of Grey's-Inn, eſq., in ſixteen hundred fifty and eight, having before been accounted by all thoſe that well knew him to have been a perſon well verſ'd in the Greek and Lat. poets; in muſic, whether practical or theoretical, inſtrumental or

\* Wood's "Athenæ Oxoniæſis." Blisſ's edition, vol. III., p. 462.

vocal, and in other things befitting a gentleman. Some of the said persons have also added in my hearing, that his common discourse was not only significant and witty, but incomparably graceful, which drew respect from all men and women. Many other things I could now say of him, relating either to his most generous mind in his prosperity, or dejected estate in his worst state of poverty, but for brevity's sake I shall now pass them by."\*

The following is Aubrey's brief account of Lovelace. He says: "Richard Lovelace, esq., obiit in a cellar in Long Acre, a little before the restoration of his matie. Mr. Edm. Wyld, &c., had made collections for him and given him money. He was of — in Kent, £500, or more. He was an extraordinary handsome man, but proud. He wrote a poem called *Lucastra*, 8vo., 1649. He was of Gloucester-hall, as I have been told. He had two younger brothers, viz., Col. Fr. L., and another that died at Carmarthen. George Petty, haberdasher, in Fleetstreet, carried xx s. to him every Munday morning from Sir ——— Many and Charles Cotton, esq., for months, but was never repaid."†

A writer in the "Retrospective Review" for 1821 throws some doubt about the extreme poverty in which Lovelace died; and we sincerely hope that

\* Wood's "*Athenæ Oxoniensis*," vol. III., pp. 462-3.

† Ibid, note to pp. 462-3.

such was not the real state of his last few years of existence. Such a termination to such a career is too sad to be welcome, and we should rejoice at any well-founded proof of the contrary. The Reviewer says, "Aubrey is by no means esteemed very highly, and it is to be hoped that the accurate Anthony à Wood has, in this instance, somewhat exaggerated the misery of our unfortunate author, or been in some measure misinformed. For it appears that Lovelace's daughter, who married Lord ——'s (son or) nephew, brought her husband the family estates in Kent, though it is possible that during her father's lifetime, the rents may have been entirely in the hands of the creditors of Lovelace, or, if they had been previously sold, they may, at the Restoration, have been returned to his family. Yet he left two, if not three, brothers behind him, who do not appear to have been in want, and who, it is hardly probable, would permit their brother to fall into the abject state above described. Especially as the greatest affection indubitably existed among them, and since Dudley Posthumus was indebted to his elder brother for his rank and education; for whose memory he appears to have had such a regard, that he, immediately after his death, collected and published his remains. Moreover, the numerous elegies upon his death, which are collected at the end of the

posthumous "Lucaſta," are not in the ſtrain which might have been expected, had Lovelace died in the friendleſs and wretched ſtate deſcribed by Wood and Aubrey." \*

The above quotation gives ſufficient reaſons for a doubt upon the ſubject; and when it is attended with ſuch a pleaſant thought as that the poet was not in ſuch diſtreſſed and penurious circumſtances, and that his death was not ſo gloomily melancholy as has been generally ſuppoſed, we are only too willing to take up the doubt and believe that the ſadneſs and ſorrow of his laſt days have been exaggerated. Compared with his former affluence and ſplendour, his end may have been in narrow and ſtraightened circumſtances; for fate was adverſe to him, and fortune was not kind; and his cauſe was the loſing one, and his wealth, as we have ſeen, had been generouſly expended in that cauſe; ſtill there is room to ſuppoſe that he had not to beg or borrow, or to be a dependant on the bounty of the charitable for his daily bread. That he died poor is certain; but that he died in ſuch abject poverty and wretchedneſs as his biographers deſcribe, is happily doubtful. For his ſake we truſt that it was not ſo.

We muſt now paſs from the author to his works;

\* "Retrospective Review," vol. iv., note to pp. 118-19.

and it is to be confessed that there is not much true and genuine poetry in Lovelace. Like almost all of his contemporaries, he abounds in idle conceits, in false images, in quaint and far-fetched similes, in all the mistaken adornments of a curious rather than a rich or chastened fancy. Long and meaningless displays of ingenuity in verse characterise the larger productions of his muse. Nature is abandoned for the artificial; and such artifice is used as to banish the works, for the most part, from the realm of art as well as from the field of nature. Lovelace was not so pure and graceful a poet as Herrick, and yet as Campbell truly says, "his beauties are so deeply involved in surrounding coarseness and extravagance, as to constitute not a tenth part of his poetry, or rather it may be safely affirmed, that of the 1400 pages of verse which he has left, not an hundred are worth reading."\* So it is with Lovelace. He, like Herrick, has the true lyrical vein; and when he is true to himself, and speaks from his heart, and not from his head only, when he allows his nature free play, and ceases to twist and torture it for idle exercise in verse-making, he could write, and did write what men will ever delight in reading and remembering as long as they are capable of delighting in poetry at all. We shall give a specimen

\* Campbell's "Essay on English Poetry," p. 236.

or two of his worst moments, not of inspiration, but of false worship and puerile devotion to the wretched taste of the times. That he could rise above all this ; that his heart was open at times to the inbreathing of the true spirit of poetry and song, the piece he wrote in the Gatehouse prison, Westminster, is an imperishable proof, as it is a deathless crown of fame to the memory of Lovelace :—

“ TO ALTHEA.

“ HIS BEING IN PRISON. .

“ When Love, with unconfined wings,  
Hover'd within my gates,  
And my divine Althea brings  
To whisper at my grates;  
When I lie tangled in her hair,  
And fetter'd in her eye,—  
The birds that wanton in the air,  
Know not such liberty.

“ When flowing cups run swiftly round,  
With no alloying themes,  
Our careless heads with roses bound,  
Our hearts with loyal flames ;  
When thirsty griefs in wine we steep,  
When healths and draughts are free,—  
Fishes, that tinkle in the deep,  
Know no such liberty.

“ When, like committed linnets, I,  
With shriller notes shall sing  
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,  
And glories of my king ;  
When I shall voice aloud how good  
He is, and great should be,—  
Enlarged winds that curl the flood  
Know no such liberty.

" Stone walls do not a prison make,  
 Nor iron bars a cage,  
 A spotless mind and innocent  
 Calls that a hermitage ;  
 If I have freedom in my love,  
 And in my soul am free,—  
 Angels alone that are above  
 Enjoy such liberty."

The last verse is equal to anything of the kind in the language. In this poem the lyrical spirit of Ben Jonson, and Herrick in his best moods, seems to have possessed our author. It is indeed what Mr. Bliss (from whose version we quote) calls an " exquisite song." Nor is our next much inferior. It is well known to all lovers of poetry, and is stored in the memories of many ; but it will bear quoting again, and so we quote it. It is

" TO LUCASTA.

" ON HIS GOING TO THE WARS.

" Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,  
 That from the nunnery  
 Of thy chaste breast, and quiet mind,  
 To war and arms I fly.

" True, a new mistress now I chase,  
 The first foe in the field ;  
 And, with a stronger faith, embrace  
 A sword, a horse, a shield.

" Yet this inconstancy is such  
 As you too shall adore ;  
 I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
 Lov'd I not honour more."



Is it not a most elegant thing? The last two lines are worthy of being the motto of every lover, and should be the text a wise maiden would apply to ascertain his worth; for he who values even the possession of his mistress more highly than he values his honour, is not worthy of the love of a true and pure-minded woman. Unfortunately Lovelace did not always write in such a pure and rational vein. He was almost always fantastic; winding through "dim-discovered tracts;" avoiding clearness as if it were a sin; and hunting the poor English language to death for queer and quaint epithets. This was not so much the vice of the man as of the age. The gallant poets of the time sinned in this respect more than he, while but few of them ever reached the clear heights to which he frequently clomb. To read these poets now is a fine exercise of patience, and shows to what extent men are capable of being misled by the follies of fashion, and the puerilities of manner. Nothing can be more tedious or wearisome than the reading of these exercises of the Muse which once afforded so much pleasure to "gallant knights and ladies fair." The more unlike anything in the heavens above or on the earth below that an excited fancy could devise to say about his ladye-love, or to compare with her, the greater the achievement, the nobler the victory. The following lines by Lovelace on "A

Black Patch on a Lady's Cheek, covering a Bee's Sting," is at once an example and a warning:—

" And that black marble tablet there,  
So near her either sphere  
Was plac'd ; nor foil, nor ornament,  
But the sweet little bee's large monument."

What a contrast to that exquisite verse from Orpheus lamenting the death of his wife :—

" Oh, could you view the melody  
Of ev'ry grace,  
And music of her face,  
You'd drop a tear ;  
Seeing more harmony  
In her bright eye,  
Than now you hear."

Or the following song,

" THE SCRUTINY.

" Why should you swear I am forsworn ?  
Since thine I vow'd to be ;  
Lady, it is already morn,  
And 'twas last night I swore to thee  
That fond impossibility.

" Have I not lov'd thee much and long,  
A tedious twelve hours' space ?  
I must all other beauties wrong,  
And rob thee of a new embrace,  
Could I still dote upon thy face.

" Not but all joy in thy brown hair  
By others may be found ;  
But I must search the black or fair,  
Like skilful mineralists that sound  
For treasure in unplow'd-up ground.

“ Then, if when I have lov’d my round,  
Thou prov’st the pleasant she ;  
With spoils of meaner beauties crown’d,  
I laden will return to thee,  
Ev’n sated with variety.”

Compare this with his

“ DEDICATION.

“ TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MY LADY ANN LOVELACE.

“ To the richest TREASURY  
That e’er fill’d ambitious eye ;  
To the fair bright MAGAZINE  
Hath impoverish’d Love’s queen ;  
To th’ EXCHEQUER of all honour  
(All take pensions but from her) ;  
To the TAPER of the thore  
Which the God himself but bore ;  
To the SEA of chaste delight  
Let me cast the DROP I write.

“ And as at LORETTO’s shrine  
CÆSAR shovels in his mine,  
The Empress spreads her carcanets,  
The Lords submit their coronets ;  
Knights their chafed arms hang by,  
Maids diamond-ruby fancies tie ;  
Whilst from the PILGRIM she wears  
One poor false pearl, but ten true tears.

“ So amongst the orient prize  
(Sapphire-onyx eulogies),  
Offer’d up unto your fame :  
Take my GARNET-DOUBLET name,  
And vouchsafe, ’midst those rich joys,  
With devotion these TOYS.”

One would scarcely believe them to be written by  
the same author. How free and flowing is the

Song, and how strangely fantastic the Dedication! The contrast is even more striking if we make the comparison with some of his other poems—the lyrical flow of “Stone Walls do not a Prison Make,” or the next pretty little thing

“TO LUCASTA,

“GOING BEYOND THE SEAS.

“ If to be absent were to be  
     Away from thee ;  
     Or that when I am gone,  
     You and I were alone ;  
 Then, my Lucrecia, might I crave  
 Pity from blustering wind, or swallowing wave.

“ But I'll not sigh one blast or gale  
     To swell my sail,  
     Or pay a tear to 'suage  
     The foaming blue-god's rage ;  
 For whether he will let me pass  
 Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

“ Though seas and land betwixt us both,  
     Our faith and troth,  
     Like separated souls,  
     All time and space controls :  
 Above the highest sphere we meet  
 Unseen, unknown, and greet as angels greet.

“ So then we do anticipate  
     Our after fate,  
     And are alive i' th' skies,  
     If thus our lips and eyes  
 Can speak like spirits unconfin'd  
 In heav'n, their earthly bodies left behind.”

And what a pretty piece of natural painting and simple love of a simple insect is our next selection!

This piece might have been written by one of our late lovers of song and nature. It has often been quoted, but in illustrating Lovelace's present powers we must not omit a poem like that to

"THE GRASSHOPPER.

"TO MY NOBLE FRIEND, MR. CHARLES COTTON.

"ODE.

- " Oh thou that swing'st upon the waving hair  
Of some well-filled oaten beard,  
Drunk ev'ry night with a delicious tear  
Dropp'd thee from heav'n where now thou 'rt rear'd.
- " The joys of earth and air are thine entire,  
That with thy feet and wings doth hop and fly,  
And when thy poppy works thou do'st retire  
To thy carv'd acorn bed to lie.
- " Up with the day, the sun thou welcom'st then,  
Sport'st in the gilt-plats of his beams,  
And all these merry days mak'st merry men,  
Thyself, and melancholy streams.
- " But ah, the sickle ! golden ears are cropp'd ;  
Ceres and Bacchus bid good night ;  
Sharp frosty fingers all your flowers have topp'd  
And what scythes spar'd, winds shave off quite.
- " Poor verdant fool ! and now, green ice, thy joys  
Large and as lasting as thy perch of grass,  
Bid us lay in 'gainst winter, rain, and poise  
Their floods, with an o'erflowing glass.
- " Thou best of men and friends ! we will create  
A genuine summer in each other's breast ;  
And spite of this cold time and frozen fate  
Thaw us a warm seat to our rest.
- " Our sacred hearths shall burn eternally  
As vestal flames, the north-wind, he

Shall strike his frost-stretch'd wings, dissolve and fly  
This Ætna in epitome.

" Dropping December shall come weeping in,  
Bewail th' usurping of his reign;  
But when in show'rs of old Greek we begin  
Shall cry, he hath his crown again !

" Night, as clear Hesper shall our tapers whip  
From the light casements where we play,  
And the dark hag from her black mantle strip,  
And stick there everlasting day.

" Thus richer than untempted kings are we,  
That asking nothing, nothing need :  
Though lord of all what seas embrace ; yet he  
That wants himself, is poor indeed."

It is, however, with his prison-poems that we are more particularly concerned ; and as if to prove the truth of his own cheerful view of the superiority of a "spotless mind and innocent," these are among his very best productions. Perhaps this removal from the unhealthy air of court poetry was beneficial to his muse. There he had to trust more to his own feelings, and the true spirit of Song was freer to visit and to inspire him. Judged by his works, this was doubtless the fact ; for his language was less cumbered by the peculiarities which mark so many of his loving ditties, and his fancies spread a freer wing, and clothed themselves in a more natural form of expression. It is pleasant to contemplate him in his narrow cell, cheering his confinement and solitude by courting this true liberator of the

mind, and warbling from behind his iron grates  
such love-lyrics as this :—

“ TO LUCASTA.

“ FROM PRISON.

“ AN EPODE.

“ Long in thy shackles, liberty,  
I ask not from these walls, but thee ;  
Left for awhile another's bride,  
To fancy all the world beside.

“ Yet e'er I do begin to love,  
See ! how I all my objects prove ;  
Then my free soul to that confine,  
'Twere possible I might call mine.

“ First I would be in love with peace,  
And her rich swelling breasts increase ;  
But how, alas ! how may that be,  
Despising earth, she will love me ?

“ Fain would I be in love with war  
As my dear just avenging star ;  
But war is loved so ev'rywhere  
Ev'n he disdains a lodging here.

“ Thee and thy wounds I would bemoan  
Fair thorough-shot religion ;  
But he lives only that kills thee,  
And who so binds thy hands is free.

“ I would love a parliament  
As a main prop from heav'n sent ;  
But, ah ! who's he that would be wedded  
To th' fairest body that's beheaded ?

“ Next would I court my liberty,  
And then my birthright, property ;  
But can that be, when it is known  
There's nothing you can call your own ?

- “ A reformation I would have,  
As for our griefs a sov'reign salve ;  
That is, a cleansing of each wheel  
Of state, that yet some rust doth feel :
- “ But not a reformation so,  
As to reform were to o'erthrow ;  
Like watches by unskilful men  
Disjointed, and set ill again.
- “ The public faith I would adore,  
But she is bankrupt of her store ;  
Nor how to trust her can I see,  
For she that cozens all, must me.
- “ Since then none of these can be  
Fit objects of my love and me ;  
What then remains, but th' only spring  
Of all our loves and joys ? The King.
- “ He, who being the whole ball  
Of day on earth, lends it to all ;  
When seeking to eclipse his right  
Blinded we stand in our own light.
- “ And now an universal mist  
Of error is spread o'er each breast,  
With such a fury edg'd, as is  
Not found in th' inwards of th' abyfs.
- “ Oh, from thy glorious starry wain  
Dispense on me one sacred beam,  
To light me where I soon may see  
How to serve you, and you trust me.”

From these specimens a just idea of Lovelace's poetry may be gathered; its strength and its weakness; its grace and its grotesqueness; its beauty and its deformity. We see the gallant cavalier in the happy moods when he was true to his natural feelings, and wrote as men with any power



at all always write when unfettered by a system, unprejudiced by a theory. In prison his poetry was freer than when he himself was at liberty. The fetters on his body seemed not only not to chain his mind, but to leave it more elastic and buoyant to roam in the fairy-land of love and poetry. What would have overcome less self-reliant and heroic men, and bound them down until they became equal to the degrading circumstances which oppressed them, only raised the poet and made him what men, strong and heroic men always are, superior to those circumstances—their lord and master. Thus while serving his royal master at court or in the field; while wooing his Lucrecia in bodily freedom; while struggling with his fancy to fetter it into obeying the false standard of taste then set up, his poems are not to be read without a sense of weariness, and a not slight expression of annoyance and wrath; but when in the stone walls of his cell he lifts up his voice and sings in honour of love, of constancy, of loyalty and truth, he strikes a chord so true, so national and so universal, that we cheerfully lend him our ear; willingly give ourselves up to the delight of his verse; and yield him our warmest praise. A more generous, chivalrous, and noble-hearted man than Richard Lovelace never made a prison famous, or glorified a dungeon by the power of song.

## BUNYAN,

### AND HIS PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.



Few periods of history present greater contrasts than those which produced the Don Quixote of Spain and the Pilgrim's Progress of England. It is true that, to a certain extent, fanaticism was the characteristic of both ; but what a contrast between the inquisitorial and tyrannous fanaticism of the Peninsula, and the freedom-loving, man-asserting, and political greatness of the fanaticism of the Island. The one was the fanaticism of life ; the other the fanaticism of death. In Spain, the gloom was of that kind which precedes decay ; in England it was the gloom which arose from a consciousness of wrongs which ought to be, and could be righted. The Spanish bigotry was employed in devising every kind of torture and punishment to destroy freedom of thought and speech, and ended in producing the dull and cowardly uniformity, which is at once a cause and an effect of national degradation. The brave but sombre Puritan gave up his own life



BUNYAN.



that conscience might be free ; that the right of free speech might be established upon an imperishable basis ; that God might be worshipped without the interference of pope, priest, or king ; that liberty might be guaranteed by law ; and that the soul of man might have room to grow and develop her powers to the utmost without restraint from tyrant-laws, tyrant-church, or tyrant-prerogative. But if there was such a contrast in the actual conditions of the two people, what a much greater contrast is there in their after histories and their present state. From the death of Philip II., the decay of Spain was marked, rapid, and undeviating ; from the accession of Elizabeth, the expansion of English power and freedom has been as marked, rapid, and undeviating. In this progressive course, the most noble and heroic age—the one in which her people did their mightiest work, and struck their heaviest blow—the one in which they settled their rights and liberties in such unmistakeable fashion, that neither the corruption of the second Charles, nor the narrow-minded, Spanish-like bigotry of the second James, could effectually disturb, or materially weaken—was the one in which God blessed her with three of her noblest children ; in which Cromwell fought his good fight, Milton sung his marvellous strain, and Bunyan dreamed his wondrous dream.

The author of *Don Quixote* had been dead only twelve years when John Bunyan first saw the light. His life is so well known to all English readers, that the merest outline will suffice. In the little village of Elstow, about a mile from Bedford, was the world's dreamer born, in the year 1628. His father was a tinker, and John was brought up to the same trade. The question of his early depravity and wickedness is no longer a moot point. Only in the language of pietists, who consider all men utterly depraved until they are converted and have received the grace of God, can Bunyan be again named as a "vile wretch," an "abandoned man," a "son of Belial;" nor, except in the same sense, can his own self-denunciations be received. That he was addicted to swearing at one period of his life is true; yet one rebuke, and one struggle cured him of this foolish practice. He was never a drunkard, never a profligate. He played at "cat" and "hockey" on Sunday afternoon it is true, yet he attended church in the morning. He married before he was nineteen, and was a good and faithful husband; capable, as was proved by the conduct of his second wife, of inspiring the deepest love and the bravest heroism, in the heart of a woman. In a word, his great wickedness and depravity are to be understood only in their peculiar religious sense. He was a good husband, a good father, and a

religious man, but he was not yet "converted;" had not received the "grace of God through Christ Jesus," and was therefore of the "non-elect," of the "utterly depraved," and of the "desperately wicked."

Any one who has much experience with the religious world will clearly understand how Bunyan, although far from being a bad man, was in his own eyes all that he describes in that unique piece of autobiography, "Grace Abounding." In the same sense St. Paul *was* the "chiefest of sinners," and all other saints have uttered the same complaint. The present writer is familiar with many instances illustrative of the "spiritual experiences" of men during "conversion." One, with whom he worked when a boy, was a gentle-hearted, mild-tempered, loveable man, on the verge of fifty. He probably had never done a bad or consciously sinful action in his life; was sober, industrious, and a regular attendant at chapel. He had by his own labour brought up a large family respectably, and given them an education much superior to what was then general among his class. Thus he had lived, respected by all who knew him; by his employer, his neighbours, and his fellow-workmen. He had served the same master for more than twenty years, and was a faithful and good servant. He had a quaint, dry humour of his own, and was rich

in "wife laws and modern instances." His life had passed on apparently unruffled by any great changes, or any great sorrows—a quiet, calm, equable life—when all at once, even as it were "in the flashing of a moment," he became thoroughly changed. He was convinced that he was a great sinner; that his life had been one whole career of sin; that he was the wickedest and most depraved of wretches. He would throw himself down upon his bench in the utmost paroxysms of despair, calling upon Christ to save him from hell and the devil; calling upon God to "deliver him from the body of this death." His groans were terrible to hear. Several times he attempted suicide; and his wife had for some time to keep his razors and knives locked up. He had to be watched wherever he went. He dared not be in a room without a light, for he said he was haunted by a legion of devils. Sometimes he was calm but quite melancholy; absorbed, as it were, in great grief, and thoroughly convinced, not only that he should receive, but that he merited, eternal damnation. He passed through this stage, and used afterwards to speak of it as his "strugglings with the enemy." He was converted, joined the Wesleyan connexion, became a class-leader, and a "brand rescued from the burning." In his new, or, as he called it, "regenerate" state he still preserved many of his old characteristics.



But he was an altered man ; and I must freely confess that I preferred him when he was “chiefeſt of the finners,” to when he was “numbered among the ſaints.”

One caſe which I have met with was rather different. The man in this inſtance was almoſt as vile as he afterwards uſed to deſcribe himſelf. He was a fierce, paſſionate man, a great drunkard and an inveterate blackguard. I have ſeen him in moments of fury, when his work was not going on to his liking, take up a long-handled chiſel and beat the unconſcious work until he was thoroughly exhausted. With every blow he adminiſtered, he uttered a volley of the moſt diabolical ſwearing that ever paſſed from the lips of man. He was alſo obſcene in his language ; and when drunk, which he frequently was, he would aſſault the poſts in the ſtreets, the ſhutters and doors of houſes, uttering at the ſame time the vileſt, and often the moſt blaſphemous words. Fortunately he had no family ; but his wife for more than fifteen years had a ſad and ſorrowful life with ſuch a man. He was pretty nearly all that Bunyan has erroneouſly deſcribed himſelf, and all that Bunyan’s biographers of his own ſect have deſcribed him prior to converſion.

From ſome cauſe or other, he could never himſelf ſay what, but always aſcribed it to Divine Providence and the finger of God, he went one Sunday into a

Calvinist chapel. He never could remember much of the sermon, but the texts were, "But I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment,"\* and "For as many as are of the works of the law are under the curse; for it is written, Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them."† Whatever the preacher may have said, or however he may have enforced these texts, the effect was terrible. The listener became so horrified with his condition that for weeks after he was like a maniac. He was among the condemned; he had been damned from the beginning; there was no hope, no salvation for him. Existence was wretchedness; and the picture he used to draw of the condition of the damned used to terrify my youthful imagination to such an extent that I used to see them realised in my dreams, with an intensity of horror that Dante might have envied. He joined the Calvinists, and was at last, after much suffering, tribulation, and spiritual torture, convinced that he was of the "elect." This conversion, however, did not alter his nature, it only gave a different bent to it. He was the same wild, extravagant man as before. He now prayed as lustily as he used to swear; and his

\* Matthew, xii. 36.

† Gal. iii. 10.

praying seemed to me as horrible as his former swearing. He was wont to talk of hell being filled with children not a span long. His idea of God was so repulsive that atheism would have been preferable. It was Calvinism of the blackest, sternest, narrowest, rigidest kind. His was not the mild form of Calvinism which Bunyan held, and which made Southey say, that "the general tenour of his writings is mild, and tolerant, and charitable; and if Calvinism had never worn a blacker appearance than in Bunyan's works, it would never have become a term of reproach, nor have driven so many pious minds, in horror of it, to an opposite extreme." \* It was a thorough-going out-and-out form of the faith which his wild and excited mind adopted, as black as the blackest Spurgeonism, and he held it heartily. It was his nature to do so. He attended every sermon, every prayer-meeting held at the conventicle, and was one of the strongest, roughest "wrestlers with God." Not content with the opportunities afforded him at the chapel for "spiritual drill," as he called it, he had assemblies at his own house at five o'clock in the morning, and after work at night. He grew a perfect anatomy from these violent exercises. Still he shrunk not; but, with a curious inconsistency, kept

\* Southey's "Life of Bunyan."

praying in spite of his faith, which declared that not one sinner more than was preordained before man existed could be saved, although all the angels and saints in heaven were to intercede for him. He was a poor man, the wages he earned were small; and I shall never forget how he sacrificed everything like home comfort; how ruthlessly he punished himself for his former sins. In earlier times he would have made either an inquisitor or a martyr; for he was of the stuff of which such men as a Simeon Stylites or a Caraffa are made. Late one night after a "gathering of the elect" had been held at his house, he came back to his master, horror-stricken, woe-begone, weeping, and groaning; and, throwing himself upon the mercy of his employer, confessed that, tempted by the devil, he had *stolen the wood to make the forms for his household prayer-meetings*. The agony of the man was truly terrible. His master was too wise a man not to see that he deserved pity rather than prosecution; and so the wood was returned, and the matter ended; but the remembrance was ever after the great "thorn in the flesh" of this much-suffering proselyte to Antinomianism.

Such cases are pretty common in a portion of the religious world; and Bunyan was a remarkable instance of the same feelings operating upon an intense and vivid imagination, and of a kindly

nature.. He went through all the phases of religious emotion, from the deepest despair and horror to the highest confidence and ecstasy. To his vivid mind all his temptations were real. A thought of comfort was a voice from heaven; a suggestion of evil was a direct temptation of the devil.\* Good and

\* Bunyan's devil was to all intents a real being. He and Martin Luther suffered similar temptations, and the devil was to both a real, visible, restless, terrible foe, always employed in seeking their destruction. In an admirable essay on "The Three Devils: Luther's, Milton's, and Goethe's," by Mr. David Masson, there is a fine exposition of the way in which the principle of evil was viewed by the great reformer. I borrow the following rather long passage: "The devil, as Luther conceived him, was not the Satan of Milton; although had Luther set himself to realise the Miltonian narrative, his conception might not have been dissimilar. But it was as the enemy of mankind, working in human affairs, that Luther conceived the devil. We should expect his conception, therefore, to tally with Goethe's in some respects, but only as a conception of Luther's would tally with one of Goethe's. Luther's conception was far truer to the grand scriptural definition than either Milton's or Goethe's. Mephistopheles being a character in a drama, and apparently fully occupied in his capacity as such, we cannot bring ourselves to recognise in him that virtually omnipotent being to whom all evil is owing, who is leavening the human mind everywhere, as if the atmosphere round the globe were charged with the venom of his spirit. In the case of Milton's Satan we have no such difficulty, because in his case a whole planet is at stake, and there are only two individuals on it. But Luther's conception met the whole exigencies of scripture. \* \* \* The devil with him was a meteorological agent. Devils, he said, 'are in woods, and waters, and dark poorly places, ready to hurt passers-by; there are devils also in the thick black clouds, who cause hail, and thunders, and lightnings, and poison the air, and the fields, and the pastures. When such things happen philosophers say they are natural, and ascribe them to the planets, and I know not what all.' The devil he believed also to be the patron of witchcraft. The devil, he said, had the power of deceiving the senses, so that one should dream he

evil spirits held actual communion with him. Now he felt compelled to commit the unpardonable sin, and it was the enemy who personally assailed him. His visions were to him actualities, as real as was the devil's appearance to Martin Luther, when the great reformer dashed his ink-pot at the demon's head, and made him flee. He *heard* the voices, could *distinguish* the words, could *see* the spirits. It was no dream; it was a terrible or a consoling reality. At one time, wherever he was, or whatever he did, he was haunted by a voice invoking him to sell Christ; then he felt as if, like Judas, he should burst in sunder. Now as if his breast-bone were breaking; and now he was hearing an encouraging voice which "seemed to rush in at the window like the noise of wind, but very pleasant and commanding a great calm in his soul." One picture of his state of mind is so terribly vivid, so remarkable a proof of his strong imagination, that

heard or saw something, while really the whole was an illusion. The devil also was at the bottom of dreaming and somnambulism. He was likewise the author of diseases. 'I hold,' said Luther, 'that the devil sendeth all heavy diseases and wickednesses upon people.' Diseases are, as it were, the devil striking people; only, in striking, he must use some material instrument, as a murderer uses a sword. \* \* \* \* \* What with Luther was 'wrestling with the devil,' we at this day call 'low spirits.' Life must be a much more insipid thing now than it was then. O what a soul that man must have had, under what a weight of feeling, that would have crushed a million of us, *he* must have trod the earth!" All this may be said with equal truth of Bunyan.

we must quote in full. He says, "I walked to a neighbouring town, and sat down upon a settle in the street, and fell into a very deep pause about the most fearful state my sin had brought me to; and, after long musing, I lifted up my head, but methought I saw as if the sun that shineth in the heavens did grudge to give me light, and as if the very stones in the street and tiles upon the houses did band themselves against me. Methought that they all combined together to banish me out of the world. I was abhorred of them, and unfit to dwell among them, because I had sinned against the Saviour. Oh, how happy now was every creature over I! for they stood fast, and kept their station. But I was gone and lost."

Such was the man, and such the ordeal through which he had to pass, who wrote the greatest allegory the world possesses. The main incidents of his life may be soon narrated, for they are known to most. How he was convinced that his church-going was of little use, by the pious talk of three matrons at Bedford; how he was introduced to the Rev. John Gifford, and became himself a preacher; how, on the 12th of November, 1660, a few months after the "ever-blessed" Restoration, he was going to preach at Samfell, and was there arrested, and afterwards committed to Bedford gaol, are incidents known to all. Into that wretched

place did an English government put its second greatest living man. The first was old and blind, and who, though he had fallen on evil days, was then preparing for the world a legacy which had been cheaply purchased at the loss of all the Stuarts.

Bunyan was brought up before Mr. Serjeant Keeling, and, without any trial, committed to gaol for three months, with the promise that at the end of that time, unless he ceased from preaching and would attend church, he should be banished, and if ever he returned without a special licence he would have to endure a "stretching by the neck." Bunyan went back to his prison; and at the end of three months the clerk of the peace, Mr. Cobb, visited him in his cell, and strove to induce him to conform. All appeals proving of none effect, threats were resorted to, and it was hinted that he might be "sent away beyond the seas into Spain, or Constantinople, or some other remote part of the world." The dauntless Bunyan replied, "Sir, the law hath provided two ways of obeying; the one, to do that which I in my conscience do believe that I am bound to do actively; and, when I cannot obey actively, then I am willing to lie down and to suffer what they shall do unto me." Bunyan had learned that the "fear of God was the beginning of wisdom," that the "fear of man is a snare;" and he had the fear of God, and no other fear in him.



Our prisoner was not included in the general gaol delivery which took place on the 23rd of April, 1661, when Charles the Second was crowned. The noble conduct of his second wife on this occasion has long placed her among our heroic women. Thrice did she present her petition to the judges, thrice did she receive the pity of Sir Matthew Hale, and thrice endure the harshness of Mr. Justice Twisdon. It was of no use. In vain did she urge that she had "four small children that cannot help themselves, one of which is blind, and we have nothing to live upon but the charity of good people." The judges could not help her, and she went disconsolate away. Every reader of Bunyan's works remembers his pathetic allusions to his blind child. "I found myself a man," he says, "encompassed with infirmities. The parting with my wife and poor children hath often been to me in this place as the pulling the flesh from the bones, and that not only because I am somewhat too fond of these great mercies, but also because I should have often brought to my mind the many hardships, miseries, and wants, that my poor family was like to meet with should I be taken from them, especially my poor blind child, *who lay nearer my heart than all besides*. Oh, the thoughts of the hardships I thought my poor blind one might go under would break my heart to pieces! Poor

child! thought I, what sorrow art thou like to have for thy portion in this world! Thou must be beaten, must beg, suffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand calamities, though I cannot now endure the wind should blow upon thee!" The great, brave, strong-hearted man—so full of all gentleness and loving-kindness—was not the one to hold the blackest form of Calvinism.

The sheriff and the gaoler were both friendly towards Bunyan, and he was frequently allowed to leave the prison on his parole. Thus he was often enabled to meet his friends, to preach, and to go and "see the Christians in London." With these rare and occasional exceptions, he was a prisoner in Bedford gaol for twelve years, during which time he wrote the first part of his "*Pilgrim's Progress*," a fact which has made the gloomy cell, which looked upon the waters of the slow-moving Ouse, one of the shrines of England; and shed a renown upon the town of Bedford, which larger cities might envy, and cast a glory around that old prison-house, which the throne of the Stuarts never won. For there lived, and suffered, and wrote, one of those so rarely bestowed upon earth—a man of genius.

In 1671, while still a prisoner, the congregation at Bedford chose Bunyan to be their minister. He accepted the office, and upon his liberation in 1672

became their regular pastor. He was exceedingly popular as a preacher, and the learned Dr. Owen is reported to have said, when asked by Charles the Second "how a learned man such as he could fit and listen to an illiterate tinker?" "May it please your Majesty, could I possess that tinker's abilities for preaching, I would most gladly relinquish all my learning." He used to pay a yearly visit to London; and, although only a day's notice might be given of his coming, "the meeting-house in Southwark, at which he generally preached, would not hold half the people that attended. Three thousand persons have been gathered together there, and not less than twelve hundred on week-days, and dark winter's mornings at seven o'clock." But he kept himself free from the pride and vanity which such popularity is likely to create, and which in minds of weaker stuff it always does create. He had been sorely tried, but his strength was great; and in adversity and shame he had preserved himself; and in the still greater peril of honour and renown, his trust did not fail him. For he had learned "to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with his God."\*

The last act of Bunyan's life was one of mercy, and was a noble close to such a battle as his had

\* Micah vi. 8.

been. A friend residing at Reading, where Bunyan often preached, "had resolved to disinherit his son, the young man requested Bunyan to interfere in his behalf; he did so with good success, and it was his last labour of love, for, returning to London on horseback through heavy rain, a fever ensued, which, after ten days, proved fatal. He died at the house of his friend, Mr. Stradwick, a grocer, at the sign of the Star on Snow Hill, and was buried in that friend's vault in Bunhill Fields burial-ground, which the Dissenters regard as their *Campo Santo*, and especially for his sake. It is said that many have made it their desire to be interred as near as possible to the spot where his remains are deposited. His age and the date of his decease are thus recorded on his epitaph :—Mr. John Bunyan, Author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, ob. 12 Aug. 1688, æt. 60.

"The Pilgrim's Progress now is finished,  
And Death has laid him in his earthly bed." \*

But what can we say of the Prison Book of John Bunyan? Dear to all people, the favourite of every nation, it is scarcely possible to add one word to what has been long ago said in its glory. The simple fact that from the day of its publication to the present time, it has been the delight and instructor of thousands, is its greatest eulogy. Trans-

\* Southey's "Life of John Bunyan."

lated into every known tongue, all sects and all religions have done honour to its wonderful powers. With one little curtailment, our Roman Catholic friends have a "Pilgrim's Progress;" and though Giant Pope be taken out, we are sure that thousands of them must have been made a little more catholic by reading the work of the sectarian tinker of Elftow. All men alike, learned and ignorant, gentle and simple, bear their testimony to the genius of the great Baptist. Truly has Southey said, "It is a book which makes its way through the fancy to the understanding and the heart; the child peruses it with wonder and delight; in youth we discover the genius which it displays; its worth is apprehended as we advance in years; and we perceive its merits feelingly in declining age." \* Nor need we be surprised at this when we consider that it is the most dramatic and *real* allegory ever written. Its dramatic power is wonderful. Every character is distinct and real. Every person introduced is a *man* or a *woman*, and not a shadow, an abstraction to which names are given. We recognise them all, so vivid and so thoroughly human are they. Bunyan had represented and seen and heard it all in his own mind before he committed it to paper. His persons have all human hearts, and the red blood of life flows through their veins, and

\* Southey's "Life of John Bunyan."

they talk, and feel, and slip, and get on, even as the people we meet in the streets, or amongst whom we move, talk, and feel, and slip, and get on. Every one who keeps his eyes open could supply persons for every character drawn in the "*Pilgrim's Progress*." The dramatic power of Shakspeare is more varied, of larger grasp, and more universal meaning; but it is scarcely a bit more intense than Bunyan's. This is one of its great sources of power over the heart; for men are more moved, and more permanently influenced, by dramatic than by any other power of genius.

An analysis of the *Pilgrim's Progress* so eloquent and complete has been made, and the causes of its popularity so admirably given by the most brilliant of English essayists, that we shall consult the gratification of all by transferring its passages to these pages, instead of bunglingly doing the work afresh. Lord Macaulay says that this "wonderful book, while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. Doctor Johnson, all whose studies were desultory, and who hated, as he said, to read books through, made an exception in favour of the '*Pilgrim's Progress*.' That work was one of the two or three which he wished longer. It was by no common merit that the illiterate sectary extracted praise like this from the most pedantic of critics and the most

bigoted of Tories. In the wildest parts of Scotland the 'Pilgrim's Progress' is the delight of the peasantry. In every nursery the 'Pilgrim's Progress' is a greater favourite than 'Jack the Giant Killer.' Every man knows the straight and narrow path as well as he knows a road in which he has gone backward and forward a hundred times. This is the highest miracle of genius, that things which are not should be as though they were, that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another. And this miracle the tinker has wrought. There is no ascent, no declivity, no resting-place, no turn-stile, with which we are not perfectly acquainted. The wicket-gate, and the desolate swamp which separates it from the City of Destruction, the long line of road, as straight as a rule can make it, the Interpreter's house, and all its fair shows, the prisoner in the iron cage, the palace, at the doors of which armed men kept guard, and on the battlements of which walked persons clothed all in gold, the cross and the sepulchre, the steep hill and the pleasant harbour, the stately front of the House Beautiful by the wayside, the chained lions crouching in the porch, the low green valley of Humiliation, rich with grass and covered with flocks, all are as well known to us as the sights of our own street. Then we come to the narrow place where Apollyon strode right across the whole

breadth of the way, to stop the journey of Christian, and where afterwards the pillar was set up to testify how bravely the pilgrim had fought the good fight. As we advance the valley becomes deeper and deeper. The shade of the precipices on both sides falls blacker and blacker. The clouds gather overhead. Doleful voices, the clanking of chains, and the rushing of many feet to and fro, are heard through the darkness. The way, hardly discernible, in gloom, runs close by the mouth of the burning pit, which sends forth its flames, its noisome smoke, and its hideous shapes, to terrify the adventurer. Thence he goes on, amidst the snares and pitfalls, with the mangled bodies of those who have perished lying in the ditch by his side. At the end of the long dark valley he passes the dens in which the old giants dwelt, amidst the bones of those whom they had slain.

“ Then the road passes straight on through a waste moor, till at length the towers of a distant city appear before the traveller ; and soon he is in the midst of the innumerable multitudes of Vanity Fair. There are the jugglers and the apes, the shops and the puppet-shows. There are Italian Row, and French Row, and Spanish Row, and Britain Row, with their crowds of buyers, sellers, and loungers, jabbering all the languages of the earth.

“ Thence we go on by the little hill of the silver



mine, and through the meadow of lilies, along the bank of that pleasant river which is bordered on both sides by fruit-trees. On the left branches off the path leading to the horrible castle, the courtyard of which is paved with the skulls of pilgrims; and right onward are the sheepfolds and orchards of the Delectable Mountains.

“From the Delectable Mountains, the way lies through the fogs and briers of the Enchanted Ground, with here and there a bed of soft cushions spread under a green arbour. And beyond is the land of Beulah, where the flowers, the grapes, and the songs of birds never cease, and where the sun shines night and day. Thence are plainly seen the golden pavements, and streets of pearl, on the other side of that black and cold river over which there is no bridge.

“All the stages of the journey, all the forms which cross or overtake the pilgrims, giants, and hobgoblins, ill-favoured ones, and shining ones, the tall, comely, swarthy Madam Bubble, with her great purse by her side, and her fingers playing with the money, the black man in the bright vesture, Mr. Worldly Wiseman, and my Lord Hategood, Mr. Talkative, and Mrs. Timorous, all are actually existing beings to us. We follow the travellers through their allegorical progress with interest not inferior to that with which we follow Elizabeth

from Siberia to Moscow, or Jeanie Deans from Edinburgh to London. Bunyan is almost the only writer who ever gave to the abstract the interest of the concrete. In the works of many celebrated authors, men are mere personifications. We have not a jealous man, but jealousy; not a traitor, but perfidy, not a patriot, but patriotism. The mind of Bunyan, on the contrary, was so imaginative that personifications, when he dealt with them, became men. A dialogue between two qualities, in his dream, has more dramatic effect than a dialogue between two human beings in most plays."

Such is the way in which a learned, and thoughtful, and richly-endowed writer of this nineteenth century speaks of the book of the uneducated Baptist of the seventeenth. Truly the spirit of God cometh where it pleaseth, and useth the low things of the world to confound the mighty. Almost at the top of all books, certainly at the top of all Prison Books, must we place the vision revealed to, and written down by the prisoner of Bedford gaol.

Of the personal appearance of this "ingenious dreamer," as Cowper calls him, we have the following pen-and-ink sketch by his first biographer: "He appeared in countenance to be of a stern and rough temper; but in his conversation mild and affable, not given to loquacity or much discourse in company, unless some urgent occasion required it;

observing never to boast of himself, or his parts, but rather seem low in his own eyes, and submit himself to the judgment of others; abhorring lying and swearing; being just in all that lay in his power to his word; not seeming to revenge injuries; loving to reconcile differences, and make friendship with all. He had a sharp quick eye, accomplished with an excellent discerning of persons, being of good judgment and quick wit. As for his person, he was tall of stature; strong-boned, though not corpulent; somewhat of a ruddy face, with sparkling eyes; wearing his hair on his upper lip, after the old British fashion; his hair reddish, but in his later days time had sprinkled it with grey; his nose well set, but not declining or bending, and his mouth moderate large, his forehead something high, and his habit always plain and modest. And thus have we impartially described the internal and external parts of a person who had tried the smiles and frowns of Time, not puffed up in prosperity, nor shaken in adversity, always holding the golden mean."

In Mr. Southey's excellent edition of the "*Pilgrim's Progress*" is a good portrait of Bunyan. The following poem by Bernard Barton on that portrait will find a fitting place here:—

" And this is Bunyan ! How unlike the dull  
Unmeaning visage which was wont to stand

His Pilgrim's Frontispiece,—its pond'rous skull  
 Propp'd gracelessly on an enormous hand ;—  
 A countenance one vainly might have scann'd  
 For one bright ray of genius or of sense ;  
 Much less the mental power of him who plann'd  
 This fabric quaint of rare intelligence,  
 And, having rear'd its pile, became immortal thence.

“ But here we trace, indelibly defined,  
 All his admirers' fondest hopes could crave ;  
 Shrewdness of intellect, and strength of mind,  
 Devout, yet lively, and acute though grave ;  
 Worthy of him whose rare invention gave  
 To serious Truth the charm of Fiction's dress,  
 Yet in that fiction fought the soul to save  
 From earth and sin for heaven and happiness,  
 And by his fancied dreams men's waking hours to bless.

“ Delightful author ! while I look upon  
 This striking portraiture of Thee—I seem  
 As if my thoughts on Pilgrimage were gone  
 Down the far vista of thy pleasant Dream,  
 Whose varied scenes with vivid wonders teem.—  
 Slough of Despond ! Thy terrors strike mine eye ;  
 Over the Wicket Gate I see the gleam  
 Of Shining Light ; and catch that Mountain high  
 Of Difficult ascent, the Pilgrim's faith to try.

“ The House call'd Beautiful ; the lowly Vale  
 Of Self Humiliation, where the might  
 Of Christian panoplied in heavenly mail,  
 O'ercame Apollyon in that fearful fight ;  
 The Valley nam'd of Death, by shades of night  
 Encompass'd, and with horrid phantoms rife ;  
 The Town of Vanity, where bigot spite,  
 Ever with Christian Pilgrimage at strife,  
 To martyr'd Faithful gave the Crown of endless Life !

“ Thence, on with Christian, and his Hopeful peer,  
 To Doubting Castle's Dungeons I descend ;  
 The Key of Promise opes those vaults of fear :—  
 And now o'er Hills Delectable I wend

To Beulah's Sunny Plains, where sweetly blend  
Of flowers, and fruits, and song, a blissful maze ;  
Till at the Bridgeless Stream my course I end,  
Eyeing the farther shore with rapture's gaze,  
Where the Bright City basks in glory's sunless blaze !

“ Immortal Dreamer ! while thy magic page  
To such celestial visions can give birth,  
Well may this Portraiture our love engage,  
Which gives, with grace congenial to thy worth,  
The form thy living features wore on earth :  
For few may boast a juster, prouder claim  
Than *thine*, whose labours blending harmless mirth  
With sagest counsel's higher, holier aim,  
Have from the wife and good won honourable Fame.

“ And still for marvelling Childhood, blooming Youth,  
Ripe Manhood, silver-tress'd and serious age,—  
Ingenious Fancy, and instructive Truth,  
Richly adorn thy allegoric page,  
Pointing the warfare Christians yet must wage,  
Who wish to journey on that heavenly road ;  
And tracing clearly each successive stage  
Of the rough path thy holy Travellers trod,  
The Pilgrim's Progress marks to glory and to God ! ”

One great reason why the book has taken such a lasting hold on the hearts and love of the people is its style. The language is thoroughly English. Like that of a very different man, William Cobbett, it is pure, strong, idiomatic Saxon. It is pure vernacular ; above no one's capacity, yet answering all the demands of the highest. “ The style of Bunyan,” says a writer whom we have before quoted, “ is delightful to every reader, and invaluable as a study to every person who wishes to obtain a wide

command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. There is not an expression, if we except a few technical terms of theology, which would puzzle the rudest peasant. We have observed several pages which do not contain a word of more than two syllables. Yet no writer has said more exactly what he meant to say. For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect, this dialect of plain working men, was perfectly sufficient. There is no book in our literature on which we would so readily stake the fame of the old unpolluted English language, no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed." \*

Bunyan was a large-hearted, catholic, and unfetarian man. He belonged by accident partly, and perhaps afterwards by choice, to the Baptists; but he preferred being called a Christian to the name of his own sect. He says, "I know none to whom that title is so proper as to the disciples of John. And since you would know by what name I would be distinguished from others, I tell you, I would be,

and hope I am, a *Christian*, and chuse, if God should count me worthy, to be called a *Christian*, a *Believer*, or other such name which is approved by the Holy Ghost. And as for these factious titles of Anabaptists, Independents, Presbyterians, or the like, I conclude that they come neither from Jerusalem, nor from Antioch, but rather from Hell and Babylon; for they naturally tend to divisions. You may know them by their fruits." Words which are as full of wise meaning now, as when written by Bunyan; and as worthy the careful weighing of the sects of to-day, as they were of the sects of the seventeenth century. With these brave and Christian words we take leave of the brave Christian man, John Bunyan, and his dearly-beloved and glorious Christian work, "The Pilgrim's Progress."

## DR. DODD

### AND THE PRISON THOUGHTS.



THE fame of a popular preacher is among the most evanescent of things. Like that of the

“ poor player  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more,”

it is essentially ephemeral. Except in the very rare instances—so rare that they might be numbered and scarcely exhaust the units—in which genius has by some curious freak of nature been united with the superficial acquirements necessary for the profession, a popular preacher is generally dead to the world, before his body reposes beneath the turf. Nor is the reason far to seek. The popularity of both arises from the same causes ; it is the child of excitement, and passes away with that which produced it. It is artificial, requires constant fanning and keeping up, or it dies of its own weakness. A little neglect kills it. A new excitement, and the



old one is no more. The glare of the foot-lights is, in a different sense, required for both; and while the *furor* lasts, men and women perform strange antics, and prove their devotion in most extraordinary ways. Fair hands hurl down bouquets of immortelles, and strong lungs shout bravos to the popular actor; and fair hands work bands, and purses, and slippers, and strong men shout and lose their senses for a time, in pursuit of the popular preacher. But lo! the wind veers round, and all is changed. A new judge has arisen in Israel, and men bow down and worship him. In the actor the old accent is missed; the old voice has lost its charm; or a new claimant arises who is more richly-gifted in the power to dazzle and fascinate; and then the old shrine is deserted and the old favourite is forsaken. So with the preacher. His method has become stale; his mannerism palls; his earnestness offends or is considered acting (which in the popular preacher it too often is), and the first excitement over, men are only too prolific in finding excuses for their hasty praise and their equally as hasty censure. Enough, the old idol is dethroned, and a new one, to be again as quickly dealt with, is placed on the vacant pedestal.

In most instances the fate is a well-merited one. Bread is asked, and too often only a stone is given.

The thing which attracts is too frequently but a peculiarity, and when this is worn out, which it soon is, the power is gone, and the charm destroyed. This one assumes the genteel and lady-style of preaching, and gets himself up regardless of expense, knowing that if he secures the fair sex as his partisans, his work is done, and his success assured. His forte is the *suaviter in modo*. Not the most fastidious could ever be offended at anything that falls from his lips. The terrors of religion—if ever he touches upon its terrors—are veiled; and if he allude to “miserable sinners” it is never to the self-satisfied congregation he is addressing, but to some poor wretches who dwell at a distance, and who have never had the advantage of his ministrations. The road to heaven is sprinkled with rosewater and *eau-de-Cologne*, in which his hearers will be delighted to walk, and have none of their cultivated senses offended. The path of duty is a flowery one; all its thorns are masked, and its thistles robbed of their stings. And thus for a time

“ The snowy-banded, dilettante,  
Delicate-handed priest intones,”

and people for a time run in crowds to hear him; and he is the popular preacher of the day.

Others take the opposite course; and put on a

roughness and frankness approaching to jocularity. Everything with them is familiar. It is "hail fellow, well met." For them religion has no mysteries. All is open, clear, and above board. They have been taken into the counsels of the Supreme, and are informed upon all the disputed questions of faith. They have the right road, and there is no other. You must go to heaven with them, or not go at all. And with them *not* to go means a great deal more than with our first popular friend. They have no scruple about describing the place of torment. Nay, with them it is one of the great instruments of success. They "horror on horror's head accumulate," and the more horrible the better. The picture of the bottomless pit, with its eternal fires, in which the goats (that is, those who hold not the popular preacher's faith) are to be tormented for ever and ever, is painted with an unction and a power that always takes with the multitude. As in the old Mysteries and Miracle Plays, the Devil is often introduced, and is made the object of much joking and buffoonery. To give effect, dramatic colloquies are introduced, and the logic of the "Tormentor of Souls" is generally equal to his goodness of heart—the weakest in kind and the most infinitesimal in quantity. Such scenes, however, create a little fun, and are most effective as "draws." Strong phrases are of

frequent occurrence, and supply the place of learning, which is rather despised, or at least not overestimated by our rough-and-ready friend. The Apostles were fishermen, and they were not learned; ergo, learning is not necessary, and not being necessary need not be much troubled after. This mode of reasoning, to say nothing of the delicately implied parallel between the preacher and the Apostles, is deemed an answer to all questions respecting acquirements; and serves to point many a moral, and adorn many a tale. St. Paul's example is conveniently ignored; and a good voice, a ready delivery, a rough wit, and some dramatic power, are deemed more valuable than all the learning in the world. This sort of preaching is rewarded with greater popularity than the refined euphuistic method of our ladies'-preacher; for it appeals to a larger number, and is acceptable to the masses. In results, however, it is about the same; and we may say that Cæsar and Pompey are very much alike, especially Pompey.

Others adopt different methods. Some are eccentric; mistaking oddity for genius, they play on this one string like a spiritual Paganini; and with about the same effect. Both succeed in drawing crowds to hear them. Some take up curious doctrines, and gain popularity by making inroads into the comfortable fields of orthodoxy. The louder the

cry of alarm, the more certain of success. The bolder the doctrine, the wickeder it sounds, the more certain it is to hit. "We have both written a naughty book," said a popular novelist to Miss Brontë; implying thereby, that both had excited curiosity by their naughtiness. So with our teacher of new or strange doctrines. He has only to spice his teachings with an extraordinary dash of boldness; to say a few things that raise a sensation of horror in his hearers; to tickle their ears with a gentle ridicule on things generally considered sacred, and rapidly will the news spread, great will be the curiosity excited, and large the audience consequent thereon. Some take to Apocalyptic interpretations, and fright the world from its propriety by the rashness of their vaticinations. The wilder the prophecy the greater the notoriety; but, as a sort of compensation, the shorter its existence.

The reason of the popularity is the same in all these cases. People go for the most part to be amused. As long as the excitement lasts and the amusement is afforded, the popularity continues, and no longer. The quantum of permanent good done is so small compared with the temporary gratification, that its effects in no wise counteract the dismal collapse of the whole. A less satisfactory, or less remunerative, life than that

of a popular preacher we can scarcely conceive. Such is now, and such always has been, the nature of his career. Now the "cynosure of neighbouring eyes;" now the "observed of all observers;" and now scarcely a felt influence in the Church.

This was never more fully, or more painfully, illustrated than by the career of the hero, or rather hifrio; of this paper. He was in his time the most popular of popular preachers. Belonging to the class of ladies'-preacher, he spared nothing in the attainment of success. All the means and appliances available for that purpose were resorted to. He had no scruples to stand in his way. Whatever could add to his influence and increase his popularity was obtained, no matter at what cost of religion or virtue. "He had," says Dr. Doran, "spent whole months with Mossop the actor, who drilled him into reading the Litany with such witching emphasis, that women went miles to hear him read the Litany. Mrs. Clive had made him pay rather dearly in dinners and suppers, and mulled claret and earrings, for instructing him in a pleasing delivery of the services for the solemnization of matrimony; the churching of women, and the private or public baptism of children. Palmer had taught him how to read a public notice from the pulpit with effect, and

Woodward had enlightened him as to the achievement of distinctness with grace, in enunciating the 'Dearly beloved,' and in reading an Epistle. For all this Will was indebted to the players at Drury Lane,—but the necessary money was well laid out. It returned cent. per cent. Covent Garden was not backward in lending him a sort of fitness for his calling. The effect was seen on Ash Wednesday, when Will had to recite the Commination sentences, and on the day set aside for the proclaiming of the creed of St. Athanasius. *Then*, Will's audiences beat Barry's, and Barry had been his master. Week after week, Will had attended at Barry's house, No. 61, Hart Street, Covent Garden, and there the two had gone through the threats and condemnations, till at last Will seemed to have gained the silver tongue of his instructor, and congregations of some men and many maids and matrons flocked to hear terrible penalties levelled at them, in so exquisite a voice and method; that even they who remembered the 'Fly soft ideas' of Miss Brent, in 'Artaxerxes,' thought Arne's pupil not to be compared with Barry's.

"Nor was this all that Covent Garden did to make a graceful apostle of him. Smith, that most irresistible of Valentines, addressed himself to Will's carriage, and in a very short time, parti-

cularly as the 'parson' went every night to the play, and from the boxes, thronged with maccaronies, marked how the actor entered on and walked the stage, he produced such improvement, that half the women, and sometimes all of them, in Will's congregation, used to slowly and silently rise to watch his graceful movement as he passed from the vestry to the pulpit, or from the latter to within the rails of the 'Communion.' As this was always done to a few notes from the organ, the effect was complete; and when it was over, the silly women fell back in faint ecstasy, each looking in a die-away fashion at her neighbour, and the expression evidently implying all that is meant in 'Did you ever?'

"There were others in Will's congregation who always circulated a soft and gentle 'hush!'—musically and tenderly fibilated previous to his saying 'Let us pray!' For his unparalleled utterance of this, and of the last eight words of the Lord's Prayer, to each of which he seemed to give different emphasis and additional beauty, he was indebted to Shuter, at whose lodgings, in Denzil Street, he took a good deal of instruction, and paid for a vast deal of liquor." \*

And so the Dr. goes detailing how and where

\* "New Pictures on Old Panels." By Dr. Doran; pp. 5-6-7.



and from whom he won this grace, or acquired that accent, and perfected himself in all the arts of a popular preacher. He reached the goal of his ambition : he was a popular preacher. Few have ever been more so. The ladies, as is their wont in such cases, almost went mad about him. They overwhelmed him with pleasing tokens of their admiration and devotion ; and, strangely too, although he was a married man.. To make one more extract from Dr. Doran's pleasant pages. After speaking of his popularity among the men, the Dr. says, "Still more was he loved by the women, even by the really serious. To their serious questions he could always give serious and highly satisfactory answers. To these inquirers he seemed something angelic, so bright, so soft, so consoling, was this apostle from the taverns. Women more foolish loved him more fondly, and, of course, more foolishly. They sent him bands, and worked slippers for him. The more timid dispatched to him leather purses, on which they had worked his initials. The more daring offered him braces knitted by their own hands, and dashingly offered, furthermore, to 'help him on with them.' Married women who sat near him at dinner would drink out of his glass, and then wink at and laugh with him. Beviies of girls were in the seventh heaven if they could secure him at one of their

games. Solitary adorers discoursed with him in corners. Gifts of value rained upon him ; he had only to hint a want that he might have it supplied ; and three times his debts had been paid in full by the ladies of his various congregations. The matrons paid them the first time. The maids accepted the liability the next. On the third occasion there was a hot quarrel. The widows claimed the exclusive privilege, but the claim was disputed, as they had previously combined with the matrons, who now asserted their right by turn. Ultimately the matter was compromised, and ladies of all qualities united, and raised such a sum-total, that the reverend gentleman was not only set free from debt, but presented with such a sum over and above his late incumbrances, that he became more of the fine gentleman than he had ever been, speculated in marriage, aimed at winning a lady of title and a fortune ;—and fancying he had met both at Lord Sandwich's, eloped with the two, and found the lady's title one very common at Drury Lane, and her fortune, a couple of hundred guineas, contributed with alacrity by my lord !”

And this once popular preacher, so courted and so flattered by his admirers, would now scarcely ever be named, had it not been for his shameful crime, its cruel punishment, and the Prison Thoughts. We shall very rapidly summarise his

life up to that period from which he derives his claim to a place in this work.

William Dodd was born at Bourne, in Lincolnshire, on the 29th of May, 1729. His father was a clergyman at the same place, and was considered a pious and exemplary man. William received the first part of his education at a private school, and in the year 1745 was admitted a sizar of Clare Hall, Cambridge, at which university he took his B.A. degree in 1749. He distinguished himself by his application to his studies, and there is every reason to believe that his conduct at the university was praiseworthy and unexceptionable. He was very ambitious, and desired to shine and make a noise in the world; but these are qualities which lead, when united to moral feeling, to fame and honour. The moral feelings were not over strong in William Dodd, but the desire for notoriety was; and so he went astray. With his acquirements and ready talents, it is not to be wondered at that he commenced authorship at an early age. His first efforts, however, were not in original works, but abridgments of well-known authors. Thus he published abridgments of Grotius's "*De Jure Belli*," at Paris; of Clarke "*On the Being and Attributes of God*," and so on. He was married on the 15th of April, 1751, to Miss Mary Perkins, under peculiar circumstances, and the

marriage was doubtless a foolish and not very happy one. Two years after his marriage he was ordained, and permanently settled in London, living in a house and at an expense far beyond his means. He was now appointed lecturer of St. Olave, Hart Street, the scene of his triumphs and his follies. Here it was that he became a popular preacher. Here it was that ladies of quality, and ladies not of quality, rushed after the exquisite divine, and scattered the incense of their beauty, their smiles, and their admiration at his feet. Here he was accompanied by all the usual attendants of a popular preacher. Crowds of fashionably dressed people thronged to his ministrations, and the lecturer who was thus drawing men and women to his church, and was in a powerful and impressive manner enforcing the truths of religion, was himself leading a life of dissipation, riot, and pleasure.

The popular preacher was, in short, a weak and insincere man. Vain and fond of display, everything was sacrificed for the gratification of his desires. That he had good elements in him is evident by the manner in which he discharged his duties as the curate of West Ham, and could he have been kept out of the whirlpool of fashionable life and of popular preaching, he might have been a creditable and useful clergyman of the Church. But his vanity ruined him. His love of dissipation

destroyed him—and the dissipation of a pleasure-loving parson is of the most seductive and ruinous kind. He was doubtless desirous of being engaged in good work, as the labours he bestowed on the Magdalen Asylum, and other philanthropical institutions, fully prove. Still the fascination of the bright eyes that rained influence on him at St. Olave's was irresistible; and the fascination of other bright eyes, that beamed on him from other places than St. Olave's, was quite as irresistible; and our doctor was not a man to resist such influences. They were his life, his being; "in them did he live, and by them did he live." For those bright eyes were the ministrants to, and the cause of, his popularity, and without that how could he exist at all? The meanness of the man is something extraordinary; and no shift was too low either to keep up the *furore* of his preaching or to bring money to his purse. In 1759, he published an edition of Bishop Hall's Meditations, and dedicated it to Miss Talbot, a lady living with the family of Archbishop Secker. So fulsome was this dedication, so miserably flattering, and so servile in its tone, that the Archbishop wrote to him in the strongest terms of deprecation and anger, and at last insisted on the edition being cancelled. The arrow of the place-seeking divine had overshot its mark.

Mr. Dodd, however, was not a man to be baulked by a trifle. His popularity kept on increasing. His literary labours also were remunerative; and church honours were not wanting. In fact, everything seemed to work in his favour. He got patronage and help from others than the fair bevies that thronged St. Olave's; and he doubtless worked very hard. His extravagance, however, more than kept pace with his labours; and much as he earned, the more he got into debt. At balls, theatres, and wine-parties, this preacher, so impressive, so powerful, so attractive, consumed all that his votaries could provide for him, and ran up a pretty long bill beyond. His mode of living was notorious; but it caused no diminution in the attendance at St. Olave's.

We draw near another very notable act in Mr. Dodd's life. But previous to stating this, we must just record his progress to his Doctorship. In 1759 he took his degree of M.A., and in 1763 was made chaplain in ordinary to the king; Dr. Squire, Bishop of St. David's, also took him in hand, and presented him to the Prebend of Brecon, and by this bishop he was recommended to the Earl of Chesterfield as a proper person for tutor to Philip Stanhope, heir to the fortunes and title of that nobleman. In 1766 he took his degree of LL.D. at Cambridge, and in 1772 was presented

to the Rectory of Hockliffe, in Bedfordshire. Surely these were rewards enough to satisfy the most cormorant of appetites! Not so. The learned doctor sighed for other loaves and fishes. His cry was still for more. His debts were very pressing; and to provide for them our popular preacher will try his hand at a little bit of simony. Flattery having failed in one instance, he will now try what efficacy bribery has. The "jingling of the guinea" may operate where the "voice of the charmer" was impotent. At least he will try.

In the year 1774, the rich rectory of St. George's, Hanover Square, had fallen to the disposal of the crown. Our divine longed for the ministration of its duties, but longed a little more ardently for its emoluments. To effect so good, so desirable an object, what was a little simony in the balance? It is true it would not do for the doctor to appear openly in the matter. But what of that? He who has no scruple to commit a crime will not be over-fastidious about the means. It is true that among right-thinking people anonymous letter-writing is not considered a highly honourable, or even creditable thing to do. But our divine is not troubled by such small qualms of conscience. Keepers in a menagerie point out to open-mouthed rustics the wonderful adaptability of the elephant,

and tell the astonished crowd how the same animal can pull up a tree by the roots and pick up a pin. Our doctor is equally facile and variously endowed. He can hew a colossus out of a rock, and carve heads upon cherry-stones. He can offer a large sum of money to purchase a place in the church, and write the anonymous letter offering the bribe. He can also do this in a most delicate manner, proving his knowledge of human nature—at least of feminine human nature. Instead of writing to the Lord-Chancellor, he writes to the Lord-Chancellor's lady, and offers a bribe of 3000*l.* if by her means he could obtain the desired living. A pretty little plot, is it not? Alas! for mortal hopes! The doctor's knowledge of feminine human nature failed him in this instance. The lady was not enchanted with the offer. Nay, she at once communicated the letter to her husband; it was traced to the learned divine; sent to the King; and the result was not the presentation of the living of St. George's, Hanover Square, to the popular lecturer. Instead of this he was instantly struck off the list of his Majesty's chaplains; the newspapers made a fine handle of it; he was quizzed and satirised without mercy; and wicked Mr. Foote made the delightful little transaction the source of one of his witty entertainments, and performed it to the rapturous applause of his numerous audiences.



After this nefarious business the doctor's career to ruin was very rapid. He left London, and joined his noble pupil at Geneva. From him he obtained the living of Winge in Buckinghamshire; and held it conjointly with that of Hockliffe, obtaining a dispensation for that purpose; pluralism not being an offence in those days, and if it had it would not have in any wise stood in the doctor's way, he being by no means a particular man in such matters. Things still went on from bad to worse. On his return to London, he tried to get rid of his debts by means of a Commission of Bankruptcy; but in this he failed. He still preached; and added the editorship of a newspaper to his clerical duties; but gave up none of his vanities, extravagances, or follies.

The road to ruin was never better trod than by Dr. Dodd; and in 1776 we have one more instance of this man and his nature. Perhaps he had grown reckless. All his plans for getting money or relief from his liabilities had failed. He was a ruined, and probably a most distracted man. That he was weak, wickedly weak, is clear. For in this year overwhelmed as he was with debt; hunted by duns; threatened by tradesmen; not knowing where to turn for money, he, "with incredible folly, appeared in a phaeton at the races at Sablons, near Paris, tricked out in all the foppery of French

attire.”\* From this act to the fatal one of February 1777, there is but one step.

We are now at the culminating point of the doctor's career. One more act of folly, one more crime, will fill his cup to overflowing, and place his life in the power of the law. The fulsome flatterer, the would-be simonist, the pluralist, the popular preacher, is now about to assume another character, and add that of forger to the above respectable list. And this was the manner of his doing it. He sent for a Mr. Robertson, a broker, and showing him a bond neither filled up nor signed, told him that a young nobleman just come of age wanted to borrow 4000*l*. The business was to be conducted with the utmost secrecy and confidence, as his *Lordship* did not wish the matter known. Therefore he, as his Lordship's tutor, had undertaken the affair. The persons advancing the money were not to be witnesses to the execution of the deed. Mr. Robertson, fully trusting in the doctor and in the *bona fide* nature of the application, applied to several persons, who refused in consequence of not being allowed to be present at the execution of the bond. Messrs. Fletcher and Peach, however, consented to advance the sum ; Mr. Robertson brought the bond back to Dr. Dodd, who returned it the next day executed, when Mr. Robertson, most foolishly, if not cul-

\* “The Biographical Dictionary.” Article : Dr. Dodd.

pably, added his name to the doctor's as the other witness. Mr. Robertson's own explanation was, that "knowing Mr. Fletcher to be a particular man, and one of those who would object to one subscribing witness only, I put my name under the doctor's. I then went and received the money, which I paid into the hands of Dr. Dodd, 3000*l.* in notes of Sir Charles Raymond & Co., the remaining 1200*l.* in bank-notes." Robertson received a hundred pounds for his trouble.

Thus then the doctor was provided with money ; and but for a little circumstance, the merest trifle, he might have lived some time without detection. The thing was cleverly done ; the chances apparently of discovery were few. It was not very likely that the bond would be produced for some time ; and the doctor always asserted he meant to repay, and had no intention whatever of defrauding the Earl. However this may be, the discovery was peculiar, and deserves narration. The bond "was in the penalty of 8400*l.* conditional on the payment of 4200*l.* as the purchase of an annuity, payable quarterly from the date thereof, in the sum of 700*l.* per annum, during the life of the Earl of Chesterfield."\* The bond was deposited with Mr. Manly, Messrs. Fletcher and Peach's solicitor ; and in looking through it he noticed a very peculiar blot on

\* "The Newgate Calendar." Vol. iv., p. 195.

the letter E in the word seven. To the acute eyes of the solicitor, this blot seemed the intentional work of some one ; there were marks of design in it ; and without suspecting any crime, Mr. Manly showed the blot to Mr. Fletcher, and advised him to have a clean bond filled up and sent to Lord Chesterfield to be executed. This was done ; and, of course, the forgery discovered. An information was preferred at Guildhall ; Mr. Robertson was taken into custody, four officers of justice accompanied Mr. Manly to Dr. Dodd's house, accused him of the crime, and informed him that the only means of escape was to refund the money. The wretched doctor at once returned 3000*l.*, drew on his banker for 500*l.*, gave a second draught on his banker for 200*l.* more, a judgment on his goods for 400*l.* ; and Mr. Robertson gave up the 100*l.* which he had received for his professional labours in the matter ; and thus the whole sum received from Messrs. Fletcher and Peach was made up. The doctor was, notwithstanding, taken before the Lord Mayor on the charge of forgery, and there he made the following statement :—" I had no intention to defraud my Lord Chesterfield, or the gentleman who advanced the money. I hope that the satisfaction I have made in returning the money will atone for the offence. I was pressed exceedingly for 300*l.* to pay some bills due to tradesmen.

I took this step as a temporary resource. I should have repaid it in half a year. My Lord Chesterfield cannot but have some tenderness for me, as my pupil: I love him, and he knows it. There is nobody wishes to prosecute. I am sure my Lord Chesterfield don't want my life: I hope he will show clemency to me. Mercy should triumph over justice." \* All this was doubtless true. Still he was committed for trial; and on Saturday, the 22nd of February, 1777, he was arraigned at the Old Bailey for the crime, tried, found guilty, and condemned to be executed, the cruel sentence being carried out.

After the evidence had been completed, the doctor made the following defence: "My lords and gentlemen of the jury,—From the evidence that has this day been produced against me, I am now called upon to answer to the charge brought against me. There is no man in the world, my lords and gentlemen of the jury, has a deeper sense of the heinousness of the crime of which I stand charged. I view it, my lord, in all its extent of heinousness; but, my lord, I apprehend that the malignity of the crime always, both in the eye of law, reason, and religion, consists in the *intention*. I am informed that the Act of Parliament upon this head

\* "The Newgate Calendar," Vol. iv., pp. 210-211.

runs perpetually in that style—with an *intention to defraud*. Such an intention, my lords and gentlemen of the jury, has not been attempted to be proved upon me; and from the consequences of the evidence that has appeared before you, it is sufficiently proved that a *perfect* and *ample restitution* has been made. I leave it, my lords, to you and the gentlemen of the jury to consider that if an unhappy man at any time deviates from the law of right, yet if in the first moment of recollection he does all he can to make full and perfect amends, what, my lords and gentlemen of the jury, can God and man desire more? My lords, there are a variety of circumstances, too tedious to trouble you with now, with respect to myself. Were I to give loose to my feelings, I have many things to say, and I am sure you would feel with me with respect to them. But, my lords, as it appears upon all hands, and as it appears, gentlemen of the jury, in every sense, that *I had no intention to have done the least injury to any man upon the face of the earth*, I hope you will consider this in its true state. I must observe to your lordships, though I have met with all possible candour from this court, I have been pursued with oppressive cruelty. I have been prosecuted after the most express engagements, after the most solemn assertions, and after the most delusive and soothing arguments from Mr. Manly. I

have been prosecuted with a cruelty scarcely to be paralleled. A person, avowedly a criminal, and who stood in the same light as myself, is brought forth and admitted a witness against me, which is a fact totally, I believe, unexampled. My lords, oppressed as I am with ignominy, loaded as I am with distress, sunk under the weight of this cruel prosecution, your lordships and gentlemen of the jury cannot think life a matter valuable to me. No, my lords, I solemnly protest that death, of all blessings, would be the most pleasant to me, after this place. But I have yet, my lord, ties that call upon me, ties which render me desirous even to continue in this miserable life. I have a wife, my lords, who for twenty-seven years has lived an unparalleled example of conjugal affection to me; whose behaviour, during this trying scene, would draw tears of approbation, I am sure, even from the most inhuman. My lords, I have creditors too who will suffer greatly, and I hope, for the sake of justice towards them, some mercy will be shown. My lords and gentlemen of the jury, looking upon it in the most impartial view and strictest manner, and calling heaven to witness, I declare solemnly it was my own intention to have repaid it in three or four months. I have had Mr. Manly's repeated and most sacred promises that I should not be prosecuted. As it appears clear to every man there is

not the least injury done to any man upon the face of the earth, I fully confide myself in the kindness, humanity, and protection of my country."

We fancy that my lords must have been especially struck with, and rather grimly smiled at some parts of the above address. Mr. Manly's telling him that the only means of saving him would be by returning the money, is translated into "I have been prosecuted after the most express engagements, after the most solemn assertions, and after the most delusive and soothing arguments from Mr. Manly." The allusion to the interests of his creditors is a nice bit of irony from the man who about a year before sought to pay them through the Bankruptcy Court. The question of prosecution or non-prosecution was, from the moment Mr. Manly preferred his charge of forgery before the Lord Mayor, out of his hands; and it could only be as a drowning man catching at straws, that the doctor could have been influenced by such a promise. The question as to the admissibility of the evidence of the "person avowedly a criminal, and who stood in the same light as myself," was reserved for the consideration of the judges; and, though found guilty, sentence was deferred until their lordships' opinion was given. This opinion was unanimous in favour of the legality of the evidence. The judges' decision was communicated to the doctor on the 12th of May,



and on the 26th he was brought to the bar to receive his sentence. He there made the following address, which bears unmistakeable evidence in its composition of the help he had received from Dr. Johnson. As these addresses are "Prison Works," we make no apology for giving them here. He said, "My lord, I now stand before you a dreadful example of human infirmity. I entered upon public life with the expectations common to young men, whose education has been liberal, and whose abilities have been flattered. And when I became a clergyman I considered myself as not impairing the dignity of the order. I was not idle, nor, I hope, a useless minister. I taught the truths of Christianity with the zeal of conviction and the authority of innocence. My labours were approved; my pulpit became popular; and I have reason to believe that of those who heard me some have been preserved from sin, and some have been reclaimed. Condescend, my lord, to think, if these considerations aggravate my crime, how must they embitter my punishment.

"Being distinguished and elated by the confidence of mankind, I had too much confidence in myself; and thinking my integrity—what others thought it—established in sincerity and fortified by religion, I did not consider the danger of vanity, nor suspected the deceitfulness of my own heart.

The day of conflict came, in which temptation surprised and overwhelmed me ! I committed the crime, which I entreat your lordship to believe that my conscience hourly represents to me in its full bulk of mischief and malignity. Many have been overpowered by temptation, who are now among the penitent in heaven !

- “For an act, now waiting the decision of vindictive justice, I will not presume to oppose the counterbalance of almost thirty years (a great part of the life of man) passed in exciting and exercising charity ; in relieving such distresses as I now feel ; in administering those consolations which I now want. I will not otherwise extenuate my offence, than by declaring, what many circumstances make probable, that I did not intend to be finally fraudulent. Nor will it become me to apportion my own punishment, by alleging that my sufferings have been not much less than my guilt. I have fallen from reputation, which ought to have made me cautious, and from a fortune, which ought to have given me content. I am sunk at once into poverty and scorn : my name and my crime fill the ballads in the streets ; the sport of the thoughtless, and the triumph of the wicked.

“It may seem strange, my lord, that, remembering what I have lately been, I should wish to continue what I am ; but contempt of death, how

speciously soever it might mingle with heathen virtues, has nothing in it fuitable to Christian penitence.

“Many motives impel me to long earnestly for life. I feel the natural horror of a violent death, and the universal dread of untimely dissolution. I am desirous to recompense the injury I have done to the clergy, to the world, and to religion ; and to efface the scandal of my crime by the example of my repentance. But, above all—I wish to die with thoughts more composed, and calmer preparations.

“The gloom and confusion of a prison, the anxiety of a trial, and the inevitable vicissitudes of passion, leave not the mind in a due disposition for the holy exercises of prayer and self-examination. Let not a little life be denied me, in which I may, by meditation and contrition, prepare myself to stand at the tribunal of Omnipotence, and support the presence of that Judge, who shall distribute to all according to their works ; who will receive to pardon the repenting sinner ; and from whom the merciful shall obtain mercy.

“For these reasons, my lord, amidst shame and misery, I yet wish to live ; and most humbly implore that I may be recommended by your lordship to the clemency of his Majesty.”

This may be considered a very fine piece of writing. Yet, considering the doctor's life, we are

rather astonished at a few of the sentences of his address. Speaking of the almost thirty years of his ministry, he says, that among other Christian deeds he had done, he had been employed "in relieving such distresses as I now feel." In the year 1772, the living of Hockliffe, in Bedfordshire, was obtained by the doctor; and returning thence to London he was once stopped by a highwayman near Pancras. The fellow discharged a pistol into the carriage, which did no other damage but break the glass window. For this he was tried—as he deserved to be; of this attempt he, on the evidence of Dr. Dodd, was found guilty and hanged. We have no record of the reverend prosecutor moving a step, or saying a word, to rescue this victim of the same barbarous and cruel law by which the doctor himself suffered. In sooth, his ministrations did not consist in visiting the prisoner, and in relieving such distresses as he then felt. Between the popular preacher of St. Olave's and the condemned highwayman who had broken the glass of his carriage window, there was little manifestation of the Christian dowry of mercy. It is, however, to be doubted if the latter were not the honest man of the two. The same insincerity runs through the whole address—an utter forgetfulness of his past life and its follies; a foolish attempt to lessen the blackness of his own crime, by crying out again and

again that he had made restitution. He admirably illustrates the words of our subtlest-thinking essayist, Mr. Helps, when he makes the philosophic Count Edgar von Straubenheim, while meditating a crime, exclaim :—

“ What should I say of any other man ?  
But then our own misdeeds are quite peculiar,  
White at the edges, shading into darkness,  
Not wholly black like other men’s enormities.  
Theirs are the thunder-clouds ; ours but the streaks  
Across the setting sun.—No, no ! I’m not  
A fool like that. I know full well ’tis base,  
Supremely base ; nonetheless it shall be done.  
If there were time, some other course we might  
Devise ; but that’s what scoundrels always say—  
If there were time, they would replace, repay,  
In virtue’s silvery path they would walk leisurely.” \*

All was of no avail. He was sentenced ; and on the 27th of June, 1777, he suffered the extreme penalty of the law at Tyburn.

Every effort that could be was made to obtain his pardon. The jury that found him guilty unanimously signed a memorial, and presented it to the Court, recommending him to mercy. The Corporation of the City of London petitioned on his behalf and presented it at St. James’s in a body, with the Lord Mayor at their head. The charities he had helped in life worked hard for him in his hour of peril. Clergymen sent up individual

\* “ Oulita, the Serf.” Act i., sc. 5.

petitions imploring grace. The fair fingers that had before been so industriously employed in working bands and slippers and braces, were now as assiduous in the more Christian labour of getting signatures to the prayer for pardon or remission. It is said that nearly thirty thousand signatures were obtained. The great and good Dr. Johnson published some cogent reasons why he should be pardoned. All, however, was of no avail. And looking at it now, we do not see how they could have been. The law was abominably cruel; the punishment, compared with the crime, was out of all proportion; it was a disgrace to the statute-book and to the age which endured it. Still it was the law, and while men were being hanged almost every week for the same, ay, even for less offences, we do not see on what ground the ministers could have recommended the king to have exercised his prerogative of mercy in favour of Dr. Dodd. We rejoice that the progress of our nation in law reform and in humanity has swept away this and other like Draconic laws, which were a shame to our civilisation and to our religion; but we cannot say that, while it was the law to hang for forgery, and while comparatively ignorant wretches were so frequently suffering for that crime, it would have been right to have pardoned this particular criminal.

With the exception of his selection of the " Beau-

ties of Shakspere" and his "Prison Thoughts," the literary labours of Doctor Dodd are very little known. The last-mentioned work alone concerns us here; and on that we propose to say a few words.

The "Prison Thoughts," although written in blank verse, can scarcely be called poetry. They are the spasmodic, hysteric, and insincere utterances of a weak man under affliction. The power of self-deception in the writer is something to be wondered at. To read these thoughts without any other record of his life, you would gather that he had committed some crime, not perhaps a very black one; but that he was otherwise a good, pious, holy, persecuted man. He is constantly shrieking out his complaints against the world and its vices; and now that he can no longer participate in them and enjoy them, they have become the objects of his bitterest denunciations. You feel while reading "these wild and wayward cries," that the grapes are sour; and the pity you would otherwise have is changed into something akin to contempt. The true tone of Christian meekness, and sorrow, and repentance are wanting. Surely he who had tasted of these so much denounced pleasures, who had fallen so often and so thoroughly under their fascinations might have had a little more charity for those who were still slaves in the garden of the Syrens! His objur-

gations are not so much those of one disgusted with the sins, as of one unable to be a participator in them. So striking is this air of superficial and ostentatious piety ; so vehement is the assertion of this horror at the doings of the world ; so apparent is it that noise, and shrieks, and groans are no true measure of the writer's true feelings ; that all the time you read there is ringing in your ears the dreary, monotonous, and unpleasant old proverb:—

“ When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be ;  
When the devil was well, the devil a monk was he.”

You cannot believe the man. His obliviousness of the past is as great as if he had drunk of Lethe's stream. His assumption of piety is so offensive, his censures so abound with cant, that the mind sickens as with nausea at the seeming hypocrisy. Let us substantiate these charges by an examination of the work, and by the author's own words. As proofs of spasm and hysterics, you can open the “ Prison Thoughts ” at almost any page and find them :—

“ Burst into tears, my soul !  
Gush, every pore of my distracted frame,  
Gush into drops of blood ! ”

“ Give me the angel's clarion !—Let me sound  
Loud as the blast which shall awake the dead ;  
Oh, let me sound, and call the slumberers forth  
To view the vision which delusion charms ;



To shake the potent incantations off;  
Or ere it burst in ruin on their souls,  
As it has burst on mine."

" Why then, mysterious Providence, pursued  
With such unfeeling ardour ! Why pursued  
To death's dread bourn, by men to me unknown !  
Why—Stop the deep question ; it o'erwhelms my soul ;  
It reels, it staggers !—Earth turns round !—My brain  
Whirls in confusion ! my impetuous heart  
Throbs with pulsations not to be restrained !  
Why ?—where ?—Oh, Chesterfield ! my son, my son !  
Nay, talk not of composure ! I had thought  
That marble-eyed severity would crack  
The slender nerves which guide my reins of sense,  
And give me up to madness."

Such incoherent utterances abound ; these, it may be urged, the horror of his position, the sense of his guilt, and the consciousness of what men would say and were saying of him, may excuse. Be it so ; what can we say of such writing as the following?—

" Yet not presumptuous deem it, Arbiter  
Of human thoughts, that through the long, long gloom  
Of multiplied transgressions, I behold  
Complacent smiling on my sickening soul  
' Delight in Thy loved Sabbaths !' Well Thou know'st—  
For Thou know'st all things—that the cheerful round  
Of that blest day's returns, for circling weeks,  
For months, for years, for more than thrice seven years,  
Was music to my heart ! My feet rejoiced  
To bear me to Thy temples, haply fraught  
With comfort's tidings ; with Thy gospel's truth,  
The gospel of Thy peace ! Oh, well Thou know'st,  
Who knowest all things, with what welcome toil,  
What pleasing assiduity I searched  
Thy heavenly word, to learn Thy heavenly will ;  
That faithful I might minister its truth,  
And of the high commission nought keep back

From the great congregation ! Well Thou know'st,  
 —Sole, sacred witness of my private hours—  
 How copiously I bath'd with pleading tears,  
 How earnestly in prayer consigned to Thee,  
 The humble efforts of my trembling pen ;  
 My best, weak efforts in my Master's cause ;  
 Weak as the feather 'gainst the giant's shield,  
 Light as the gos'mer floating on the wind,  
 Without Thy aid omnipotent ! Thou know'st  
 How, anxious to improve in ev'ry grace  
 That best to man's attention might commend  
 Th' important message, studious I applied  
 My feeble talents to the holy art  
 Of suasive elocution ; emulous  
 Of every acquisition which might clothe  
 In purest dignity the purest work,  
 The first, the highest office man can bear,  
 ' The Messenger of God ! ' And well Thou know'st,  
 —For all the work, as all the praise is Thine—  
 What sweet success accompanied the toil :  
 What harvests blest'd the seed-time ! Well Thou know'st  
 With what triumphant gladness my rapt soul  
 Wrought in the vineyard ! how it thankful bore  
 The noonday's heat, the evening's chilly frost,  
 Exulting in its much-loved Master's cause  
 To spend, and to be spent ! and bring it home  
 From triple labours of the well-toiled day,  
 A body by fatigue o'erborne ; a mind  
 Replete with glad emotions to its God ! "

This is not a bad picture of a good hard-working parish priest. The objection to it is that, so far as it pretends to be autobiographical, it is not true. Dr. Dodd was anything but this. His own words convict him. In a paper which he wrote in prison with the intention that it should have been read at his execution by Mr. Vilette, the ordinary of Newgate, he says, " The little good that now remains in my

power is to warn others against those temptations by which I have been seduced. I have always sinned against conviction ; my principles have never been shaken ; I have always considered the Christian religion as a revelation from God, and its Divine author as the Saviour of the world : but the laws of God, though never disowned by me, have been often forsaken. I was led astray from religious strictness by the delusion of *show and the delights of voluptuousness*. *I never knew or attended to the calls of frugality, or the needful minuteness of painful economy*. Vanity and pleasure, into which I plunged, required expense disproportionate to my income ; expense brought distress upon me ; and distress, importunate distress, urged me to temporary fraud." And so to relieve importunate distress, and to pay off some 300*l.*, he committed a forgery for 4200*l.* ; and yet he had the audacity to depict such a picture of more than thrice seven years of active Christian life in his " Prison Thoughts " at the time he must have been writing his confession for Mr. Vilette.

His parody of Othello's last speech is perhaps more glaringly untrue and insincere than that which we last quoted :—

" Then farewell, oh, my friends ! light o'er my grave  
The green sod lay, and dew it with the tear  
Of memory affectionate ! and you  
—The curtain drop derisive, oh, my foes,

Your rancour drop ; and, candid, as I am,  
 Speak of me, hapless ! Then you'll speak of one  
 Whose bosom beat at pity's gentlest touch  
 From earliest infancy : whose boyish mind  
 In acts humane and tender ever joyed ;  
 And who—that temper by his inmost sense  
 Approved and cultivate with constant care—  
 Melted through life at sorrow's plaintive tale,  
 And urged, compassionate with pleasure ran  
 To soothe the sufferer and relieve the woe !  
 Of one, who, though to humble fortune bred,  
 With splendid generosity's bright form  
 Too ardently enamoured, turned his sight,  
 Deluded, from frugality's just care,  
 And parsimony needful ! One who scorned  
 Mean love of gold, yet to that power—his scorn  
 Retorting vengeful—a mark'd victim fell !  
 Of one, who, *unsuspecting and ill-formed*  
 For the world's subtleties, his bare breast bore  
 Unguarded, open ; and ingenuous, thought  
 All men ingenuous, frank, and open too.  
 Of one, who, warm with human passions, soft  
 To tenderest impressions, frequent rush'd  
 Precipitate into the tangling maze  
 Of error ;—instant to each fault alive.  
 Who, in this little journey through the world—  
 Misled, deluded oft, mistook his way ;  
 Met with bad roads and robbers, for his steps  
 Infidious lurking : and by cunning craft  
 Of fellow-travellers sometimes deceived,  
 Severely felt of cruelty and scorn,  
 Of envy, malice, and of ill report,  
 The heavy hand oppressive ! One who brought  
 —From ignorance, from indiscretion blind—  
 Ills numerous on his head ; but *never aimed*  
 Nor wished an ill or injury to man !  
 Injured, with cheerful readiness forgave ;  
 Not for a moment in his happy heart  
 Harboured of malice or revenge a thought :  
 Still glad and blest to avenge his foe's despite  
 By deeds of love benevolent !—of one—  
 Oh painful contradiction, who in God,

In duty, placed the summit of his joy ;  
Yet left that God, that blissful duty left,  
Preposterous, vile deserter ! and received  
A just return—desertion from his God,  
And consequential plunge into the depth  
Of all his present—of all human woe !”

The self-deception, if not something worse, of this passage must strike every one. Its special pleading is supreme ; but with the facts of his life before him, he must indeed be a dull reader who is not able to see through its (it may be unconscious) deception and insincerity. Yet this must yield in hypocritical audacity to our next quotation. Before we make it, however, we must refer to a part of the doctor's life already narrated. After the anonymous offer to bribe Lady Apsley to procure him the living of St. George's, Hanover-square, the name of Doctor Dodd was of course on every one's lips, his ignominious act the subject for all kinds of comment. The only notice he took of it himself was to publish the following most lame and unsatisfactory letter. It is addressed to the editor of an evening paper :—

“SIR,—May I earnestly entreat, through the channel of your paper, that the candid public will suspend their sentence in my case? Under the pressure of circumstances exceedingly adverse, and furnished with no proofs of innocence but which are of a negative nature, there is left for me at pre-

sent no mode of defence but that of an appeal to a life passed in public service, and an irreproachable attention to the duties of my function. How impossible it is to oppose the torrent of popular invective, the world will judge. It is hoped, however, that time will, ere long, put some circumstances in my power which may lead to an elucidation of this affair, evince to the satisfaction of mankind my integrity, and remove every ill impression with regard to the proceedings which have justly incensed a most respectable personage, and drawn such misfortune upon me.

WILLIAM DODD."

Of course such a letter only excited without satisfying public curiosity. The doctor's crime was only exceeded by the doctor's folly. Such a man and such an act was certain to provoke the wits of the time, and expose its perpetrator to their merciless quizzing and irony. Something of the feeling of the time may be gathered from a passage in a letter of Horace Walpole to Lady Ossory. Writing on the 29th of January, 1774, he says, "So does King George, who has ordered the pure precise Dr. Dodd to be struck off the list of his chaplains; not for gallantry with a Magdalen, as you would expect, but for offering a thumping bribe to my Lord Chancellor for the fat living of St. George's (Hanover-square). It is droll that a young comedy

divine should have fallen into the sin not of Mary the Penitent, nor of her host, Simon the Pharisee, but of Simon Magus. Perhaps as the doctor married Lord Sandwich's mistress he had had enough of *des filles repenties*.\* Foote of course made use of the "young comedy divine," or "macaroni parson," as the town called him. He surely was a legitimate subject for the satirist of the follies and the vices of the day. Fairer or less objectionable game Foote never aimed at. Speaking of the play of the "Cozeners," in which Dr. Dodd is introduced as Dr. Simony, Mr. Forster says, "Here again was legitimate satire. It exposed traffickers in vice, denounced the prevailing lax morality as to places in great men's gifts, laughed at Charles Fox's match-making adventure, and held up to reprobation macaroni preachers and traders in simony. Here Mrs. Rudd rehearsed what she soon after acted with the Perreaus, and a gibbet was set up for Dr. Dodd three years before Lord Chesterfield hanged him."† The manner in which the satirist did his work has been so admirably summarised by Mr. Forster, that we enrich our pages by quoting it. He says, "But the most masterly sketch in the 'Cozeners' was that of the fashionable preacher,

\* "Horace Walpole's Letters." Cunningham's Edition. Vol. vi. p. 55.

† "Forster's Biographical Essays: Samuel Foote." Vol. ii. p. 423.

Dr. Dodd. This wretched person had very recently offered a large bribe to Lady Apsley on condition that she obtained for him, from the Chancellor, the living of St. George's, Hanover-square, and such indignation was excited by it, and by Foote's exposure of it in this play, that Dodd's name was struck out of the list of the king's chaplains. He is introduced as Dr. Simony, and from the flattering portrait of his admiring wife, some few traits may be drawn for the reader's edification. The doctor's powers, according to this partial witness, are pretty well known about town; not a more *populous* preacher within the sound of Bow-bells. And she don't mean the nobility only—*those* every canting fellow can catch; but the best people of fashion aren't ashamed to follow her Doctor. Nor is he one of the humdrum, drawling, long-winded tribe; he never crams congregations, or gives them more than they can carry away; not more than ten or twelve minutes at most. Even the Duchess Dowager of Drowsy was never known to nod at her Doctor. Moreover, he doesn't pore, with his eyes close to the book, like a clerk that reads the first lesson—not he! but all extemporary, Madam, with a cambric handkerchief in one hand, and a diamond ring on the other. And these he waves this way and that way, and he curtsies, and he bows, and he bounces, that all the people are



ready to —. But then, she interrupts herself with enthusiasm, his wig! She is sure all must admire his dear wig; not with the bushy brown buckles, dangling and dropping like a Newfoundland spaniel, but short, rounded off at the ear to show his plump cherry cheeks, white as a curd, feather-topped, and the curls as close as a cauliflower. He is so obedient too—as humble and meek as a curate; does only his duties; never scruples to bury, though it be but a tradesman—unless indeed he happens to be better engaged. Then he is so cheerful, and has such a choice collection of songs. Why, he is constantly asked to the great city feasts, and does, she verily believes, more in-door christenings than any three of the cloth. But above all, her Doctor is none of your schismatics—believes in the whole thirty-nine! And so he would if there were nine times as many. Such is the excellent Dr. Simony, of a race, we fear, not yet quite extinct upon the earth.”\*

This description can in no wise be said to be overcharged. Not a word but the Doctor richly merited. Doubtless it stung, stung deeply. One so susceptible as the Doctor was to public opinion must have winced at the sharp-pointed arrows of

\* “Forster’s Biographical Essays: Samuel Foote.” Vol. ii. pp. 423-4. The scene from the “Cozeners,” of which the above is an abstract, occurs in the first act of that witty and pungent drama.

the satirist ! To allude to it at all in such a work as "Prison Thoughts" showed an absence of delicacy somewhat remarkable. It was sure to provoke the question as to whether the satirist was not right in thus delineating the divine, and the answer was certain to be in the affirmative. This the Doctor knew, and in order to get a little sympathy, writes as if Foote, by making Mrs. Simony describe her lord and master, was satirising not the Doctor but his wife ! Here is this piece of superlative hypocrisy :

" Yes, yes, thou coward mimic, pamper'd vice,  
 High praise be sure is thine. Thou hast obtain'd  
 A worthy triumph ! Thou hast pierced to the quick  
 A weak, an amiable female heart,  
 A conjugal heart most faithful, most attach'd :  
*Yet I can pardon thee ; for, poor buffoon,*  
*Thy vices must be fed ; and thou must live,*  
*Luxurious live, a foe to God and man ;*  
*Commissioned live thy poison to diffuse,*  
*And taint the public virtue with thy crimes."*

For cool effrontery and unblushing impertinence, the lines in italics are probably without parallel.

We saw that Dr. Samuel Johnson took a very active part in trying to obtain a remission of the sentence of death. He helped the prisoner in several ways, but would not visit him ; he said to Boswell, " It would have done *him* more harm than good to Dodd, who once expressed a desire to see him, but

not earnestly." Johnson, however, wrote the speech delivered at the Old Bailey when sentence of death was about to be pronounced on him, and which we have quoted. He also wrote the "Convict's Address to his unhappy Brethren," the sermon which the Doctor, with a few additions, delivered in the chapel of Newgate, on the 6th of June, 1777, and which he afterwards published as his own. Dr. Johnson was pleased with this sermon, and "wrote to Mrs. Thrale with some degree of complacency, in Miss Porteus' judgment (to whom he had not imparted his transactions with Dodd):—"Lucy said, "When I read Dr. Dodd's sermon to the prisoners, I said, Dr. Johnson could not make a better." \* His activity did not stop here; he wrote to the king, and took, as Mr. Croker calls it, the "liberty" to write to the Right Honourable Charles Jenkinson, the Secretary-at-War, soliciting his influence with his royal master. "But, although," says Mr. Croker, "he thus actively assisted in the solicitations for pardon, yet, in his private judgment, he thought Dodd unworthy of it, having been known to say, that had he been the adviser of the king, he should have told him that, in pardoning Dodd, his justice in consigning the

\* Boswell's "Life of Dr. Johnson;" Croker's edition, vol. iii. p. 506.

Perreaus \* to their sentence would have been called in question.”†

To this conclusion we think all must come, who have any fixed principles upon the impartiality with which justice ought to be administered. The wisdom or the justice of a law may be questionable ; but while it exists, all who violate it must expect the same punishment. To hang a man for forgery was to punish him in cruel excess of his crime. It was an unrighteous law. We ought to be glad that the true sense of the relationship which should exist between crime and punishment, that distinguishes our own times, would not tolerate such a barbarous law ; we ought to rejoice that the moral feeling of the nation has so far improved, that for one crime alone (and this under the protest of many wise and good men) is capital punishment retained ; but while the justly condemned and wisely repealed law did exist, and while men suffered the extreme penalty for such a crime, we think it may be safely averred that no one was ever so punished more deservedly than the “young comedy divine,” and “macaroni parson,” Doctor Dodd.

\* The brothers Perreau were executed for forgery on the 17th January, 1776.

† Boswell's “Life of Dr. Johnson ;” Croker's edition, vol. iii. p. 513.

## JAMES MONTGOMERY.



“ON the whole, my private thought was: First, How happy it comparatively is for a man of any earnestness of life, to have no Biography written of him; but to return silently, with his small, forely foiled bit of work, to the Supreme Silences, who alone can judge of it or him; and not to trouble the reviewers, and greater or lesser public, with attempting to judge it! The idea of ‘fame,’ as they call it, posthumous or other, does not inspire one with much ecstasy in these points of view. Secondly, That Sterling’s performance, and real or seeming importance in this world, was actually not of a kind to demand an express Biography, even according to the world’s usages. His character was not supremely original; neither was his fate in the world wonderful. What he did was inconsiderable enough; and as to what it lay in him to have done, this was but a problem, now beyond possibility of settlement. Why had a Biography been inflicted on this man; why had not No-biography, and the privilege of all the weary, been his lot?”

The above words, applied by Mr. Carlyle in respect to his own and Archdeacon Hare's *Lives of the unfortunate Sterling*, might with much more justice be applied to James Montgomery. What crime had he committed, that his memory should be burdened with the seven volumes of biography which Messrs. Holland and Everett have heaped upon it? One volume about the same size as the smallest of the seven would have been an ample record of all that the amiable poet did or said worth recording, and might, with taste and skill, have formed a pleasant, a useful, and an interesting biography. This spinning out of books is a great evil; and one against which every reader has a right to protest, unless the subject is of real importance, and its full treatment imperatively demands a large and extensive surface. We presume that few will say this of the life of Montgomery. A gentle, benevolent, pious, and amiable man; twice imprisoned on foolish charges, and without having committed any crime; for more than thirty years the proprietor and conductor of a weekly newspaper; a regular attendant at Bible, Missionary, and kindred societies' meetings; and the author of many poems which are pleasant to read, but which display little of that fire from heaven which is the true indication of the inspired poet, and which are even now more frequently talked of than read.—What

had this man done, that seven volumes of Biography should have been inflicted on him and the world? We ask this question with a strong feeling of the injury committed, being now fresh from—or rather weary of—reading the more than two thousand pages of miscellaneous small talk; calendar of attendance at meetings; dates when the merest trifles were written; unimportant extracts from the *Iris*; and the interminable letters which make up this heavy and ponderous monument to James Montgomery. From these volumes we epitomise the following brief sketch.

James Montgomery was born at Irvine, Ayrshire, on the 4th of November, 1771. His parents were active members of the Moravian Church, in whose cause they laboured zealously, and to which they devoted their lives with all the calmness of the ancient martyrs. It is an honour of itself to be the child of such parents. When young Montgomery was four years of age, the family went to Ireland, where they remained until he was six. His parents at the call of the Church accepted the office of missionaries in the West Indian Islands, where they nobly did their work, and laid down their lives in the cause of their Master. Their son was sent, to receive his education, to the Moravian Institution, which had been established in 1748 at Fulneck, near Leeds, Yorkshire. He arrived here on the 16th of October,

1777, and remained about ten years. His life at school does not appear to have been either satisfactory to himself or his teacher. His mind was restless and prone to melancholy. The peculiar views of his Church, and the restricted and narrow system of education adopted, did not fill up the young poet's ideal; and he was ever craving for something which the establishment did not provide, nor had ever anticipated. The only poetry to which he had access were the Hymns of the Church, Blair's "Grave," and a few others of a similar nature. Such pabulum must appear scant indeed to those who have had free liberty to roam through the exhaustless pleasure-grounds of English poetry. It was narrow enough for young Montgomery; and he was ever dreaming of some great poetic victory, of writing some great poem, of which the poems he knew afforded him neither examples nor materials. He wrote myriads of verses on the model of the Hymns of the Moravians, and was always projecting some great work. The teacher used to read Blair's "Grave" to his pupils; and Montgomery thus records his own idea of a poem, which is a curious one. He says, "I afterwards resolved, oddly enough, that when I became a man, I would write a *round poem*; this notion was perpetually in my head; an idea of round being my idea of perfection." Again, "I wrought it out in



my own mind, as a pebble is rounded by the stream; I always aimed at it from the beginning. My first idea, as I have before told you, was to write a *round poem*; this was early my *beau idéal* of perfection; and never shall I forget the impression this vague notion made upon my boyish imagination. I remember as well as if it was but yesterday, how I leaned upon a rail, while I stood upon some steps at Fulneck, and deeply and silently mused in my mind on the commotion which would be produced upon the public by the appearance of this *round poem*."

It is not wonderful that such a boy should not fall naturally and gracefully into the sober routine of a Moravian Institution; and that the desire of his preceptors to make a minister of him should not be gratified. To this failure of their scheme the teachers did not at once yield; but at last found that even their system could not subdue nature, although it might often control the feelings of those who accept its discipline. It was at length resolved to put him to a trade, and in 1787 young Montgomery was sent to a tradesman, a member of the Moravian Church, at Wath, and there for a year and a half he served behind the counter. Weary of this he made up his mind to run away, and in 1790 set off to London to seek his fortune. His worldly possessions were very small, but he had some manuscripts

and many hopes. At London he applied to Mr. Harrison, and although his poems were not published, he was kindly treated, and encouraged to proceed in his studies. He again returned to Wath, whence, in 1792, he proceeded to Sheffield, and by good fortune obtained employment with Mr. Gales, who was an auctioneer, a printer, and proprietor of a newspaper in Sheffield which had won some notoriety as an organ of liberal principles, at a time when it was dangerous to profess and advocate such principles. Mr. Gales soon reaped the reward usual in those days—he became a marked man—and Montgomery was not long in attaining that enviable position also. He assisted Mr. Gales in the *Sheffield Register* until 1794, when that gentleman became a bankrupt, and had to fly for safety. Montgomery then established the *Iris*, the first number of which appeared on the 4th of July, 1794. He was soon involved in trouble, and had to bear the penalty of being the advocate of popular freedom. His first difficulty and his first persecution did not, however, arise out of the newspaper, but from an event of so trifling a nature, that we cannot do better, to show the spirit of the times, than quote the poet's own account of this strange occurrence, especially as it is from this event that Montgomery first obtained the distinction of being a Prison Poet. He says, "Little more than a

month after I had become connected with the newspaper, I was one day called into the bookseller's shop, where business orders were received. There I found a poor-looking elderly man, whom I recollected to have seen in the street a little while before, when I was attracted both by his grotesque appearance, and his comical address as a ballad-monger. He stood with a bundle of pamphlets in his hand, crying out in a peculiar tone, 'Here you have twelve songs for a penny.' Then he recapitulated at full length the title of each, thus: 'The first song in the book is'—so and so; 'The second song in the book is'—so and so; 'The third song'—so and so; and on he went, 'so and so,' to the end of the catalogue. He now offered me the specimen of an article in his line, and asked what he must pay for six quires of the same. I immediately replied that I did not deal in such commodities, having better employment for my presses; he must therefore apply elsewhere (I believe I named a place where he might be served). 'But,' he rejoined, like one who had some knowledge of the terms used by printers, 'you have *this* standing in your office.' 'That is more than I know,' was my answer. Taking up the printed leaf I perceived that it contained two copies of verses with each of which I had been long familiar, but had never seen them copied in that shape before; at the top of

the page was the impression of a woodcut (Liberty and the British Lion), which I recognised as having figured in the frontispiece of an extinct periodical issued by my predecessor, and entitled 'The Patriot.' The paper, also, of which a large stock had devolved to me, was of a particular kind, being the material of certain forms for the registration of freeholds under a still-born Act of Parliament, printed on one side only, and which had been sold for waste. On discovering this I went up into the office, and asked when and for whom such things as I held in my hand had been printed, as I had no knowledge of the job. 'Oh, sir!' said the foreman, 'they were set up ever so long ago by Jack (Mr. Gales's apprentice, who had not been transferred to me), for himself, and to give away to his companions, and the matter is now standing in the types, just as it was when you bought the stock in the office.' 'Indeed,' I exclaimed: 'but how came the ballad-feller, who was bawling out his twelve songs for a penny the other day, to have a copy?' —In explanation of this he stated that he had formerly known him, when he himself was an apprentice in an office at Derby, from which such wares were supplied to hawkers. Hearing his voice in the street, he had called him in for old acquaintance sake, and, in the course of talking about trade, had shown him an impression of Jack's songs, by which

he thought his old acquaintance might make a few pence in his strange way. 'Well, then,' said I, 'let the poor fellow have what he wants, if it will do him any good; but what does he mean by *six quires*?'—'Not quires of whole sheets, but six times twenty-four copies of this size,' was the information which I received on this new branch of literature. I then went down stairs, and told my customer that he might have the quantity he wanted for eighteen pence, which would barely be the expense of the paper and working off. He was content, the order was executed, the parcel delivered by myself into his hand, and honestly paid for by him; away then he went, and I saw no more of him. I have often said, when I have had occasion to tell this adventure of my romantic youth (for adventure it was, and no every-day one, as the issue proved), that if ever in my life I did an act which was *neither* good nor bad, or if either, *rather* good than bad, it was this."

This act, however, brought Montgomery to a gaol. The paper contained "A Patriotic Song by a Clergyman of Belfast," and one of the verses ran thus:

"Europe's fate on the contest's decision depends,  
Most important its issue will be;  
For should France be subdued, Europe's liberty ends,  
If she triumphs the world will be free."

This verse, which is as false in fact as it is void of

poetry, although written to celebrate an anniversary of the destruction of the Bastille, and referred to the Duke of Brunswick's invasion of France in 1792, was made out to be a libel on the war which at the time of its sale by Montgomery was raging between England and France; and two months after the ballad-singer had purchased them at the *Iris* office, Montgomery was charged with having published "several false, scandalous, malicious, and seditious libels." For this crime he was tried at the Doncaster Sessions, held on the 22nd of January, 1795. The trial lasted nine hours, and ended in a verdict of guilty, and a sentence of three months' imprisonment in York Castle, and a fine of twenty pounds. A curious light is thrown on this trial; and a curious illustration of those times is the publication of the documents connected with the trial, which came into Montgomery's hands in 1839. In the original draft of the brief delivered to the counsel for the prosecution is the following passage: "The prisoner for a long time acted as his (Mr. Gales's) amanuensis, and occasionally wrote essays for the newspaper. Since he has been the ostensible manager and proprietor of the *Iris*, he has pursued the same line of conduct, and his printing-office has been precisely of the same stamp \* \* \* \* Without calling in question the names or characters of some of his principal supporters, who ought to

act differently, suffice it to say, that *this* prosecution is carried on *chiefly* with a view of *putting a stop to the meetings of the associated clubs in Sheffield*; and it is hoped that if we are fortunate enough to succeed in convicting the prisoner, it will go a great way towards curbing the insolence they have uniformly manifested, and particularly since the late acquittals."

The Government were fortunate enough to get a conviction, and added one more to the noble list of Prison Poets.

The three months soon passed away, and the poet was once more free. This freedom was not, however, of long duration. In a few months he was again in "iron bars." He has stated this second trial and imprisonment himself in so brief a manner, that no summary of ours could make it shorter. We therefore quote it: "Of my second offence," he writes, "trial, and imprisonment, I should not feel myself justified, at this distance of time, to republish any detailed account. However political prejudice may have disqualified each of us from being a judge in his own cause, it was a personal affair between the prosecutor, a magistrate, and myself, the writer of a paragraph in the *Iris* reflecting hardly upon his conduct in quelling a riot at Sheffield on the 4th of August, 1795. For this a bill was found against me at Barnsley Sessions, in October following: I

traverſed to Doncaſter Sefſions in January, 1796. There the trial came on, and, after an extraordinary ſcene of contradictory evidence on both ſides, a verdict was given againſt me, and I was ſentenced to *ſix months' imprisonment in York Caſtle, to pay a fine of thirty pounds to the king, and to give ſecurity to keep the peace for two years.* Neither of the proſecution, the verdict, nor the ſentence, did I ever complain, conſidering all the circumſtances; becauſe, according to the law of libel, there was ground for the firſt, conſlicting teſtimony that was deemed to warrant the ſecond, and the third could not altogether be called vindictive. *There and then*, though very diſproportionately matched, my proſecutor and I joined iſſue on the ſame ground in an open court of juſtice, face to face, and witneſs againſt witneſs. It was a fair 'ſtand-up fight' between us, in which I was overcome, the jury being umpires; for I count as nothing the fictions of the indictment, the ſpeeches of counſel, and the part which the magiſtrates took to influence the proceedings."

Thus again was our poet confined in priſon; and here did he ſolace his heart as ſo many have done before him, by cultivating and wooing the Muſe. To him, as to the other incarcerated ſinging birds, the ſpirit of poetry came, cheered him with her bright preſence; bleſſed him with her ſweet miniſtrations; conſoled him with her whiſperings of hope; and



spreading her glorious mantle over the gloom of the prison house, made it a fairy scene of bright visions and soul-soothing creations of another world. There "the writer amused his imagination with attiring his sorrows in verse, that, under the romantic appearance of fiction, he might sometimes forget that his misfortunes were real."

The poetry written by Montgomery in prison consists of nine pieces. They add scarcely anything to his fame; and, although like most of his works, the musings of his gentle, loving, and amiable heart, they are musical and pleasant to read, they borrow their chief claim to our attention from the place and circumstances under which they were written. They are not, as very little of our author's poetry is, of a high order. They do not excite our sympathies, or move our feelings. Power and pathos are both wanting. The verses are simple and natural; and have a music of their own which flows as pleasant and agreeably as a streamlet along its shallow bed. You see every pebble, every weed, every little minnow at the bottom; the sun's rays reach the bed, and glisten on its stores, and sparkle on the edges of every wavelet, and you yield to the sweet influences of the scene, and leave it with a pleasant memory of it haunting you for many a day. It is the same with our author's shorter pieces. They have little of the "thoughts that breathe, and words

that burn ;” they have little power to mould or make a mind ; yet you always remember them as you do sweet flowers, or a pretty face, or a simple song, or a linnet’s trill. The piercing note of the lark, nor the wondrously-varied melody of the nightingale, are there ; but there is a chirping as natural, as true, and sometimes as welcome, as the strain of more gifted birds. Our first extract will illustrate what we mean :—

“ VERSES TO A ROBIN RED-BREAST,

“ WHO VISITS THE WINDOW OF MY PRISON EVERY DAY.

“ Welcome, pretty little stranger !  
 Welcome to my lone retreat !  
 Here, secure from every danger,  
 Hop about, and chirp, and eat.  
 Robin ! how I envy thee,  
 Happy child of liberty !

“ Now, though tyrant Winter, howling,  
 Shakes the world with tempests round,  
 Heaven above with vapours scowling,  
 Frost imprisons all the ground ;—  
 Robin, what are these to thee ?  
 Thou art blest with liberty.

“ Though yon fair majestic river  
 Mourns in solid icy chains ;  
 Though yon flocks and cattle shiver  
 On the desolated plains ;—  
 Robin ! thou art gay and free,  
 Happy in thy liberty.

“ Hunger never shall distress thee,  
 While my cates one crumb afford ;  
 Colds nor cramps shall e’er oppress thee ;  
 Come and share my humble board :

Robin ! come and live with me,  
Live—yet still at liberty.

“ Soon shall Spring, in smiles and blushes,  
Steal upon the blooming year ;  
Then, amid the enamour'd bushes,  
Thy sweet song shall warble clear ;  
Then shall I too, join'd with thee,  
Swell the Hymn of Liberty.

“ Should some rough unfeeling Dobbin,  
In this iron-hearted age,  
Seize thee on thy nest, my Robin,  
And confine thee in a cage,  
Then, poor prisoner ! think of me,  
Think—and sigh for liberty.”

The “Pleasures of Imprisonment,” in two Epistles to a friend, give a full detail of the way in which he employed his time in gaol. They show how his mind was capable of taking advantage of his situation, and how the imagination has power to turn even a prison-cell into a scene of enchantment. From the first of the epistles we select the following passages :—

“ Sometimes to fairy land I rove ;  
Those iron rails become a grove ;  
These stately buildings fall away,  
To moss-grown cottages of clay ;  
Debtors are changed to jolly swains,  
Who pipe and whistle on the plains ;  
Yon felons grim, with fetters bound,  
Are satyrs wild, with garlands crown'd ;  
Their clanking chains are wreaths of flowers ;  
Their horrid cells ambrosial bowers :  
The oaths expiring on the tongues  
Are metamorphosed into songs ;  
While wretched female prisoners, lo !  
Are Dian's nymphs of virgin snow.

Those hideous walls with verdure shoot ;  
 These pillars bend with blushing fruit ;  
 That dunghill swells into a mountain ;  
 That pump becomes a purling fountain ;  
 The noisome smoke of yonder mills  
 The circling air with fragrance fills ;  
 This horse-pond spreads into a lake,  
 And swans of ducks and geese I make ;  
 Sparrows are changed to turtle-doves,  
 That bill and coo their pretty loves ;  
 Wagtails, turned thrushes, charm the vales,  
 And tom-tits sing like nightingales.  
 No more the wind through key-holes whistles,  
 But sighs on beds of pinks and thistles ;  
 The rattling rain that beats without,  
 And gurgles down the leaden spout,  
 In light, delicious dew distils,  
 And melts away in amber rills ;  
 Elysium rises on the green,  
 And health and beauty crown the scene.

“ Then by the enchantress Fancy led,  
 On violet banks I lay my head ;  
 Legions of radiant forms arise,  
 In fair array before mine eyes ;  
 Poetic visions gild my brain,  
 And melt in liquid air again ;  
 As in a magic-lantern clear,  
 Fantastic images appear,  
 That beaming from the spectral glass,  
 In beautiful succession pass,  
 Yet steal the lustre of their light  
 From the deep shadow of the night :  
 Thus, in the darkness of my head,  
 Ten thousand shining things are bred,  
 That borrow splendour from the gloom,  
 As glow-worms twinkle in a tomb.”

We shall conclude our extracts from Montgomery's prison-poems by quoting his

“ODE TO THE EVENING STAR.

“Hail ! resplendent Evening Star !  
Brightly beaming from afar ;  
Fairest gem of purest light  
In the diadem of night.

“Now thy mild and modest ray  
Lights to rest the weary day ;  
While the lustre of thine eye  
Sweetly trembles through the sky ;  
As the closing shadows roll,  
Deep and deeper round the pole,  
Lo ! thy kindling legions bright  
Steal insensibly to light ;  
Till, magnificent and clear,  
Shines the spangled atmosphere.

“In these calmly-pleasing hours,  
When the soul expands her powers,  
And on wings of contemplation,  
Ranges round the vast creation ;  
When the mind's immortal eye  
Bounds, with rapture, to the sky,  
And in one triumphant glance,  
Comprehends the wide expanse,  
Where stars, and suns, and systems shine,  
Faint beams of MAJESTY DIVINE ;—  
—Now, when visionary sleep  
Lulls the world in slumbers deep,  
When silence, awfully profound,  
Breathes solemn inspiration round ;  
Queen of Beauty ; queen of stars !  
Smile upon these frowning bars,  
Softly sliding from thy sphere,  
Condescend to visit here.

“In the circle of this cell,  
No tormenting demons dwell :  
Round these walls, in wild despair,  
No agonising spectres glare ;  
Here reside no furies gaunt ;  
No tumultuous passions haunt ;

Fell revenge, nor treachery base ;  
 Guilt, with bold unblushing face ;  
 Pale remorse, within whose breast  
 Scorpion-horrors murder rest ;  
 Coward malice, hatred dire,  
 Lawless rapine, dark desire,  
 Pining envy, frantic ire ;  
 Never, never dare intrude  
 On this pensive solitude :  
 —But a sorely-hunted deer  
 Finds a sad asylum here ;  
 One whose panting sides have been  
 Pierced with many an arrow keen ;  
 One, whose deeply-wounded heart  
 Bears the scars of many a dart.  
 In the herd he vainly mingled ;  
 From the herd when harshly singled,  
 Too proud to fly, he scorn'd to yield ;  
 Too weak to fight, he lost the field ;  
 Assail'd and captive led away,  
 He fell a poor inglorious prey.

“ Deign then, gentle Star ! to shed  
 Thy soft lustre round mine head ;  
 With cheering radiance gild the room,  
 And melt the melancholy gloom.  
 When I see thee, from thy sphere,  
 Trembling like a brilliant tear,  
 Shed a sympathizing ray  
 On the pale expiring day,  
 Then a welcome emanation  
 Of reviving consolation,  
 Swifter than the lightning's dart,  
 Glances through my glowing heart ;  
 Soothes my sorrows, lulls my woes,  
 In a soft, serene repose.  
 Like the undulating motion  
 Of the deep, majestic ocean,  
 When the whispering billows glide  
 Smooth along the tranquil tide ;  
 Calmly thus, prepared, resign'd,  
 Swells the independent mind.

“ But when through clouds thy beauteous light,  
Streams in splendour on the night,  
Hope, like thee, my leading star,  
Through the fullen gloom of care,  
Sheds an animating ray  
On the dark, bewildering way.  
Starting then with sweet surprise,  
Tears of transport swell mine eyes ;  
Wildly through each throbbing vein,  
Rapture thrills with pleasing pain ;  
All my fretful fears are banish'd,  
All my dreams of anguish vanish'd ;  
Energy my soul inspires,  
And wakes the muse's hallow'd fires ;  
Rich in melody, my tongue  
Warbles forth spontaneous song.

“ Thus my prison moments gay  
Swiftly, sweetly pass away ;  
Till the last long day declining,  
O'er yon tower thy glory shining,  
Shall the welcome signal be  
Of to-morrow's liberty !  
Liberty, triumphant borne,  
On the rosy wings of morn,  
Liberty shall then return.  
Rise to set the captive free,  
Rise, O Sun of Liberty !”

Montgomery turned his back on the prison doors on the 5th of July, 1796, and from that day to his death at the advanced age of eighty-three, his life was one of very few incidents. It may be summed up by saying that the time was spent in worthy and noble work—writing for the *Iris* ; writing and publishing his poems ; lecturing and attending religious meetings. For fifty-eight years he was thus usefully and hon-

ourably employed. In 1806 he published his first long poem, "The Wanderer of Switzerland," and gained as a prize the wrath of the pugnacious Edinburgh Reviewers. This was followed by "The West Indies," and in 1813 he gave to the public "The World before the Flood." Six years afterwards he published "Greenland;" in 1825 fold the *Iris*, and in 1827 his best poem, "The Pelican Island." To each of these volumes were added those various short poems which, more than the more ambitious endeavours, have made the name of Montgomery dear to thousands. After a short illness, Montgomery died April 30th, 1854. He was never married.

In taking a calm and careful survey of our poet's works, we confess ourselves unable to understand either the censure of his adverse critics, or the unmingled praises of his friendly ones. To our mind, the truth lies between the two. He was not a great poet; nor was he the mere sentimental versifier which some considered and represented him to be. His harp was not a strong one, nor did he strike it with a vigorous hand. We have recently re-read his poems for the first time for several years; and to read them in succession, we found a rather weary task. There is a monotony in his strain; an unvarying smoothness in his versification which leads to satiety; the thought,



often not a great one to begin with, is attenuated to a degree which leaves the reader nothing to dwell on after the perusal. He is not a suggestive poet. Even in his minor poems this is the case. And thus it happens that although he has added many beautiful little gems to our collections, and some of his poems will be remembered while there are men and women with child-like hearts to love simplicity, and tenderness, and child-like natures in others; he has added little to the stock of thought which influences and moulds the world. Few of his lines have become the common property of the world, or helped to increase the store of popular wisdom which does so much to advance the growth and development of a people. He was a kind-hearted, gentle, amiable and pious man, and his poetry displays these very pleasant characteristics; but it has little of "the vision and the faculty divine" which are necessary to ensure immortality either to his works or his name. The "Edinburgh Review" may have been unnecessarily harsh; but the "Wanderer in Switzerland" is a wretched poem, which if published in the present time would, if noticed at all, be met with much severer censure, and a wonder would certainly be expressed how any man could be found foolish enough to write such verses, or having been found foolish enough

to write them, he could still add to that folly the still greater folly of publishing them. In his best larger poems, "The World before the Flood," and "The Pelican Island," there is too little human interest; and having read them once, there is little to induce one to refer to them again. A volume of selections from his works might be made with advantage both to the author and the reader. We must content ourselves with quoting a few passages, which appear to us most fully to express the best qualities of our author. The first selection shall be from "The West Indies":—

"Lives there a savage ruder than the slave?  
—Cruel as death, insatiate as the grave,  
False as the winds that round his vessel blow,  
Remorseless as the gulph that yawns below,  
Is he who toils upon the wafting flood,  
A Christian broker in the trade of blood;  
Boisterous in speech, in action prompt and bold,  
He buys, he sells—he steals, he kills for gold.  
At noon, when sky and ocean, calm and clear,  
Bend round his bark, one blue unbroken sphere,  
When dancing dolphins sparkle through the brine,  
And sunbeam circles on the waters shine:  
He sees no beauty in the heaven serene,  
No soul-enchanting sweetness in the scene,  
But, darkly frowning at the glorious day,  
Curfes the winds that loiter on their way.  
When swoln with hurricanes the billows rise,  
To meet the lightning midway from the skies;  
When from the unburden'd hold his shrieking slaves  
Are cast, at midnight, to the hungry waves;  
Not for his victims strangled in the deeps,  
Not for his crimes the harden'd pirate weeps,

But grimly smiling, when the storm is o'er,  
Counts his sure gains, and hurries back for more.

“Lives there a reptile baser than the slave?  
—Loathsome as death, corrupted as the grave,  
See the dull Creole, at his pompous board,  
Attendant vassals cringing round their lord:  
Sate with food, his heavy eyelids close,  
Voluptuous minions fan him to repose;  
Prone on the noonday couch he lolls in vain,  
Delirious slumbers rock his maudlin brain;  
He starts in horror from bewildering dreams;  
His bloodshot eye with fire and frenzy gleams;  
He stalks abroad; through all his wonted rounds,  
The Negro trembles, and the lash resounds,  
And cries of anguish, thrilling through the air,  
To distant fields his dread approach declare.  
Mark, as he passes, every head declined;  
Then slowly raised,—to curse him from behind.  
This is the veriest wretch on nature's face,  
Own'd by no country, spurn'd by every race;  
The tether'd tyrant of one narrow span,  
The bloated vampire of a living man;  
His frame,—a fungous form of dunghill birth,  
That taints the air, and rots above the earth;  
His soul—has *he* a soul, whose sensual breast  
Of selfish passions is a serpent's nest?  
Who follows, headlong, ignorant, and blind,  
The vague brute instinct of an idiot mind;  
Whose heart, 'midst scenes of suffering senseless grown,  
E'en from his mother's lap was chill'd to stone;  
Whose torpid pulse no social feelings move;  
A stranger to the tenderness of love.  
His motley harem, glads his gloating eye,  
Where ebon, brown, and olive beauties vie;  
His children, sprung alike from sloth and vice,  
Are born his slaves, and loved at market price;  
Has *he* a soul?—With his departing breath,  
A form shall hail him at the gates of death,  
The spectre Conscience,—shrieking through the gloom,  
Man, we shall meet again beyond the tomb.”

The following description of night in the southern hemisphere has been generally praised and is worthy of praise. It is from "The Pelican Island."

"Night, silent, cool, transparent, crown'd the day;  
The sky receded further into space,  
The stars came lower down to meet the eye,  
Till the whole hemisphere, alive with light,  
Twinkled from east to west by one consent.  
The constellations round the arctic pole,  
That never set to us, here scarcely rose,  
But in their stead, Orion through the north  
Pursued the Pleiads; Sirius, with his keen  
Quick scintillations, in the zenith reign'd.  
The south unveil'd its glories;—there, the Wolf,  
With eyes of lightning watch'd the Centaur's spear;  
Through the clear hyaline, the Ship of Heaven  
Came sailing from eternity; the Dove,  
On silver pinions, wing'd her peaceful way;  
There, at the footstool of JEHovah's throne,  
The Altar kindled from His presence blazed;  
There, too, all else excelling, meekly shone  
The Cross, the symbol of redeeming love:  
The heavens declared the glory of the Lord,  
The firmament display'd his handy-work."

To this beautiful passage we may add from the same poem a most graphic description of a southern tornado:—

"A cloud arose amid the tranquil heaven,  
Like a man's hand, but held a hurricane  
Within its grasp. Compress'd into a point,  
The tempest struggled to break loose. No breath  
Was stirring, yet the billows roll'd aloof,  
And the air moan'd portentously; ere long  
The sky was hidden, darkness to be felt  
Confounded all things; land and water vanish'd,  
And there was silence through the universe;

Silence, that made my soul as desolate  
As the blind solitude around. Methought  
That I had pass'd the bitterness of death  
Without the agony,—had, unaware,  
Entered the unseen world, and in the gap  
Between the life that is and that to come,  
Awaited judgment. Fear and trembling seized  
All that was mortal or immortal in me :  
A moment, and the gates of Paradise  
Might open to receive, or Hell be moved  
To meet me. Strength and spirit fail'd ;  
Eternity enclosed me, and I knew not,  
Knew not, even then my destiny. To doubt  
Was to despair ; I doubted and despair'd.  
Then horrible delirium whirled me down  
To ocean's nethermost recess ; the waves  
Disparting freely, let me fall, and fall,  
Lower and lower, passive as a stone,  
Yet rack'd with miserable pangs, that gave  
The sense of vain but violent resistance :  
And still the depths grew deeper ; still the ground  
Receded from my feet as I approach'd it.  
O how I long'd to light on rocks, that sunk  
Like quicksands ere I touch'd them ; or to hide  
In caverns ever open to engulf me,  
But, like the horizon's limit, never nearer !

“ Meanwhile the irrepressible tornado  
Burst, and involved the elements in chaos ;  
Wind, rain, and lightning, in one vast explosion,  
Rush'd from the firmament upon the deep.  
Heaven's adamant arch seemed rent asunder,  
And following in a cataract of ruins  
My swift descent through bottomless abysses,  
Where ocean's bed had been absorb'd in nothing.  
I know no further. When again I saw  
The sun, the sea, the island, all was calm,  
And all was desolation : not a tree  
Of thousands flourishing erewhile so fair,  
But now was split, uprooted, snapt in twain,  
Or hurled with all its honours to the dust.  
Heaps upon heaps the forest giants lay,

Even like the slain in battle, fall'n to rise  
No more, till heaven, and earth, and sea, with all  
Therein, shall perish, as to me they seem'd  
To perish in that ruthless hurricane."

Of Montgomery's smaller poems we can scarcely speak too warmly. Of their kind they are perhaps unrivalled. In these gems the skill of the worker is the highest. They are polished, and touched, and retouched with a loving and a gifted hand. They are musical with a melody of their own, which sets you chanting as you read them. Many of them have become, and will continue to be, general favourites. They are so well known as to preclude the necessity of making quotations from them here. We shall only quote one, and with this poem conclude what we have to say of James Montgomery. The poem illustrates several of its author's traits. It is a good specimen of his sweet versification; it shows his estimate of his great contemporary poets; and gives his own idea of what is the true.

"THEME FOR A POET.

"The arrow that shall lay me low  
Was shot from death's unerring bow,  
The moment of my breath:  
And every footstep I proceed  
It tracks me with increasing speed;  
I turn—it meets me,—Death  
Has given such impulse to that dart,  
It points for ever at my heart.

- “ And now of me it must be said,  
That I have lived, that I am dead ;  
Of all I leave behind,  
A few may weep a little while,  
Then bless my memory with a smile :  
What monument of mind  
Shall I bequeath to deathless Fame,  
That after times may love my name ?
- “ Let Southey sing of war’s alarms,  
The pride of battle, din of arms,  
The glory and the guilt,—  
Of nations barb’rously enslaved,  
Of realms by patriot valour saved,  
Of blood insanely spilt,  
And millions sacrificed to fate,  
To make one little mortal great.
- “ Let Scott, in wilder strains, delight  
To chant the Lady and the Knight,  
The tournament, the chase,  
The wizard’s deed without a name,  
Perils by ambush, flood, and flame :  
Or picturesquely trace  
The hills that form a world on high,  
The lake that seems a downward sky.
- “ Let Byron, with untrembling hand,  
Impetuous foot and fiery brand,  
Lit at the flames of hell,  
Go down and search the human heart,  
Till fiends from every corner start,  
Their crimes and plagues to tell ;  
Then let him fling his torch away,  
And sun his soul in heaven’s pure day.
- “ Let Wordsworth weave, in mystic rhyme,  
Feelings ineffably sublime,  
And sympathies unknown ;  
Yet so our yielding breasts enthal,  
*His* genius shall possess us all,  
His thoughts become our own,  
And, strangely pleased, we start to find  
Such hidden treasures in *our* mind.

“ Let Campbell's sweeter numbers flow,  
Through every change of joy and woe ;  
Hope's morning dreams display,  
The Pennsylvanian cottage wild,  
The frenzy of O'Connor's child,  
A Linden's dreadful day ;  
And still in each new form appear,  
To every Muse and Grace more dear.

“ Transcendent Masters of the lyre !  
Not to your honours I aspire ;  
Humbler yet higher views  
Have touch'd my spirit into flame ;  
The pomp of fiction I disclaim ,  
Fair Truth ! be thou my muse ;  
Reveal in splendour deeds obscure,  
Abase the proud, exalt the poor.

“ I sing the men who left their home,  
Amidst barbarian hordes to roam,  
Who land and ocean cross'd,  
Led by a load-star, mark'd on high  
By Faith's unseen, all-seeing eye,—  
To seek and save the lost ;  
Where'er the curse on Adam spread,  
To call his offspring from the dead.

“ Strong in the great Redeemer's name,  
They bore the cross, despised the shame :  
And, like their Master here,  
Wrestled with danger, pain, distress,  
Hunger, and cold, and nakedness,  
And every form of fear ;  
To feel his love their only joy,  
To tell that love their sole employ.

“ O Thou, who wast in Bethlehem born,  
The Man of sorrows and of scorn,  
Jesus, the sinner's friend !  
—O Thou, enthroned in filial right,  
Above all creature-power and might ;  
Whose kingdom shall extend,  
Till earth, like heaven, thy name shall fill,  
And men, like angels, do thy will ;—



“Thou whom I love, but cannot see,  
My Lord, my God ! look down on me !  
My low affections raise ;  
The spirit of liberty impart,  
Enlarge my soul, inflame my heart,  
And, while I spread thy praise,  
Shine on my path, in mercy shine,  
Prosper my work, and make it thine.”

## LEIGH HUNT.



Few names fall more pleasantly on the ear, or linger more lovingly in the memory, than his who wrote "The Story of Rimini." As essayist; as a pleasant gossipper on things in general; as a link between the present and the past; as a generous, loving, and large-hearted man; as a poet, as a dramatist, as a novelist—but more especially as a friend, is his name dear to us all. For from the kindliness of his heart, from the happy conversational-like style of his narrative, he seems to all his readers as a friend sitting by their hearths, and conversing with them on the subject in hand. You can imagine his bright, joyous eye looking into your face as he tells some pleasant story, and you see the sparkle which lights it up as he narrates some generous or noble action; you hear his welcome voice as he lovingly repeats some lines from one of his many favourite poets; and in fancy you clasp his warm, honest hand while you thank him for his visit, and heartily desire him to repeat it on the earliest possible opportunity. He may be pro-



LEIGH HUNT.



perly styled the most social of all our writers, not even excepting Mr. Dickens. The author is never predominant over the man. He is the kind friend, the sociable visitor, the pleasant gossip, the drawing-room ornament, the companion never obtrusive and never unwelcome. At the time of his death, in his seventy-fifth year, his pages are as pleasant, his talk as interesting, his sensibility as warm, his social sympathies as great, and his love of man as large and broad—if not broader and larger—than in the warm and enthusiastic period of his poetic youth.

From his pleasant Autobiography we gather the following facts of Leigh Hunt's life. He was born at Southgate, in the year 1784. His parents had been driven from America at the Revolution on account of their loyalty. At the time of the poet's birth, his father, the Rev. J. Hunt, was tutor to Mr. Leigh, nephew of the Duke of Chandos. His mother was the daughter of Stephen Shewell, a merchant of Philadelphia, and the poet speaks in admiration of her character, and is one more witness to the influence of mothers on the future career of their sons. He was an early inquirer, and was in some respects a precocious child. At seven he was admitted into Christ's Hospital, of which institution he gives an admirable account, and is himself one more eminent

example to be added to the long list of illustrious men whom the school has produced, and by whom it has been rendered famous. He remained at school until his fifteenth year, by which time he had become well grounded in the classics, and had proved himself an omnivorous reader of English literature, being especially familiar with the poets. At sixteen he published a volume of verses. This is his own account of that most delicious act—the publication of our first book: “For some time after I left school, I did nothing but visit my school-fellows, haunt the book-stalls, and write verses. My father collected the verses, and published them with a large list of subscribers, numbers of whom belonged to his old congregations. I was as proud perhaps of the book at that time as I am ashamed of it now. The French Revolution, though the worst portion of it was over, had not yet shaken up and reinvigorated the sources of thought all over Europe. At least I was not old enough, perhaps was not able, to get out of the trammels of the regular imitative poetry, or versification rather, which was taught in the schools. My book was a heap of imitations, all but absolutely worthless. But absurd as it was, it did me a serious mischief; for it made me suppose that I had attained an end instead of not having reached even a commencement; and thus caused me to waste in

imitation a good many years which I ought to have devoted to the study of the poetical art and of nature." We venture to say that these words might be applied to almost every first volume of verse published.

He now entered a lawyer's office, in which he spent but little time. He liked not the law nor the law's ways. Parchment was an abomination in his eyes, unless it contained some old poem engrossed thereon, instead of an agreement between John Smith and John Jones. To him the office was the "gloomiest of all darkness palpable," and his imagination was ever bearing him to the gardens of the Hesperides, or the Bower of Bliss, which the poets have created for the delight and recreation of all such. He used to write theatrical criticisms for the *News*, and first gave evidence of that nice discrimination, that purity of taste, and strict honesty of praise or censure, which afterwards gave to his notices of the theatres such a remarkable influence. He did not remain long at the law; and, in 1805, received a government office, which soon proved as irksome to his freedom-loving mind as the law. He resigned his post, and in 1808 he and his brother John established the now well-known and famous newspaper, "*The Examiner*." Leigh Hunt was now in his proper element. He belonged to the liberal interest, and was an enthusiast for

reform when it was dangerous to be so. He wrote as freely as he thought, and the eyes of Sir Vicary Gibbs, the Attorney-General, were soon fixed upon the paper, and it soon enjoyed the honour of a government prosecution. Twice did the public prosecutor assail the paper, and twice did he fail. This only served to increase his zest, and an occasion was soon found to bring the independent organ and its writers within the province of his office. The Prince Regent had just betrayed his old friends ; and his old enemies were in ecstasies at his conduct. At the annual dinner of the Irish on St. Patrick's Day, 1812, the Prince of Wales was not present, and the toast which once was hailed with all the enthusiasm of Irish applause, was now received with hisses. Of course, "The Examiner" had an article on the subject, and on this article the Attorney-General was down at once. The writer had quoted a passage from the loyalist paper, "The Post," in which the Prince was designated an "Adonis in loveliness;" the commentator added that he "was a corpulent man of fifty." For this he and his brother were tried for libel, found guilty, fined a thousand pounds, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. So careful was the paternal government of that day of the interests and welfare of their children !

Leigh Hunt, however, could not be punished.



He was capable of turning a prison into a fairy bower; and he did it. The same spirit which filled his "little dingy" lawyer's office with "visions of wonder and delight," was with him still. No words of ours can so truly show the true nature of the man as his own. Horsemonger-lane jail was soon robbed of its gloom; and it became a cage in which a bird might find delight in singing. He was unwell when he entered the prison, and had soon to be moved to the infirmary. He says, "Infirmary had, I confess, an awkward sound, even in my ears. I fancied a room shared with other sick persons, not the least fitted for companions; but the good-natured doctor (his name was Dixon) undeceived me. The infirmary was divided into four wards, with as many small rooms attached to them. The two upper wards were occupied, but the two on the floor had never been used: and one of these, not very providently (for I had not yet learned to think of money), I turned into a noble room. I papered the walls with a trellis of roses; I had the ceiling coloured with clouds and sky; the barred windows I screened with Venetian blinds; and when my book-cases were set up with their busts, and flowers and a pianoforte made their appearance, perhaps there was not a handsomer room on that side the water. I took a pleasure, when a stranger knocked at the door, to see him

come in and stare about him. The surprise on issuing from the Borough, and passing through the avenues of a jail, was dramatic. Charles Lamb declared that there was no other such room, except in a fairy tale.

“ But I possessed another surprise ; which was a garden. There was a little yard outside the room, railed off from another belonging to the neighbouring ward. This yard I shut in with green palings, adorned it with a trellis, bordered it with a thick bed of earth from a nursery, and even contrived to have a grass-plot. The earth I filled with flowers and young trees. There was an apple-tree, from which we managed to get a pudding the second year. As to my flowers, they were allowed to be perfect. Thomas Moore, who came to see me with Lord Byron, told me he had seen no such heart’s-ease. I bought the *Parnasso Italiano* while in prison, and used often to think of a passage in it, while looking at this miniature piece of horticulture :—

‘ Mio picciol orto,  
A me sei vigna, e campo, e selva, e prato.’—BALDI.

‘ My little garden,  
To me thou’rt vineyard, field, and meadow, and wood.’

Here I wrote and read in fine weather, sometimes under an awning. In autumn my trellises were

hung with scarlet runners, which added to the flowery investment. I used to shut my eyes in my arm-chair, and affect to think myself hundreds of miles off.

“But my triumph was in issuing forth of a morning. A wicket out of the garden led into the large one belonging to the prison. The latter was only for vegetables; but it contained a cherry-tree, which I saw twice in blossom. I parcelled out the ground in my imagination into favourite districts. I made a point of dressing myself as if for a long walk; and then, putting on my gloves, and taking my book under my arm, stepped forth, requesting my wife not to wait dinner if I was too late. My eldest little boy, to whom Lamb addressed some charming verses on the occasion, was my constant companion, and we used to play all sorts of juvenile games together. It was, probably, in dreaming of one of these games (but the words had a touching effect on my ear), that he exclaimed one night in his sleep, ‘No, I’m not lost; I’m found.’ Neither he nor I were very strong at that time; but I have lived to see him a man of forty; and wherever he is found, a generous hand and a great understanding will be found together.”

On the 3rd of February, 1815, Leigh Hunt left his gilded cage, and was free. During his imprisonment he wrote a poem called the “Descent of

Liberty," and part of "The Story of Rimini." The latter is indeed a beautiful poem. Mr. Howitt, in his "Homes and Haunts of the most eminent British Poets," thus describes his first introduction to the story:—"Some thirty years ago, three youths went forth, one fine summer's day, from the quiet town of Mansfield, to enjoy a long luxurious ramble in Sherwood forest. Their limbs were full of youth—their hearts of the ardour of life—their heads of dreams of beauty. The future lay before them, full of brilliant but undefined achievements in the land of poetry and romance. The world lay around them, fair and musical as a new paradise. They traversed long dales, dark with heather—gazed from hill-tops over still and immense landscapes—tracked the margins of the shining waters that hurry over the clear gravel of that ancient ground, and drank in the freshness of the air, the odours of the forest, the distant cry of the curlew, and the music of a whole choir of larks high above their heads. Beneath the hanging boughs of a wood-side they threw themselves down to lunch, and from their pockets came forth, with other good things, a book. It was a new book. A hasty peep into it had led them to believe that it would blend well in the perusal with the spirit of the region of Robin Hood and Maid Marian, and with the more tragical tale of that Scottish queen

the gray and distant towers of one of whose prison-houses could be descried from their resting-place, clad as with the solemn spirit of a sad antiquity. The book was 'The Story of Rimini.' The author's name was to them little known; but they were not of a temperament that needed names—their souls were athirst for poetry, and there they found it. The reading of that day was an epoch in their lives. There was a life, a freshness, a buoyant charm of subject and of style, that carried them away from the sombre heaths and wastes around them to the sunshine of Italy—to gay cavalcades and sad palaces. Hours went on, the sun declined, the book and the story closed, and up rose the three friends, drunk with beauty, and with the sentiment of a great sorrow, and strode homewards with the proud and happy feeling that England was enriched with a new poet." It was under even more favourable auspices that we read the "Story of Rimini." We were wandering with our own dear love, and had in one of the loveliest and most retired of rural scenes taken a boat, and, after rowing a short time over the placid waters of a pool surrounded by noble oak, queenly birch, and "feathery" poplar trees, whose over-hanging boughs kissed the bright water-lilies in the pool, we rested and drew out our book. Never were there a more fitting time and place to enjoy it. It

was evening, and the last rays of the setting sun were lingering as in love on the topmost leaves of the trees ; the birds had retired to their homes ; there was no breeze to disturb the foliage, to bend the grafs, or make a ripple on the pool. On our right was a group of magnificent rhododendrons, whose flood of bloom hid the shrubs which bore them. There we read the poem, and there we realised all its beauty, all its pathos, all its wonderful power of word-painting. It is impossible to describe the feelings with which we read the sad and solemn tale. The memory of it is still fresh and beautiful to us ; and the music of the poetry still rings in our ears. Here is the garden which poor Francesca loved.

“ She loved the place to which she went—  
A bower, a nest, in which her grief had spent  
Its calmest time: and as it was her last  
As well as sweetest, and the fate comes fast  
That is to fill it with a dreadful cry,  
And make its walls ghastly to passers by,  
I'll hold the gentle reader for a space,  
Ling'ring with piteous wonder in the place.

“ A noble range it was, of many a rood,  
Wall'd and tree-girt, and ending in a wood.  
A small sweet house o'erlook'd it from a nest  
Of pines:—all wood and garden was the rest,  
Lawn, and green lane, and covert:—and it had  
A winding stream about it, clear and glad,  
With here and there a swan, the creature born  
To be the only graceful shape of scorn.  
The flower-beds all were liberal of delight:  
Roses in heaps were there, both red and white,

Lilies angelical, and gorgeous glooms  
Of wall-flowers, and blue hyacinths, and blooms  
Hanging thick clusters from light boughs ; in short,  
All the sweet cups to which the bees resort,  
With plots of grafs, and leafier walks between  
Of red geraniums, and of jessamine,  
And orange, whose warm leaves so finely suit,  
And look as if they shade a golden fruit ;  
And midst the flow'rs, turf'd round beneath a shade  
Of darksome pines, a babbling fountain play'd,  
And 'twixt their shafts you saw the water bright,  
Which through the tops glimmer'd with show'ring light.  
So now you stood to think what odours best  
Made the air happy in that lovely nest ;  
And now you went beside the flowers, with eyes  
Earnest as bees, restless as butterflies ;  
And then turn'd off into a shadier walk,  
Close and continuous, fit for lovers' talk ;  
And then pursued the stream, and as you trod,  
Onward and onward o'er the velvet sod,  
Felt on your face an air, watery and sweet,  
And a new sense in your soft-lighting feet.  
At last you entered shades indeed, the wood,  
Broken with glens and pits, and glades far-view'd,  
Through which the distant palace now and then  
Look'd lordly forth with many-window'd ken ;  
A land of trees,—which reaching round about,  
In shady blessing stretch'd their old arms out ;  
With spots of many openings, and with nooks,  
To lie and read in, sloping into brooks,  
Where at her drink you startled the slim deer,  
Retreating lightly, with a lovely fear.  
And all about the birds kept leafy house,  
And sung and darted in and out the boughs ;  
And all about, a lovely sky of blue  
Clearly was felt, or down the leaves laugh'd through ;  
And here and there, in every part, were seats,  
Some in the open walks, some in retreats,—  
With bowering leaves o'erhead, to which the eye  
Look'd up half sweetly and half awfully,—  
Places of nestling green, for poets made,  
Where, when the sunshine struck a yellow shade,

The rugged trunks, to inward peeping sight,  
Throng'd in dark pillars up the gold green light.

“ But 'twixt the wood and flowery walks, half-way,  
And form'd of both, the loveliest portion lay,—  
A spot that struck you like enchanted ground :—  
It was a shallow dell, set in a mound  
Of sloping orchards,—fig and almond trees,  
Cherry, and pine, with some few cypresses :  
Down by whose roots, descending darkly still,  
(You saw it not, but heard) there gush'd a rill,  
Whose low sweet talking seem'd as if it said  
Something eternal to that happy shade.  
The ground within was lawn, with fruits and flowers,  
Heap'd towards the centre, half of citron bowers ;  
And in the middle of those golden trees,  
Half seen amidst the globy oranges,  
Lurk'd a rare summer-house,—a lovely sight,—  
Small, marble, well-proportion'd, creamy white,  
Its top with vine-leaves sprinkled,—but no more,—  
And a young bay-tree either side the door.”

From the time of his liberation to the present, the life of Leigh Hunt has been employed in adding to the delight and enjoyment of the world. His Autobiography contains admirable descriptions of his visit to Italy ; of Lord Byron, Shelley, Charles Lamb, Keats, Campbell, and others of his illustrious contemporaries. He has written many, many volumes ; and there is no reader but wishes their number increased. His “Indicator,” his “Seer,” his “Town,” his “Men, Women, and Books,” his “Table Talk,” his “Imagination and Fancy,” his “Wit and Humour,” his “Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla,” his “Sir Ralph Esmer,” are



alike monuments of industry, of taste, and geniality, and genius. Of his poems, besides "The Story of Rimini," his "Palfrey" is a fine, merrily tripping tale most pleasantly told; his "Captain Sword and Captain Pen" is full of power and pathos; of vivid description and terrible scene-painting; of noble sentiment and glorious aspirations; his drama, "A Legend of Florence," was successful on the stage, and is successful in the closet. A better companion for a summer day's ramble than the pocket edition of Leigh Hunt's poems we cannot conceive. It has often been our companion on such pleasant occasions, and we have never wearied of it. Of the shorter pieces we may particularly instance "Hero and Leander," "Mahmoud," the "Panther," "Reflections on a Dead Body," and the three with which we shall enrich these pages. The first is addressed to the son who was with him in prison, and of whom he speaks so touchingly in the passage which we have before quoted. The verses are exquisitely pathetic:—

"TO T. L. H.,

"SIX YEARS OLD, DURING A SICKNESS.

"Sleep breathes at last from out thee,

My little patient boy;

And balmy rest about thee

Smooths off the day's annoy.

I sit me down, and think

Of all thy winning ways;

Yet almost with, with sudden shrink,

That I had less to praise.

“ Thy sidelong pillow'd meekness,  
 Thy thanks to all that aid,  
 Thy heart, in pain and weakness,  
 Of fancied faults afraid ;  
 The little trembling hand  
 That wipes thy quiet tears,  
 These, these are things that may demand  
 Dread memories for years.

“ Sorrows I 've had, severe ones,  
 I will not think of now ;  
 And calmly, midst my dear ones,  
 Have wasted with my brow ;  
 But when thy fingers press  
 And pat my stooping head,  
 I cannot bear the gentleness,—  
 The tears are in their bed.

“ Ah, first-born of thy mother,  
 When life and hope were new,  
 Kind playmate of thy brother,  
 Thy sister, father too ;  
 My light where'er I go,  
 My bird when prison-bound,  
 My hand-in-hand companion,—no,  
 My prayers shall hold thee round.

“ To say ‘ He has departed ’—  
 ‘ His voice ’—‘ his face ’—is gone ;  
 To feel impatient-hearted,  
 Yet feel we must bear on ;  
 Ah, I could not endure  
 To whisper of such woe,  
 Unless I felt this sleep ensue  
 That it will not be so.

“ Yes, still he 's fix'd and sleeping !  
 This silence too the while—  
 Its very hush and creeping  
 Seem whispering us a smile :  
 Something divine and dim  
 Seems going by one's ear,  
 Like parting wings of Seraphim,  
 Who say, ‘ We 've finished here ! ’ ”

In a very different vein, but not a whit less admirable poem, is—

“ THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

“ King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,  
And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court ;  
The nobles filled the benches, and the ladies in their pride,  
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he  
    sigh'd ;

And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,  
Valour and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

“ Romp'd and roar'd the lions, with horrid laughing jaws ;  
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with  
    their paws ;

With wallowing might and stifled roar they roll'd on one another,  
Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a thunderous smother ;  
The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through the air ;  
Said Francis then, ‘ Faith, gentlemen, we're better here than there.’

“ De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous lively dame,  
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seemed the  
    same :

She thought, the Count my lover is brave as brave can be,  
He surely will do wondrous things to show his love of me ;  
Kings, ladies, lovers, all look on ; the occasion is divine,  
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love ; great glory will be mine.

“ She dropp'd her glove to prove his love, then look'd at him  
    and smiled ;

He bow'd, and in a moment leap'd among the lions wild ;  
The leap was quick, return was quick, he has regain'd his place,  
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face.  
‘ By God ! ’ said Francis, ‘ rightly done ! ’ and he rose from where  
    he sat ;

‘ No love,’ quoth he, ‘ but vanity, sets love a task like that. ’ ”

Our next piece is one very characteristic of Leigh Hunt ; it is a poem which, we doubt not, he found much pleasure in writing ; as, we doubt not, every one will find much pleasure in reading it.

It is a fine corollary to the text, "If thou dost not love thy brother whom thou hast seen, how can'st thou love God whom thou hast not seen?" This nobly Christian sentiment will have prepared the way for—

"ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,  
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,  
An angel writing in a book of gold:—  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
And to the presence in the room he said,  
'What writest thou?'—The vision raised its head,  
And with a look made of all sweet accord,  
Answer'd, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'  
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'  
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,  
But cheerly still; and said, 'I pray thee then,  
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'

The angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night  
It came again with a great wakening light,  
And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,  
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

While we write, this noble literary veteran is from week to week, in the pages of the "Spectator," delighting all readers with his pleasant, chatty papers on men and things. His writings at seventy-five have all the freshness, the genial light-heartedness, the buoyancy, the faith in human goodness and in human progress, of his writings of twenty-five. This is beautiful to witness; it seems as if the Maker of all things had stamped

his mind with the seal of blessedness, and given him perennial youth as a dower. That He may continue to bless him with years of health, and happiness, and the power to cheer the world with his graceful and genial pen, is the prayer of the present writer, and, he trusts, the prayer of all who know the works of Leigh Hunt, the most blithefome Prison bird that ever warbled in a cage.

The chapter on Leigh Hunt was written in the beginning of the year in which he died. I do not feel that it is necessary to change a word then written. This good and generous man died on the 28th of August, 1859. "Just two months," says his son Thornton, "before completing his seventy-fifth year he quietly sunk to rest." He died as we should like to see those we love die—serenely, hopefully, confidently, and leaving behind him a memory bright and fresh as are the fields and flowers in spring. His books are dear to all readers; and, in the cordial and admiring words of his friend Mr. Carlyle, they are "the image of a gifted, gentle, patient, and valiant human soul, as it buffets its way through the billows of time, and will not drown, though often in danger; cannot be drowned, but conquers and leaves a track of radiance behind him." A track that will widen and deepen as time advances.

## THOMAS COOPER

### AND THE PURGATORY OF SUICIDES.



AT all times of crises, men of power, of genius, or talent, are fure to come to the top, and become, by the mere necessities of the case, the leaders of men. The weak, noisy, and time-serving will rise from their very lightness; and when at the top will soon burst like the bubbles that they are, and be seen and heard of no more for ever. The true, strong men will pass through and survive the perhaps temporary excitement which was the immediate cause of bringing them out, by the worth which raised them above their fellows. These are always the few; the many are the cyphers, and these the figures which give them value and effect. Of all sights, the saddest in the world is a nation without a ruler; a crowd without a leader; a mob without a head to guide and control it. We said the saddest; perhaps there is one still sadder; the same nation with a false ruler, the same crowd with a false leader, the same mob with a false guide. The

history of all lands affords examples of all these cases; our own times have witnessed them, and our own country would afford instances innumerable. At such times, how glorious does the true, wise, honest, brave, and unselfish man appear! His voice brings order where before was chaos; his counsel gives confidence where before was only distrust; his presence gives joy and hope where before all was sorrow and despair. Let the world ever thank God for, and ever duly honour, its great men!

Perhaps no period of great excitement, no time in which the hopes, fears, desires, and passions of men were thoroughly called into play, was ever more barren of truly wise and great men, than the epoch of English history known as the Chartist agitation. What Carlyle would call mere "windbags," and noisy "falsities," and hollow "shams," were produced in abundance. But of all the men who then "defied the tyrant," and offered themselves as "martyrs on the shrine of liberty," and who were, on the platform, so loud and frothy in their denunciation of the "millocrats," the "bureaucrats," the "moneyocrats," the "aristocrats," and the "oligarchs," and who so magnanimously offered themselves as willing sacrifices for the cause of the "unwashed,"—how many are there now whose names are treasured by the people, and held

as sacred in their memories, as those of men who with singleness of purpose served the cause, and not themselves? Of the officers of the "old guards," how many will this generation bequeath the remembrance of to the gratitude and honour of its children? Alas, how many deserved such remembrance! You might tell them on your fingers, and not exhaust your digits. Among the few, however, who will have a place in the memory, and praise, and honour of the future; among the few whose names are a glory to the Chartist cause; among the few who, first being known as Chartist leaders, afterwards built themselves a name which we shall "not willingly let die;" among these few, and chiefest among them, must we place the name of Thomas Cooper, the author of our last Prison Book, the "Purgatory of Suicides."

Thomas Cooper was born in Leicester, on the 20th of March, 1805. His father died while he was quite an infant, and he was thus left to the care of his mother. She was in every way equal to her task; for Cooper, like every other remarkable man which the world has possessed, was fortunate in his mother. She was capable of any sacrifice to serve her child; and she had to endure much in order to spare him. Soon after his father's death, they removed to Gainsborough in Lincolnshire, and the struggle of life for the poor widow and her son was



a bitter one. With that deep abiding power of love and self-denial, which are the almost universal possession of women, and especially of mothers, she frequently went without food herself for the sake of her child. The poor lad had often to go without shoes and stockings, and he suffered severely from privation and sickness. His mother taught him to read; and he, like all men who have ever distinguished themselves, was early seized with a passion for reading. It was not an easy thing to satisfy that passion in Cooper's circumstances. Here again his mother's noble love served the poor student. Meal after meal did that glorious woman deprive herself of, in order that her boy might have the means to procure books. Like so many others who have achieved a name and fame in this world, Cooper can indeed say, "All that I have, all that I am, I owe to my mother."

In the course of his long defence at Stafford, Cooper thus admirably narrated the difficulties under which he made his pursuit of knowledge:—"At fifteen years of age, after many promises of patronage had been broken, my poor mother was compelled to send me to the stall to learn the humble trade and craft of a shoemaker. I plied the awl and bent over the last till I was three-and-twenty years of age; and if I can look on any period of my life with unmingled pride and plea-

ture, it is on that period of it which I passed in this sedentary employment. My young enthusiasm found a vent in the composition of poetry for some time after I was thus placed at an occupation which only employed the hands without filling the mind ; but the perusal of a memoir of Samuel Lee, Professor of Hebrew in the University of Cambridge, an example of genius and perseverance triumphing over all the difficulties of lowly birth, soon animated me to encounter the labour of acquiring languages, together with the mathematics. It would ill become me to take up the time of the court with a recital of the particulars of my labour. Suffice it to say, that I formed a resolution to acquire, in a given time, the elements of Latin and Greek, and of Geometry and Algebra ; and to commit the whole 'Paradise Lost' to memory, together with the seven best plays of Shakspeare. My resolve was executed in some respects, but failed in others. I committed to memory three books of Milton and the whole of 'Hamlet,' and these treasures I still retain. I went through a course of Geometry, and learnt something of Algebra. And, in addition to the Latin and Greek, I mastered the elements of Hebrew and French. To these philological acquirements, I have, in succeeding periods of my life, added some knowledge of the Italian, German, and other tongues, but less perfectly than my earlier

studies. During the youthful period in which I was thus eagerly striving after elementary knowledge, I had to contend with want and deprivation; sometimes in a severe degree. I could not earn more than ten shillings a-week at my trade; and my poor mother, who began to advance in years, was often too much enfeebled to work. We were thus compelled to share a scanty pittance, barely sufficient to keep us in existence. Yet I look back to that time with pride and pleasure. In the summer mornings I used to rise at three, or earlier, and walk miles among the woods and over the hills, reading every inch of the way, and returning to my labour at the hour of six—not quitting my stall, till nine or ten in the evening found me so far wearied with exertion that I frequently swooned off my seat. In the winter, because poverty prevented my enjoyment of a fire, I used to place a stool upon a stand to rest my book, and a lamp upon it; and, with a bit of old rug under my feet, and my mother's old red cloak under my shoulders, I used to keep up a gentle kind of motion, so as to keep off cold and sleep at the same time. In this mode I used to pass the winter hours, from nine or ten till twelve at night, and from three or four to seven in the morning, my mind being too enfevered after learning to permit my sleeping long, even if I had remained in bed. During those laborious hours,

in addition to my pursuits in languages, I read over the productions of some of the most colossal intellects my country has ever produced, such as Hooker and Cudworth, and Stillingfleet, and Warburton. Oh! those were happy hours, and I am proud of them!"

Cooper worked at shoe-making until he was twenty-three years of age, and then he opened a school, which was highly successful. Seven years afterwards he removed from Gainsborough to Lincoln, in which city he also opened a school, and subsequently became a reporter for the "Stamford Mercury." He next removed to Stamford, and, besides reporting, he assisted in the editorial department of the paper. He received an excellent salary while on the "Mercury," but his restless mind was not satisfied, and he, like others, must needs try London. He did not succeed in London, and had to struggle there with great difficulties and many privations. He went through the miseries which are too frequently associated with literature when a man is entirely dependent upon chance employment for his bread. After a time he was offered a situation as reporter on the "Leicester Mercury," which he gladly accepted. This was the turning point in Cooper's life.

In his capacity of reporter he had to attend a Chartist lecture by John Mason, at Newcastle.

From this time Mr. Cooper became a Chartist. He brought to politics all the enthusiasm, all the earnestness, all the poetry of his nature. He entered into it with all his might. He settled at Leicester, and there he opened a coffee and periodical shop for the sale of Chartist publications. He soon obtained the lead of the Leicester Chartists, who, from holding their meetings in the Shakespeare Rooms, were called "The Shakspearian Brigade of Leicester Chartists," and Mr. Cooper was acknowledged as their General, and as such signed all their placards and addresses. These were troublous times, and the General had a stormy division to command.

The years 1841 and 1842 will long be remembered as years of trouble and suffering to the working classes, and as years of fear and danger to the middle and higher classes in England. Trade was in a most fearful condition, and want stared thousands in the face. In every large town bands of unemployed persons perambulated the streets seeking food, which either the fears or charity of the shopkeepers supplied. Bands of Chartists were enrolled, and political agitation was added to the calamities of the time. Open-air and torch-light meetings were held, at which the most violent and exciting speeches were made. Physical force and an appeal to arms were the common topics of many of these addresses.

Large numbers provided themselves with arms for the day of trial; and open resistance to the Government of the day was the doctrine often inculcated. Processions of miles in length were formed; and, with banners flying and music playing, the suffering and enraged multitudes marched to their places of meeting. Some of these banners bore the most terrible and threatening inscriptions. Riots were frequent, and the police and military were constantly on the alert, and ready to be called out at any moment. Men's passions were excited to the utmost. The worst results were anticipated. The thousands on thousands of artisans and mechanics who were out of employ swelled the ranks of the politicians; and to the excitement of intense partizanship was added the reckless despair and daring of intense physical suffering, and often of actual want. Everywhere there existed a combustible material, which only needed a spark to set it in a blaze. In the midst of this disorder and affliction the famous Manchester Conference was held.

Mr. Cooper was on his way to this Conference, when, on the 15th of August, 1842, he delivered one of his fiercest speeches to the colliers in the Staffordshire Potteries, who were then on strike. The results were most disastrous. To use his own words, "Without either purposing, aiding and abetting, or even knowing of an outbreak till it had

occurred, I regret to add that my address was followed by the demolition and burning of several houses, and by other acts of violence." He and others were arrested, and were tried for arson. Cooper proved an *alibi*, and the verdict on this charge was in his favour. For his connection with the Manchester Conference, he, together with William Ellis, John Richards, and Joseph Capper, was, after being out on bail, tried at the Stafford March Assizes in 1843, on the charge of "seditious conspiracy." Mr. Gammage says, "There never was such a trial for a like offence in modern times. Cooper cross-examined the witnesses at such a length as to put all the officers of the court in a rage, which they could not conceal. It mattered little whether the questions put were of importance, so that they took up the time of the court, and gave annoyance to his prosecutors. When the evidence had been gone through, he addressed the jury for ten hours. The trial lasted altogether ten days, and it threw the whole assize business for Staffordshire, Shropshire, and Herefordshire, into a state of confusion. As expected, the jury returned a verdict for the Crown, and the defendant was ordered to appear at the Court of Queen's Bench to receive sentence, when he inflicted another speech of eight hours, in mitigation of sentence, on his angry auditors, and would have continued longer,

only for the judge expressing a determination to conclude the trial that night. The result was, that Cooper was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, the exact sentence he had anticipated. This imprisonment was not without its fruits. One of its results was the production of a magnificent poem, entitled "The Purgatory of Suicides," which a large portion of the literary press declared to be equal to any poetical work of modern times."\*

One anecdote of Cooper, as recorded by the Historian of Chartism, is so characteristic of the man, that we must, in justice to him, quote it here. Mr. Gammage says, "At the Stafford assizes John Richards was also tried, found guilty, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment; and Jeremy Yates, of Hanley, underwent a similar sentence. We cannot forbear to mention one fact to Cooper's credit, with reference to the first of these two persons. He became devotedly attached to Richards through this imprisonment; and, as the old man was upwards of seventy years of age, and quite feeble in body, and therefore unable to perform any kind of labour, he allowed him a weekly stipend, which we believe is continued to this time (for we have never heard of Richards's death); and this never was bestowed grudgingly, but was often

\* Gammage's "History of Chartism," pp. 257, 258.



accompanied by a hearty wish for many years of life to the receiver." \*

Such is the man, and such has been the life of him who wrote our last Prison Book. Mr. Cooper was educated religiously; and, although for some portion of his life he became a free-thinker, and was connected with the most extreme school of English sceptics, although he even popularised Straufs, and interpreted the German's mythical theory of myths for the people, he has at length returned to the sweet "dreams of his youth," and is now an eloquent, earnest, and powerful teacher of the Christian religion. His great work was written in prison; written while the author was smarting, "all his wounds being green," under the sentence which he felt was an injustice and a tyranny. We need not wonder that he is bitter, fierce, occasionally savage. Is it in the nature of man, under such circumstances, to be other?

Writing in 1854, Mr. Cooper says:—"I make no doubt but that many will be disposed still to think and say, that however far I might be from intending to excite to violence, since violence followed my address, it is but just that I have suffered for it. I beg to say, however, that I hold a very contrary opinion. If an Englishman excites his wronged

\* Gammage's "History of Chartism," p. 258.

fellow-countrymen to a legal and constitutional course (and Lord Chief Justice Tindal told the Stafford jury that now the old Combination Act was abolished, it *was* perfectly legal and constitutional for men to agree to cease labour until the People's Charter became law), it surely is not the person who so excites them that ought to be held responsible for the violence they may commit under an enraged sense of wrong, but *the Government who wrongs them*. I appeal to Englishmen of all shades of politics whether this is not the judgment we pass on all the *fortunate* revolutions that have occurred in our history.

"Yet Sir William Follett, who *again* used his decaying strength, the hour before judgment was passed upon us in the Bench, pointed to me with an austere look, and said, 'This man is the chief author of the violence that occurred, and I conjure your lordships to pass a severe sentence on the prisoner Cooper.'

"Scarcely three years have passed, and the great lawyer is no more. He wronged me, but I think of him with no vindictive feeling, for my imprisonment has opened to me a nobler source of satisfaction than *he* could ever derive from all his honours. He amassed wealth, but the 'Times,' alluding to the 'frequent unhappy disappointments' occasioned by Sir William Follett's non-attendance on cases he

undertook to plead, says—‘ So often did they occur, that solicitors and clients, in the agony of disaster and defeat, were in the habit of saying that Sir William often took briefs when he must have known that he could not attend in court : and as barristers never return fees, the suitor sometimes found that he lost his money and missed his advocate at a moment when he could badly spare either.’ I am poor, and have been plunged into more than two hundred pounds’ debt by the persecution of my enemies ; but I have the consolation to know that my course was dictated by heartfelt zeal to relieve the sufferings and oppressions of my fellow-men. He was entombed with pomp, and a host of great titled ones, of every shade of party, attended the laying of his clay in the grave ; and they purpose now to erect a monument to his memory. Let them build it : the self-educated shoemaker has also reared his ;—and, despite its imperfections, he has a calm confidence that, though the product of poverty, and suffering, and wrong, it will outlast the posthumous stone block that may be erected to perpetuate the memory of the titled lawyer.”

Among the first to acknowledge the merits of the “ Purgatory of Suicides,” was that generous and warm-hearted critic, William Howitt. From his article in the “ Eclectic Review ” we extract

the following passage :—" We have here a genuine poem, springing out of the spirit of the times, and indeed out of the heart and experience of one who has wrestled with and suffered for it. It is no other than a poem in ten books by a Chartist, and who boldly sets his name, and his profession of Chartism, on the title-page. It is that of a soul full of thought, full of burning zeal for liberty, and with a temperament that must and will into action. The man is all bone and sinew. He is one of those '*Terræ filii*,' that England, more than all the other nations of the earth put together, produces. One of the same class as Burns, Ebenezer Elliot, Fox, the Norwich weaver-boy, to say nothing of the Arkwrights, Smeatons, Brindleys, Chantreys, and the like, all rising out of the labour-class into the class of the thinkers and builders-up of English greatness. What is moreover singular, is, that he is another of the shoemaker craft—that craft which has produced such a host of men of talent—as Hans Sachs, George Fox, Drew, Gifford of the '*Quarterly*,' and others. '*Till three-and-twenty*,' he says of himself, '*he bent over the last and the awl, struggling against weak health and deprivation, to acquire a knowledge of languages,—and his experience in after life was, at first, limited to the humble sphere of a schoolmaster, and never enlarged beyond that of a laborious worker on a newspaper.*' "

We think that the "Purgatory of Suicides" will never be a popular poem. It has power, passages of great beauty, and sweet, touching, and gentle humanity; but as a whole it fails to interest or entrance. There is much poetry—true, genuine poetry in the work; but its subject is sadly against it. A purgatorial conclave of the spirits of those "noble fools," who shunned the "ills of life" by flying to "others that they knew not of," and there discoursing upon "fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute;" on government, justice, freedom, tyranny, &c., is not a very pleasing subject for contemplation. To read the poem through is not an easy task; and we confess to having been somewhat tired of the incessant debate among the bodiless speakers. The work is admirably done; the talk is in good Spenserian verse; but there is sadly too much of it. We wish the speakers were not quite so gifted of the gab; had not quite such loud voices; and did not, as a whole, rave quite so much. Nearly all of these "perturbed spirits" speak rather too much in King Cambyzes' vein, and we too often fancy that we are reading some of Mr. Cooper's delivered and undelivered Chartist speeches "done into rhyme."

Still, with many shortcomings, the poem is a wonderful production. The Rev. Charles Kingsley, in an able article on "Burns and his School," thus

speaks of the "Purgatory of Suicides." After noticing the works of Ebenezer Elliot, he says—"Rather belonging to the same school, than to that of Burns, though never degrading itself by Elliot's ferocity, is that extraordinary poem, 'The Purgatory of Suicides,' by Thomas Cooper. As he is still in the prime of life,\* and capable of doing more and better than he yet has done, we will not comment on it as freely as we have done on Elliot, except to regret a similar want of softness and sweetness, and also of a clearness of logical connection of thought, in which Elliot seldom fails, except when cursing. The imagination is hardly as vivid as Elliot's, though fancy and invention, the polish, the style, and the indication of profound thought on all subjects within the poet's reach, are superior in every way to those of the Corn-Law Rhymer; and when we consider that the man who wrote it had to gather his large store of classic and historic anecdote while earning his living, first as a shoemaker, and then as a Wesleyan country preacher, we can only praise and excuse, and hope that the day may come when talents of so high an order will find some healthier channel for their energies than that in which they now are flowing."†

\* This was written in 1852, when Mr. Cooper was in his 48th year; he is now in his 57th.

† "Miscellanies," by the Rev. C. Kingsley, i. pp. 382-3.

Mr. Kingsley must have rejoiced in learning that those talents have found a "healthier channel for their energies," and that the author of my latest Prison Book is now engaged in better work than popularising Straußs.

As we have said, passages of great beauty are there; and sweet poetic pathos, and rich outbursts of fiery indignation against wrong and oppression of any and every kind, are there. We love better to praise what is praiseworthy, than to blame what is blamable in such a work. The introductory stanzas to each of the ten books, except perhaps the first, are mostly beautiful. Where Mr. Cooper speaks himself, and keeps his suicidal spirits silent, he speaks well. We read him with pleasure, for we see into the kind poetic soul of the man; and find him a genuine son of earth, with human feelings, human love, ay, and human hate too, for a man should hate all that deserves hate. It is in these moods that Mr. Cooper's poetry comes out the brightest; and the loveliness of his nature appears in its fairest aspect. Take the following passage, which is the opening of the third book, and read it with a knowledge of the man's life, and the place in which he wrote it, and allow for the fierceness of stanzas five and six, and we think that you will agree with us that it is most beautiful, and full of a touching and tender pathos.

## I

" Hail, glorious Sun ! All hail the captive's friend !  
 Giver of purest joys, where Sorrow fain  
 Would enter and abide, and, traitorous, lend  
 Her power to aggravate the tyrant's chain :  
 Great Exorcist, that bringest up the train  
 Of childhood's joyaunce, and youth's dazzling dreams  
 From the heart's sepulchre, until, again,  
 I live in ecstasy, 'mid woods, and streams,  
 And golden flowers that laugh while kissed by thy bright beams.

## 2

" Ay, once more, mirrored in the silver Trent,  
 Thy noon-tide majesty I think I view  
 With boyish wonder ; or, till drownd and spent  
 With eagerness, peer up the vaulted blue  
 With shaded eyes, watching the lark pursue  
 Her dizzy flight ; then, on a fragrant bed  
 Of meadow sweets, still spent with morning dew,  
 Dream how the heavenly chambers overhead  
 With steps of grace and joy the holy angels tread.

## 3

" Of voices sweet, and harps with golden wires  
 Touched by the fingers of the seraph throng ;  
 Of radiant vision which the cherub choirs  
 Witness, with jubilee of rapturous song,  
 And without weariness their joy prolong,  
 I lie and dream, till, with a start, I wake,  
 Thinking my mother's home is still among  
 Earth's children, and her yearning heart will ache,  
 If, for those angel joys, her smile I should forsake.

## 4

" O heart, now cold in the devouring grave,  
 And torn no more by scorn and suffering,  
 How fondly didst thou to thy darling cleave !  
 Although thy tyrants but a worthless thing  
 Esteemed him. Rankled, deep, oppression's sting  
 In thy recesses ; still, in hardihood  
 Of conscious right, stern challenge thou didst fling  
 Back at thy foemen and their hireling brood ;  
 And beat unto old age with free and youthful blood !



5

" Mother, thy wrongs, the common wrongs of all  
To labour doomed by proud and selfish drones,  
Enduringly have fixed the burning gall  
Deep in my veins—ay, in my very bones.  
I hate ye, things with surplises and crowns !  
Serpents that poison, tigers that devour  
Poor human kind, and fill the earth with groans,  
Through every clime ! God send ye were no more !  
Ye'd have a merry requiem from shore to shore !

6

" Taxes for king and priest a knave was wont  
To filch from my poor widowed mother's toil ;  
And while the prowling jackall held his hunt,  
He batted on the offals of the spoil,  
And mocked the sufferers ! How my blood did boil  
When lately I beheld a gilded stone  
Raised to the memory of this vermin vile,  
And pious charity ascribed thereon  
To him who gray beneath the Poor's grim curse had grown !

7

" I laid my aged mother near the dust  
Of her oppressor ; but no gilded verse  
Tells how she toiled to win her child a crust,  
And, fasting, still toiled on : no rhymes rehearse  
How tenderly she strove to be the nurse  
Of truth and nobleness in her loved boy,  
'Spite of his rags——

O Sun ! thou dost amerce  
My withered heart, for the poor fleeting joy  
With which thy beams began my sadness to destroy."

Or take these, the opening stanzas of book the fourth ; to us they are very beautiful.

1

" Welcome, sweet Robin ! welcome, cheerful one !  
Why dost thou slight the merry fields of corn,  
The sounds of human joy, the plenty strown  
From Autumn's teeming lap ; and, at gray morn,

Ere the Sun wakes, sing to the things of scorn  
 And infamy and want and sadness, whom  
 Their stronger fellow-criminals have torn  
 From freedom and the glad some light of home,  
 To quench the nobler spark within, in dungeon'd gloom?

## 2

"Why dost thou choose, throughout the livelong day,  
 A prison-rampart for thy perch, and sing  
 As thou wouldst rend thy fragile throat? Away,  
 My little friend, away, upon light wing,  
 A while! Me it will cheer, imagining  
 Till thou revisit this my drear sojourn,  
 How, on the margin of some silver spring  
 Mantled with golden lilies, thou dost turn  
 Thy pretty head awry, so meaningly, and yearn,

## 3

"From out that beaming look, to know what thoughts  
 Within the barb-leaved hart's-tongue dwell—  
 The purple eye petalled with snow, that floats  
 So gracefully. Dost think the damosel,  
 Young Hope, kirtled with Chastity, there fell  
 Into the stream, and grew a flower so fair?  
 Ah! still thou linger'st, while I, dreaming, tell  
 Of pleasures I would reap, if free I were,  
 Like thee, to breathe sweet Freedom's balmy air.

## 4

"Away!—for this is not a clime for thee—  
 Sweet childhood's sacred one! The hawthorns bend  
 With ruddy fruitage: tiny troops, with glee  
 Plundering the mellow wealth, a shout will send  
 Aloft, if they behold their feathered friend,  
 Loved 'Robin Redbreast,' mingle with their joy!  
 Did they not watch thy tenderlings, and wend  
 With eager steps, when school was o'er, a coy  
 And wistful peep to take—lest some rude ruffian boy,

## 5

"With sacrilegious heart and hand, should rob  
 Thy nest as heathenly as if 'Heaven's bird'

Were not more sacred than the vulgar mob  
Of pies and crows ? Flee,—loved one !—thou hast heard  
This dissonance of bolts and bars that gird  
Old England's modern slaves, until thy sense  
Of freedom's music will be sepulchred.

Hie where young hearts gush taintless joy intense,  
And, 'mid their rapture, pour thy heart's mellifluence !

## 6

“ Still linger'st thou upon that dreary wall  
Which bars, so enviously, my view of grove  
And stream and hill, as if it were death's pall ?  
O leave this tyrant-hold, and, joyous, rove—  
Loved bird of home—Bird of our father's love—  
Where the thatched cottage, clad with virgin rose  
And sweet-brier and rosemary, thickly wove  
Among vine-leaves, with nectared garland wove  
The amorous bees that, songful, do their love-sweets spout.

## 7

“ Hasten, dear Robin !—for the aged dame  
Calls thee to gather up the honeyed crumb  
She scatters at her door ; and at thy name,  
The youngsters crowd to see their favourite come.  
Fear not Grimalkin ! she doth sing ‘ three-thrum,’  
With happy, half-shut eyes, upon the warm  
Soft cushion in the corner-chair : deaf, dumb,  
And toothless lies old Growler :—fear no harm,  
Loved Robin !—thou shalt banquet hold without alarm.”

We dare not omit the following noble outburst  
of poetic rapture in honour of Liberty.

“ O ! not by changeling, tyrant, tool, or knave,  
Thy march, blest Liberty, can now be stayed !  
The wand of Guttenberg—behold it wave !  
The spell is burst ! the dark enchantments fade  
Of wrinkled ignorance ! 'Twas she betrayed  
Thy first-born children, and so oft threw down  
The mounds of Freedom. Lo ! the Book its aid  
Hath brought ! the feudal serf—though still a clown,  
Doth read ;—and where his fires gave homage, pays—a frown.

“ The finewy artizan,—the weaver lean,—  
 The shrunken stockinger,—the miner swarth,—  
 Read, think, and feel ; and in their eyes the sheen  
 Of burning thoughts betokens thy young birth  
 Within their souls, blythe Liberty ! That earth  
 Would thus be kindled from the humble spark,  
 Ye caught from him of Mentz, and scattered forth,—  
 Faust,—Koster,—Caxton !—not ‘ the clerk,’  
 Himself could prophecy in your own mid-age dark !

“ And yet, O Liberty ! these humble toilers,  
 The true foundation for thy reign begun,—  
 Ay, and while throne-craft decks man’s murderous spoilers,  
 While feverous power mocks the weary sun,  
 With steed-throned effigies of Wellington,  
 And columned piles to Nelson,—Labour’s child  
 Turns from their haughty forms to muse upon  
 The page by their blood-chronicle defiled ;—  
 Then, bending o’er his toil, weighs well the record wild.

“ Ay, they are thinking,—at the frame and loom,  
 At bench, and forge, and in the bowelled mine ;  
 And when the scanty hour of rest is come,  
 Again they read,—to think and to divine,  
 How it hath come to pass, that toil must pine  
 While sloth doth revel ;—how the game of blood  
 Hath served their tyrants ; how the scheme malign  
 Of priests hath crushed them ; and resolve doth bud,  
 To band—and to bring back the primal brotherhood.

“ What though awhile the braggart-tongued poltroon,  
 False demagogue, or hireling base, impede  
 The union they affect to aid ? Right soon  
 Deep thought to such ‘ conspiracy ’ shall lead,  
 As will result in a successful deed—  
*Not forceful, but fraternal* : for the past  
 Hath warned the Million that they must succeed  
 By will and not by war. Yet to hold fast  
 Men’s rage when they are starving—’tis a struggle vast !

“ A struggle that were vain unless the Book  
 Had kindled light within the toiler’s soul,  
 And taught him, though ’tis difficult to brook  
 Contempt and hunger,—yet he must control

Revenge, or it will leave him more in thrall.  
The pike,—the brand,—the blaze,—his lesson faith,  
Would leave old England as they have left Gaul—  
Bondaged to sceptred cunning. Thus their wrath  
The Million quell, but look for right with firmest faith."

We could select other passages from the "Purgatory of Suicides," to justify both our praise and our censure; but enough has been said to show the nature and character of the work; and enough, we trust, to prove that among the remarkable books of our time must be placed the "Purgatory of Suicides;" and among the remarkable men of this age must be classed Thomas Cooper, the Chartist.

THE END.

*and*  
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